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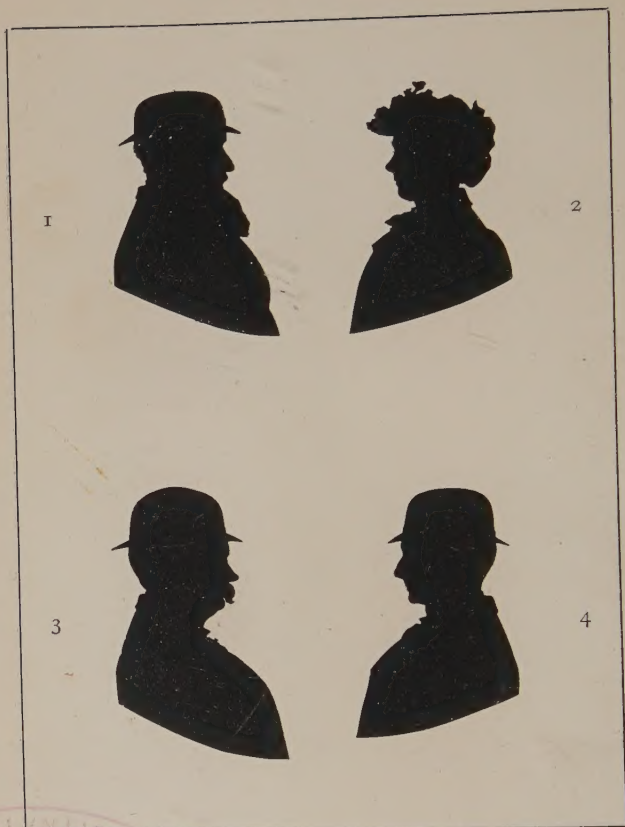
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A ROUND TRIP IN  
NORTH AMERICA









OUR PARTY AT THE MIDWINTER FAIR AT  
SAN FRANCISCO

1. M.    2. Myself.    3. Mr. S., our guide.    4. Mr. H. Neville,



# A ROUND TRIP IN NORTH AMERICA

BY

LADY THEODORA GUEST

With Illustrations from the Author's Sketches

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I DEDICATE THESE RECORDS  
OF A HAPPY HOLIDAY  
TO MY  
MANY FRIENDS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC  
WHERE THEIR  
UNIVERSALLY WARM WELCOME  
AND  
SPONTANEOUS KINDNESS  
MADE ME FEEL AT HOME AMONGST  
MY COUSINS





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*The flower figured on the cover is the "Cyclobothra," referred to  
on page 112*



## A ROUND TRIP IN NORTH AMERICA

### CHAPTER I

#### ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO PHILADELPHIA

FROM various agricultural reasons, hunting came to its last sad day even earlier than usual this spring (1894), and we found that we should have time for a good long excursion before the hot weather set in. Where to go was a question soon settled, for we had several tempting invitations from friends in distant countries, and above all one of long standing, which we had always hoped to accomplish at some time or other, and this seemed the very best possible moment for a visit to America.

The Chicago World's Fair was over last year, therefore one might hope that crowds had thronged there then, and that the number of travellers going West would be fewer this year in consequence. So with no delay, our passages were taken on board the *Paris*, for April 14th, and our "party" made up; this was not a long affair, as it consisted only

of our two selves, one friend, Mr. H. Neville, and Byatt, my maid. Our friend, Mr. F. T., was "cabled" to expect us on the 21st, and the morning of Saturday the 14th found us at Southampton, examining with curiosity and content the *suite* of state-rooms which were to be our home for a week. These were delightful, two cabins in one, a large bathroom adjoining, and plenty of room for chairs and tables, and opening on to the promenade deck. This might be called "misery made easy," to one apprehensive of *mal-de-mer*. We deposited our hand-bags and strolled about the ship till near twelve o'clock, when, the London train having come in, our English friends departed, and at 12.10 we left the pier, ten minutes late, as it had taken that time to haul down the flags and roll up the red cloth, with which the *Paris* had been decorated in honour of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, who, with her two little children, had been inspecting the ship.

My brother-in-law had introduced us to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. G., who were returning to America, and they were most kind to us, inviting us at once to their table for the whole voyage for our meals; and, as he is the great man on this line, their kindness meant a great deal, and converted what might have been a dull voyage into the semblance of a most cheerful visit. With them were their daughter (about fifteen), their doctor, and his secretary, and Mr. C., all most pleasant people and full of fun. The ship was not full, there being only about

a hundred saloon passengers, besides second-class and some four hundred emigrants, but the vessel is so enormous one is absolutely unaware that the latter are there at all. The *Paris* is 10,794 tons, five hundred and eighty feet long, and sixty-three feet wide, and our average speed was four hundred and sixty-eight miles in the twenty-four hours.

The rain, which had fallen all the morning, soon ceased, and the afternoon was fine enough to allow of chairs on deck, and the English coast receded prettily in fading haze, the last glimpse being afforded by the revolving light on the Eddystone, after which I betook myself to my berth with very serious doubts as to when I should leave it.

On Sunday I did not go to breakfast, nor, indeed, did any come to me till late in the day. There was a service on board in the morning, in the saloon, which was fairly well attended. The time has an odd way of gaining about forty minutes in the twenty-four hours, which is a great worry to one's watch, as one has to be constantly putting it back, and no real gain to oneself in the way of prolonging life, as we shall catch it all up again on the return voyage. It was still rather rough on Monday, though the sea gradually went down, and on Tuesday it was calm and lovely, and after breakfasting in the state-room I got up and was on deck before M. had finished his more elaborate meal below. It was pleasant to sit in the sun and sketch views of the sea, which was monotonous and calm,



so calm that in this big ship there was but little motion—fast as we go, about twenty miles an hour,—and we are now only about six hundred miles from Newfoundland and in the iceberg region. I am very anxious to see one, yet hardly dare to wish it, as it involves danger. The *Britannic*, of the Cunard line, passed us on her homeward way, and signalled that she had met no ice.

We had luncheon at one o'clock ; and the meals are always amusing, not only on account of the clever sparkling talk, but, this being an American line, one may always meet a surprise in some new dish, and to-day it took the form of "sea-pie." After it we sat on deck till it grew damp and misty, and then Mr. G. invited us to his room, opposite ours, and he and M. and I had a most interesting long talk, chiefly on America and its possible development into English country life. Mrs. G. joined us, and we talked on till time to prepare for dinner at 6.30. To-day our fish was halibut, a very white, rather substantial fish ; and we wound up with pineapple, served as it should be—all the rind very carefully taken off, then torn with a fork, never cut, and sent up in delicious rough blocks, full of juice ; so much nicer than our dull slices. This evening it grew rather thick, and the melancholy fog-horn sounded all night ; the Captain only got half an hour's sleep. It is wonderful how little life there is in mid-Atlantic ; to-day we were, I suppose, in about the middle of the open ocean, though not half way

through the voyage till to-night. We have only seen two sailing vessels, one steamer, and a few gulls, and nothing else ; sometimes they see whales spouting, but they did not spout for us.

Wednesday was a glorious day ; the fog cleared off, and the sun broke out on a sapphire sea, sparkling with diamond-spray. The white crests to the waves became smaller and fewer, and by twelve o'clock, when Mr. G. was ready to take us below, it was possible to walk with ease and confidence. He had promised to show us all over the ship, and led us first, by a lift, to the stores, which were filled with everything that is necessary and even luxurious, to feed some thousand people for a week. There were separate rooms, which looked like frosted caves, for the butter and cream—the latter in long rows of hermetically sealed bottles—for the meat and game, and for the fruit, apples, bananas, and pineapples. The kitchen was a contrast in temperature, and was presided over by a very hot and amiable Irish cook, with two French ones, and four more assistants. In the bakehouse there were an enormous quantity of little loaves, ready baked, in long rows, for the one hundred and sixty firemen and forty-five sailors, who will want them for their five o'clock tea this afternoon. The crew, including stokers, &c., number about four hundred, all told.

Our little procession next visited the steerage, and saw the emigrants' quarters ; many are Norwegians and Swedes, but there were some from almost all

nations ; they have every comfort, and their quarters are really very nearly as good as ours are on the smaller Norsk steamers, and quite as airy and clean ; they are very well fed too, and but for an apparently superfluous quantity of babies, they looked very comfortable. The second-class saloon is very handsomely fitted, and rejoices in the possession of a pianoforte.

We made one hundred and forty miles southing since noon yesterday, so we ought to be getting warmer, and we are a little. One can't help making a great point of meals on board, and I always scan the bill of fare with interest for the new dishes ; to-day we had "chicken-pot pie," with which we became intimately acquainted afterwards, and always met as a friend ; "head cheese" looked mysterious, and on Mr. G. sending for some for me, it appeared in the likeness of very good brawn ; indeed we live in the lap of luxury, or, as M. expresses it, "like fighting cocks."

"Where *is* that champagne?" said Mr. G. wearily.

"Coming, sir, coming," answered the head steward nervously. "I've sent two men after it."

"Then now, send one woman. Is the champagne man dead?" he continued, as nothing came.

"No, sir, no, Mr. G. ; but they can't get the cork out."

"Never mind the cork ; take the bottom out."

After a cheery luncheon we went up to Mr. G.'s deck cabin and looked through a splendid book of photographs of Constantinople and the inhabitants thereof, which Mr. Terrell, the U.S. Minister to Turkey, brought to Mrs. G. He was returning to Texas for a short holiday. Just before dinner Mr. C. saw a number of little birds struggling in the water, small and black, with white breasts; and as they are known to be brought down on icebergs, and left floating when the ice goes down, there have probably been some here quite recently; the sea water too this evening was only seventeen degrees Fahrenheit. It was a little rough at night, and I woke up between whiles, as I was rolled against the edge of the berth and back again; but it was not worth staying awake for.

Thursday the 19th was quite a rough morning; the ship and everything in it was rolling about a good deal, and M. had left the ink-bottle open overnight. They sent me up some "corn bread" for breakfast, which, however, I did not much fancy, preferring the rolls, which are excellent, and more in harmony with those of the ship. At luncheon we tried "maple sugar," which is like a refined treacle, and may be eaten on bread or with puddings. We made a splendid passage yesterday, doing five hundred and four miles in the twenty-four hours, and are now due south of Newfoundland—which screens us from all possibility of icebergs—and on a level with the north of Spain. There was

a beautiful moon to-night, but it is not warm enough to remain on deck after dinner.

On Friday I woke early, and found my watch had struck work, so waited for bells; four bells soon rang, and I lighted the electric light, and read the "History of America;" and I know much more about the American War now than I ever did before. At 8.10 there was a commotion, as the engines thoroughly and entirely stopped, and we slowed down to a walk! I looked through my port, and saw H. N. rush on deck in a dressing-gown and slippers; M. followed, in a shooting coat; other people in waterproofs, and similar scanty attire—and all wildly excited.

And a pilot came on board!

It was a cold grey morning; a sympathetic stewardess brought me a milk-jug half full of cream with laminæ of ice throughout it, which she "thought I should like, as I was pretty well." The day passed pleasantly as usual, and after dinner we assisted, as audience, at a concert given by some of the passengers, who good-naturedly sang songs, for the benefit of sailors' orphanages on either shore. It lasted till ten o'clock, and we turned in, really sorry to think that our delightful voyage was practically over.

Saturday morning the 21st, about four A.M., the engines stopped; it was dark, but the noisy fog-horn soon told the reason. Much whistling and ringing of bells followed, and we lay-to in a thick







THE "PARIS," OF THE AMERICAN LINE

fog till near eight, when we went down to breakfast. Mr. C. came down with the news that the *Campania*, the largest ship afloat, two thousand tons larger than ours, was in sight, coming out of New York Harbour and passing Sandy Hook ; so we all hastened to see her, and to get our first sight of America. Felt like Columbus, and hurried through the last meal to get on deck, and found the fog had lifted, and left a pale grey sea with a dark grey shore. We soon steamed through the Narrows, protected by a great fort on either hand, and, with Staten Island's low green shores on the left, and the busy town of Brooklyn on the right, cast anchor in the Bay.

From out of a crowd of shipping a little yellow quarantine boat glided up to us, to pass our emigrants. This took about half an hour, and then we slowly steamed up the great Harbour of New York. That city itself lay on the right, and Jersey city on the left ; while a colossal Statue of Liberty, three hundred feet high, presented to the States by the French Republic, crowned an island, and seemed to command the harbour. Some of the buildings were picturesque, but they were mostly warehouses, and the beauty lay in the rich colouring, expanse of water, and the life of the ferry-boats, and tugs, and sailing vessels, with which it was crowded.

It was a slow business bringing the big ship up to the wharf, and amusing to watch the crowds of people on the landing-stage, waving handkerchiefs and hats, and our fellow-passengers responding. Suddenly a

vision of chocolate and gold shot in between us and the shore, and this was Mr. F. T. arriving in a special boat to meet us. I had not seen him for eight years, but knew him directly he stepped on deck, and he welcomed us most cordially.

Meantime Mr. and Mrs. G. were greeted by their two sons and their daughter-in-law, and many acquaintances, all of whom were introduced to us, and we stood on deck talking, and watching the unloading for some time. At last, about twelve o'clock, we left the *Paris*, walking up the gangway into an enormous building where the Customs House Officers were regaling themselves by tossing over the luggage, including shirts, pictures, and the trousseau from Paris of a young lady at San Francisco, on to the floor. To us they were very kind, and after chalking some cabalistic signs on our boxes they let us go scot free, and Mr. T. soon led us downstairs and into his chocolate-and-gold ferry-boat, where chairs were arranged at the stern, and we were whizzed across the Harbour in a manner that recalled vividly the little steam launches of Stockholm.

Arrived at Jersey City, we found a special train waiting, with Mr. T.'s own private car attached. It contained a room, with numerous armchairs and a fire-place. A bedroom opened out of it, and presently, when the luggage was all on board, we discovered, with great satisfaction, that it comprised a dining-room also, and a kitchen beyond! A

luncheon-table was laid for eight, and the meal was as complete and as social as heart or appetite could wish, though the rattle and noise of the train made conversation rather difficult. So did the bones of the fish—an excellent local one, called shad, but possessing such a large and complicated and curved anatomical system, that I don't think the fish itself can ever know where its bones ought to lie.

The journey was not long, nor was the scenery striking. We were soon out of Jersey City, crossing some of its straight streets, and then into New Jersey, a flat country overgrown by coarse, reedy grass, with the trees still leafless and brown. We crossed the Delaware River at Trenton, a fine, broad river, very picturesque higher up, but here merely wide, with flat banks. Trenton has two merits: they make very pretty china, and it was also the scene of one of Washington's famous battles, where he defeated the Hessians by his little ruse of crossing the river on the ice, which took them by surprise, and crowned him with glory, in 1776, just after Christmas.

We soon rattled into Philadelphia, and stopped there a few minutes for the young Gs. to take leave of their parents, as they were returning to New York, and to attach the engine to the other end of the train, to run us out to Merion, Mr. T.'s station, where, in another ten minutes, it pulled up, and we all got out, except Mr. and Mrs. G., who live five miles further on. It was with real regret that we

took leave of them and their nice daughter, but we shall see them again.

It was delightful to get out of the train into the soft spring air, and we enjoyed the five minutes' drive up to Mr. T.'s house ; passing two lovely Magnolia trees in full flower ; one white, one pink. After a talk in the pretty drawing-room, and some welcome tea given us by Miss T. and her aunt, Miss C., while waiting for the luggage to arrive, we were taken up to our rooms. Mine was a lovely one, all pale green and pink ; the walls decorated with silver, with a silver cornice which runs over on to the ceiling ; three windows which open easily and wide, white and gold furniture and cut-glass washing things ; beautiful old prints on the walls, and roses in Venetian glasses all about. Upstairs M. has a big room with a long window and window seat, in which we established ourselves for a nominal rest, but were too tired to sleep ! So he unpacked, and I sat and watched the birds. For, to my joy, I had no sooner got there, than an entirely new pair of birds walked up the approach road, and hopped around on the lawn. They had bright red breasts, reddish-brown backs, and black heads, with very perky manners and rather sharp voices. The coloured footman who came in, told us they were the American Robin,\* and that they had just arrived from the South, for, as their name indicates, they are migrants, and allied to our Black-

\* *Merula migratoria*.



birds. Very handsome birds they are, nearly as large as our song Thrushes. I was very fortunate, for presently on to a branch of one of the large leafless Chestnut trees in front flew a pair of small Woodpeckers, with their unmistakable heads, red, but with backs in brown bars, like game birds. By dinner-time fatigue was more overwhelming than before, but out of consideration for our probably giddy condition after the voyage, Mr. T. had invited no strangers, so the party was small. A most *recherché* dinner in an artistic room did us good, but they kindly let me retire before eleven o'clock.

The next day being Sunday, we drove to church at Bala, about a mile off, passing several country-houses like our host's, each in its own garden and lawn, and surrounded with trees; but with no property beyond that attached, and with no fence from the road. This strikes one very much at first, for where there are gate-posts, which is not often, they do not put gates, and the division between the garden and the road is generally a beautifully kept strip of turf, or an ornamental hedge of Honey-suckle, or of *Pyrus Japonica*, which was in beauty just now.

There were innumerable waggons and buggies with very good horses, all going the same way, indeed quite a string; but we had no difficulty in getting to our seats, though M. was immediately routed out of his by an autocratic old lady of



ninety, who then directed Miss C. to button her gloves.

It was a good service, similar to ours, though varying a little in details, the Royal parts of the Litany being of course omitted. The sermon was for the poor of the cities, but I have yet to be convinced that there are any poor there or elsewhere, for not a semblance of a cottage or a farm have I yet seen—hardly a cow!

We drove back, strolled about the garden, and stalked the birds; a pair of Sandy mocking birds causing some excitement. The only absolutely English bird they have is the Sparrow; the first pair were imported some fifteen years ago, to eat a particular kind of caterpillar. They now overrun the continent. So do the caterpillars. And they bind up the stalks of their young trees with rags, like sore fingers, to baffle these caterpillars, who would otherwise soon be the death of them all.

In the afternoon, Mr. T. drove us in his wagonette with a pair of very handsome trotting horses, to call on the Gs. about five miles off, who gave us tea and a warm welcome, but we had to hurry back, as we were to dine early. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. were the only visitors—both very agreeable people; she was a niece of Motley the historian, author of "The Dutch Republic," whom we knew so well formerly when he was U.S. Minister in London.

After a pleasant dinner came the evening in "the cabin." This is a little wooden house close by,

containing two rather large rooms, decorated and lined with Mr. T.'s sporting trophies. Amongst them is an enormous tarpon, from the Gulf of Mexico, and the rod and gaff that finished him. He weighed one hundred and twenty-four pounds. This beats salmon fishing; even M.'s sixty-four-pounder of the Namsen must grow pale before that. There were also a fine moose-head from Canada, antlers of deer, elk, and bear-skin rugs, and a fox's brush from the Blackmore Vale. Then six men from the orchestra at Philadelphia discoursed most excellent music, on piano, 'cello, and violins, really beautifully, for some two hours, while we sat by a glowing fire of pine-logs from Florida, with bright yellow flames, reminding me of our rowan-wood fires in the chilly evenings in Norway.

Monday 23rd was a fine bright morning, though the weather is certainly cooler than what we left in England, in spite of our being so much farther south. The lilacs here are hardly out, the principal flowering shrubs in the gardens being *For-sythia suspensa*, magnolias, and Judas trees. To-day a long drive had been projected for us, as Mr. C. had kindly invited us to his stud farm, some fifteen miles off, and duly drove up about eleven o'clock with his four-in-hand, to take us to it. The coach was worthy of the Magazine at Hyde Park, and the team also—brown wheelers and bay leaders, the former very powerful, as they had need to be, for in places the roads are heavy and hilly; though as a

rule, the main roads are well made and very hard, and the by-roads hardly better than tracks.

Mr. C. had already come five or six miles from Philadelphia, therefore at the end of another five he changed horses, and we went on through Berwyn, and past the Dover Hotel, a pretty spot, where people come out from the city to get fresh air in summer-time. Always ascending, at the end of ten miles or more we came to the crest of a hill, and looked down on a wide rich cultivated valley, with a brook, Chester creek, running through it, and it looked very pretty and green and English, fading off into soft brown woods against the sky. We looked across them to where there was a sort of opening, and this was Valley Forge, where Washington encamped with his army through one bitter winter.

We drove some way along the valley, and arriving at the farm, I climbed down from the box, the rest of the party also dropping off the roof, and we went into the house, which was empty of everything save appliances, the young ladies of the party having engaged to do all cooking, the materials for which they had brought with them. They were ably assisted by H. N., while Miss C. and I wandered about in search of the picturesque, and of wild flowers, which were, as yet, very few. After luncheon, which did the chefs great credit (especially one dish of chopped cabbage, soaked in hot vinegar and hot cream, and served cold), we

started off again, in two little carriages or waggons, the two young ladies and Mr. C. on their horses, and went to the stud farm, where we saw the horses, "Cadette" and "The Bard," and a very clever cob, and many mares and young ones in paddocks—fifteen thoroughbred yearlings together in a field. Then we went up to the race-course, where they galloped a horse in training; the girls larked over some fences, and Mr. C. took M. in a buggy, behind an old trotter, who, in spite of his twenty-five years, showed what a mile in 2' 40" meant. Returning to the house, we soon resumed our seats on the coach as before, and with a fresh team turned homewards, changing *en route* to the morning team. It was a fine interesting long drive, and Mr. C. made it very pleasant. He breeds horses extensively, and has done some racing; but racing, he says, has now gone down to the depths of lowness and blackguardism, so hardly any gentlemen engage in it. In some places they have races every day, merely as a vehicle for betting, and they are therefore of no use or advantage for the encouragement of breeding good horses.

He has, like all our friends here, been much in England, and has driven four-in-hand all over it. He is an admirable whip, with first-rate horses; two of the wheelers this turn were English, but they have but little need to import harness horses.

I saw very few flowers; one white one looked from the coach rather like a large anemone, and I

tried to find out the name ; somebody suggested a daisy, but they then dismissed it as "a weedy"—their generic name for all wild flowers. We got in about six o'clock and swallowed some Japanese tea, which, when quite strong, was clear and white as water ; it seemed foolish to put cream and sugar in, but the flavour was distinct and excellent, and very refreshing.

To dinner came Dr. and Mrs. T. and Mr. B., the former well known in the scientific world, and a great authority as an oculist ; and, like most clever men, especially agreeable and kind. Mr. B. is one of the committee of the Local Hunt, and will arrange about our seeing the hounds on Wednesday. After they left we sat up some time discussing our plans and journey ; as, however pleasant our time here, and affording us a really necessary rest after the voyage, we are beginning to feel we ought to be getting on.

The next day was to be devoted to Philadelphia, and so to ensure it we managed to start very late for the train, and only just had time to get into it, as the trains here do not stop at the stations one minute longer than is required for one set of passengers to tumble out, and for the others to scramble in, and on they glide, quite noiselessly, and with no signal : luggage they seem to have none. Tickets can be taken in the train, which also saves time. The carriages are, as every one knows, long cars, with a double row of red velvet seats down each



side of a gangway in the middle. They are all windows, generally open, but it is no use wasting attention on either dust or draughts in America.

We rattled into the town in about twenty minutes, and pulled up in the very fine station, whose span roof is, I believe, the largest in the world. We walked up Broad Street, but not the whole length of it, as it extends for fifteen miles through the heart of the city. The part we did see was amusing, from the number of the black population, the fruit shops, rich in colour from bananas and oranges, the bustle and "push," as they aptly call it, that is going on everywhere, and the quantities of electric cars, which take possession of the centres of almost all the streets, leaving narrow sides only for carriages, which, however, are not numerous, as these electric cars, horse cars, and cable cars, take all the traffic.

We went into some shops, which are extremely large, going very far back, and about four Bond Street shops could easily be put into any one of them. The jewellers' stores (as I must forget the inappropriate word shop) were very pretty, and they like you to stroll around; also the book stores, where you find every book that ever was published in London, and some very nice editions, beautifully bound, of the old standard works.

The Independence Hall is very interesting. In front of it is a fine statue of William Penn, the founder of the town. He came over from England in 1682, with a following of Quakers, and purchased



the site from the Indians, and in two years' time the population amounted to two thousand. Their descendants still adhere to their Quaker customs, and it is pleasant to hear how the old families still use the "thee" and "thou" in intimate circles. William Penn's little house is carefully preserved by the State, and has been moved from its original position in Letitia Street to a suitable spot in the Park. It is only a little building, two windows and a door wide, but from this little beginning has sprung a city, the third largest in America, twenty-two miles long and some eight wide. It has now burst its limits, and has spread across the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, which formerly bounded it.

Inside the Independence Hall is the room where the Continental Congress met, on July 4, 1776, and adopted the Declaration of Independence, which was proclaimed the same day to the public, from the steps. The furniture they used—a large plain table and some solid chairs—remains there. In another room hangs a great bell, the Bell of Liberty, which rang on the occasion, and, proclaiming the Freedom of America, cracked with joy in doing so. There are many other relics of more or less interest. The wings of the Hall are used as law courts and municipal offices. Behind it is a square, somewhat formally laid out, but with some good beds of tulips and hyacinths.

We then went to luncheon at a quiet hotel, but to get there we went up a long street in a horse car,

which was perpetually filling, and never emptying,  
 so that I thought it might burst. However, we got  
 out at last at the hotel, where Mr. T. and some  
 more ladies joined us. (I never saw so many ladies  
 as there are in America, all young and with grey  
 hair, and most cheery.) Then Mr. T. took M. away  
 to the bank to arrange our money matters, and  
 Miss C. and I drove—the carriage having come in  
 for us—to a china shop, where we did not find the  
 Bellique china they make at Trenton, and were  
 soon joined by the rest of the party, and went to a  
 few other shops. But driving is not pleasant in  
 these towns; the pavement is very rough, we  
 nearly had our horses beheaded by an electric car,  
 and enormous waggons, carrying freight of all kinds,  
 nearly deafen you. Some of the streets are named  
 after trees, such as Chestnut Street (the most  
 fashionable) and Walnut, Filbert, and Spruce Street,  
 which are gracefully referred to in a line in Long-  
 fellow's "Evangeline," which had hitherto had no  
 meaning to me.

"In that delightful land which is washed by the De La Ware's  
 waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the Apostle,  
 Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded;  
 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of  
 beauty,

And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the  
 forest,

As if they fain would appease the dryads whose haunts they  
 molested."

We drove round the square, where all the best people live, and it was then pleasant to turn into the park, which is lovely, with very pretty undulating ground, well dressed with trees and flowering shrubs; broad drives and rides, with many smart buggies and waggons, and "mashers"; two of whom passed us, driving a pair of perfectly matched trotters, harnessed very close together, and going an immense pace, with a graceful easy swing. In front of the pole, they have, instead of our pole chains, a bar, which is strapped to the points of the collars, so the horses get a perfectly even pull on the pole; and their driving whips have no lash, but are straight, and like prolonged cutting whips. This buggy passed us; but soon after, we passed it, stopped, swung round against the side of the ride, with a rein broken, and looking very surprised and helpless. Their horses generally, I believe, stop with the voice, which was no doubt how they had avoided a smash.

As we passed the conservatories on our left, the view on the right was very striking. A foreground of river (the Schuylkill) below us, with its bridges and brown trees, with a very delicate touch of bright green here and there, and rising behind it the whole length of the fine city, with a very broken outline, executed in shades of blue-grey. It was a view to remember. We came into an avenue of maples, which, when green, must be lovely, and soon turned into the familiar lanes and roads leading

to Mr. T.'s home. I was a little tired, and wanting also to write some letters, they kindly sent me up my tea by one of the silent-footed black footmen, and I wrote till dinner. For which, arrived Mr. and Mrs. C. H.—he has just been elected Provost of Philadelphia College—Mr. C. of New York, and Dr. H., who arrived late. In the evening Mr. T. produced a complete schedule of our route. First we are to devote two days to Baltimore and Washington, then to spend Sunday at Dolobran, and on Monday start for the Far West.

Wednesday morning M., I and H. N. spent in the garden, I sketching the house, and they reading and strolling about. In the afternoon we drove to the kennels—our party was increased by Mrs. F., who had arrived the evening before, and Mr. B.—all of whom went in the wagonette. Miss T. drove H. N. in her pony carriage with a pair of pretty little ponies. It was a drive of some nine miles to the Radnor Kennels. Mr. Mather is the M.F.H., and as M. had sent him out some hounds last year, we were curious to see them again. We found the huntsman, Loader, son of Loader of the Crawley and Horsham, expecting us, and the hounds in very good kennels, with a large field and shady trees round them. It all seemed very English and natural, and it was delightful to be amongst hounds again. "Sanguine" knew us perfectly, though the younger ones could not be expected to do so. They had also a large draught

from the Belvoir, and some six or eight couple of the genuine American hounds, to supply music. They are odd-looking beasts, possessed, one should say, of every fault a foxhound can have. No bone-hare feet, much on the leg, but with noses and tongues that cannot be beat. Very black, as a rule, though some are white, and with wonderfully long ears, narrow heads, speaking eyes, and absolute skeletons, for, feed them as you may and must, you cannot get any flesh on their bones. They rejoice too in the oddest names, such as Wash, Spot, Scout, Jeff, Dick, Jim, Dido, Topsey, Nance, and so on.

M. was delighted, and could not tear himself away; and our poor ladies sat, patient, but, I fear, writhing; for it turned out that afterwards we were due to tea with a lady, half-way home, at five o'clock, and it was well past six when we left the kennels, so it was found we could only drive to the door, and not go in, but make our excuses and hasten home to dinner, for which there was to-day no company. In the evening Mr. T. gave us our last instructions, interlarding them with most amusing stories; so he kept us in fits of laughter till past midnight; having previously, however, received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. G. on their way from a wedding at New York. They came to secure us for Saturday next, and we go there after excursion No. 1. We have been trying to pack all day, and between two places have got rather mixed, as most of our luggage goes straight from here to Dolobran in our absence.







## CHAPTER II

### BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON

ON Thursday the 26th we began our travels, and going by the ordinary train to Philadelphia we changed there into our private car, which is now to become our home. We parted with regret with our kind friends, who had come to see us off, and then explored our car, by name the "Davy Crockett." Davy, though unknown to me till now, was a hero of the Californian and Mexican War.

There is some little variety in these private cars, but as this and our subsequent one, the "Wildwood," varied only in details, one description will serve for both. At the extreme end is a covered platform, which you step on to, as you get into the train; off it, is, so to speak, the front door, through which you enter a sitting-room, all windows, with a sofa, two luxurious armchairs, and a table; a large looking-glass, book-shelf, little hammocks for papers, maps, and so on, and lamps. Out of this goes a narrow passage having on the right our bedroom, and a bath-room adjoining; next a large dining-room, sixteen feet by ten, in which we had all our meals. It

had a sofa at this end; a writing-desk and table at the farther end, formed a sort of partition beyond which were two sofas, which made into two beds at night. Next came the kitchen and servants' room, and another door, a way in and out of the car. Curtains and partitions divided the dining-room at night into a bed at this end for my maid; the two further sofas accommodating H. N. and our subsequent philosopher, friend, and animated guide-book, M. S., leaving room for a full-sized dinner-table in the middle, and one or two of our luggage boxes, and chairs, &c., around. The total length of the "Wildwood" was sixty-two feet.

For this tentative journey we had only our three selves, my maid, Lawrence, our invaluable waiter, and Byard the cook; also, for a certain distance, Mr. T.'s own black servant, who was to see that all was right with the car, and to ascertain, I really believe, how we enjoyed ourselves, and report on his return to Mr. T. Never was such kindness and protection as we were surrounded with! for all this car is to be entirely to ourselves, and is, consequently, Elysium.

Having thoroughly explored it, we sat in the "observation car" and watched the scenery, which was wooded and pretty, and we frequently crossed large rivers; the "Gunpowder" and the "Susquehanna" were perhaps the widest, the railway bridge over the latter at Havre de Grace being a mile long, and over the former, I believe, even more. Newark,

too, is a town of some size, and one of the numerous academies is located here.

It only took two hours by this express train—and certainly the expresses on the Pennsylvanian line are wonderful, so smooth, punctual, and fast—to reach Baltimore.

Having arrived at the station, a gentlemen who had sent in his card, stepped in. We were not very clear who he was, but feeling sure he must be one of the many guardian angels sent out after us, always by Mr. T.'s means, we shook hands all round, and introduced each other right and left, as usual. He presently led the way to an open carriage with a black coachman and a pair of smart dark-brown horses, and proceeded to take us a drive through a very handsome city : every house has white marble steps, as clean as a new pin ; above the steps are red-stone, white-stone, or red-brick houses, adorned with much rich and effective carving, which can be seen to advantage, as the streets are very wide and nearly all edged with rows of trees. The first wide street we crossed led up to a fine pillar with a statue of Washington on the top, and traversing a few more, we arrived at a pretty square, Mount Vernon Place, decorated with fountains and flowers, and got out at the house of Mr. Walters, who gave a party to-day, for which we had an invitation.

A large number of people, unknown to us, were assembled, and Mr. Walters, an oldish man, received us kindly in a long gallery, and introduced us to one

or two people ; and we had enough to do to look at the exquisite collection of pictures in that gallery, and of china, Japanese bronzes, and other curios, including some lovely Chinese glass, in other rooms. He had some good English pictures—a fine Turner (of Venice) and one or two Briton Rivières, and some modern French ones, and a very good portrait of himself by a French artist.

What delighted me much was a case of the most beautiful jade I have ever seen—very large pieces, and most exquisitely carved, as fine as the two fine boxes that lurk in a corner of the King's Palace at Stockholm, and which I always remember with envy. While looking at these, Sir Julian Pauncefort, our Ambassador at Washington, came up and introduced himself, and offered us every kind of civility.

A friend of my brother-in-law's also claimed acquaintance, and gave me some ice, as the refreshment room was almost too crowded to penetrate, though H. N. and M. fortunately did, and got some terrapin soup, and would have given me some had I not eaten the ice first, and thought one would not do after the other ; but it was a pity, as it was the last day of terrapin. Terrapin is the great and costly luxury of the States, and thereby hangs a tale.

An English Lord something was staying with some Americans, who in his special honour had secured terrapin, at a guinea an inch probably. When it was handed round the black waiter put the



plate down before the visitor, who pushed it back with "No, thank you."

"Terrapin, my lord," said the well-drilled waiter.

"None, thank you."

"But, my lord, it's terrapin."

"Yes, yes, I know ; none, thank you."

"But, my *lord*, it's *terrapi*n," said the agonised man.

"All right ; no, thank you," was still the indifferent answer.

"My *God* ! it's terrapin !" said the black in thorough despair.

After an hour or so well spent among so much fine art, we returned to nature, and were driven past the well-kept Eutaw Gardens up to the park, which is thickly wooded and very pretty, embellished with what appears to be a large lake, and is one of the five great reservoirs that supply the town. The Dogwood trees,\* with their pretty flat narcissus-like flowers, were fully out ; there were also Judas trees and shell magnolias, and at one spot two exquisite little vistas over the water across the city ; the trees are cut into a great tall narrow arch, and you see the view through it, like a Gothic window.

From here we wound down again to the station, and left it with the impression that Baltimore is a most fascinating, handsome, livable, sunny town,

\* *Cornus Florida*.



with a southern look about it, as many darkies as whites in the streets, and a rich perfume of lilies pervading it.

We left it about 3.30, and went at once into a tunnel four miles long, and in an hour were at Washington. We got out of our car and walked along an interminable platform, escorted by another gentleman who put us into a landau and disappeared, but left orders behind him, for we were taken straight along some wide asphalted streets, and in about ten minutes were dropped at the door of the Arlington Hotel, where rooms were ready for us, including a large and airy sitting-room, well stocked with rocking-chairs; and bedrooms and bath-rooms.

Notes and invitations were awaiting us on the table, and in five minutes we received a visit from a singularly charming and attractive young lady, Miss R. C., who arranged to take us to-morrow morning to the Capitol, where her father would show us the Senate Houses, before the luncheon to which Mr. and Mrs. McL. have invited us. We then thought we would go out, and were just starting, when Mr. Judge D. called and offered his services, and gave us an introduction to the curator of the Smithsonian Museum.

We then put ourselves in an open carriage, and were driven about the town, which is essentially an aristocratic and residential one, and of which the crowning beauty is the Capitol, a beautiful classical

building of snow-white stone, which might be marble, surmounted by a dome on which is the bronze figure of Liberty, twenty feet high. It stands splendidly, being in itself the focus of all the great avenues of the town which lead up to it, and from the terrace commands a magnificent view of the city, with the broad Potomac beyond, and immediately in front, the Washington Monument, an obelisk five hundred and fifty-five feet high, of pale grey stone—the highest building in the world, except the Eiffel Tower.

We drove through a park with interesting plants and trees, all carefully labelled, but when H. N. jumped out to read the name of one I particularly wanted to know about, the label was blank. We passed the White House, a handsome building with good conservatories, and went on through many fine streets; but every now and then, between large and handsome residences, there may be seen a little tiny cottage of perhaps two windows' width and two stories high, and somewhat tumbledown; these belong to original proprietors, who are holding on till they get their prices, or perhaps because they do not care to leave their ancestral halls, however small. They contrast curiously with their stately neighbours. Some of the streets are very long, and simply fade out of sight in the far distance. Glimpses, too, of the Potomac, here and there, come in prettily; but always beautifying and crowning each view are either the marble Capitol or the

delicate Obelisk, the soft grey colouring of which against a pale yellow sunset sky was remarkable.

It was very hot here, and on Friday morning when Miss C. called for us, the drive to the Capitol in the sunny streets was almost oppressive, and the more striking as the trees are very late, and the foliage as yet gives no shade.

We climbed up the immense flight of marble steps to the entrance, stopping to admire the famous bronze door which was designed by Rogers, cast by von Müller at Munich, and depicts the history of Columbus. There are two other bronze doors, but this centre one is the finest and is seventeen feet high. We were looking at the fine eastern view towards the new and magnificent library which is nearing completion, when Senator C. joined us, and showed us first the Senate, where an excited member from Kentucky was reading a long speech on the Wilson Tariff. The new tariff is exercising all their minds just now, and trade is almost paralysed till they settle it one way or other. This gentleman was answered very calmly by a senator on the other side, which only seemed to make him still more angry. It was difficult to grasp at first that the Republicans are the moderate side, while the Democrats, now in power, are more like our Radicals.

We sat on open seats round the outside of, and above, the Senate, so that we could see and hear everything. The Senate is in a semicircular room

about a hundred and twelve feet long by eighty wide, and is presided over by the Vice-President; the Democrats being all on his right, and the Republicans on the left, all seated in very nice armchairs, with a little desk in front of each. There was a curious little clapping of hands going on all the time in various spots, which was puzzling, till Mr. C. explained that any member wanting anything, claps his hands, and a messenger boy steps up to him for orders. There were a number of these boys flying about.

Mr. C. explained to me the whole system of representatives and senators; and after about a quarter of an hour there he took us on, through some very handsome passages, to another semicircular chamber, formerly the Senate chamber, but now the Supreme Court room, smaller than the other, being only about seventy-five feet long, and answering to our Court of Appeal. It has some fine Ionic columns of Potomac marble, and in it a case was being argued; but not understanding the subject we did not stay there long, but went on to the House of Representatives—a splendid room, a hundred and forty feet long by ninety-three wide; and here they were very busy passing Bills, chiefly Pension Bills; clerks, seated under the Speaker—who was an English-born man, Mr. Crisp—were reading themselves hoarse, and they seemed to pass several without opposition, till all of a sudden there was a difference of opinion. So the Ayes sat down, the Noes were counted, and the Ayes had it.

The House then resolved itself into a Committee; the Speaker, looking very glad, left the chair; we left ours, and walked on to see the Library—a pile of confusion, for they have no room for the volumes for which the new separate building is preparing a befitting home. The view of the town from this, the west front, is very fine, all the great avenues radiating from it in every direction. We then parted with Senator C. and, resuming the carriage, drove back to our hotel, leaving it again directly, to walk the few steps to Mrs. McL.'s house, and a beautiful house too, in I Street. The streets here are named after the letters of the alphabet one way, and the numerals the other.

We found our host and hostess in a long room, of which yellow was the prevailing colour, subdued by pictures and ornaments of every kind, which faded in the distance in a large dining-room. They soon, however, took us into another dining-room, where we begun with a welcome cup of tea, and going on through shad, Turkey and champagne, and the national dish, ice-cream, ended in pine-seeds. The latter were excellent, and came from a ranche in California, being simply the seed of the pine-trees dried and sweetened. Mr. and Mrs. McL. were charming people, and wanted to do everything that was kind for us. We sat a little after luncheon, and after they had shown us the miniature coach in which their small and only son of eight



drives four ponies in hand, we took leave; and our next object being the Smithsonian Museum, we drove there, and spent a profitable time during a heavy thunderstorm. Mr. Smithson, who made this fine collection, was an Englishman, an offshoot of the Smithson family with which the Dukes of Northumberland were connected. He was a man of great taste and learning, and this museum, which he bequeathed to the State, is greatly esteemed, and other branches and annexes have been added to it. It has a good collection of stuffed birds, and here I found that the lazy common birds popularly called Crow-Blackbirds are Purple Grackles. The secretary, in the absence of the curator, Dr. Langley, showed us the National Museum, containing models of the various Indian tribes, which are valuable—as without doubt all those tribes must die out in the course of years—specimens of Mexican pottery, of which some of the forms are good; also Washington's swords, and other relics from Mount Vernon. There were some fine groups of buffalo—even more extinct than the Indians, and better worth preserving—moose, and other animals, in great cases, in another department.

The rain poured in torrents as we came out, and the air was like a vapour-bath; the inhabitants are already thinking, "If this is April, what shall we be in July?" This is an even year, in which the Parliamentary session is long; on the odd numbered years it ends in March. Generally the question is



solved by the ladies flying with their children to the seaside or some cool place, leaving the unhappy legislators to their business, and such comfort as iced drinks in empty houses can afford.

We had hardly sat down, and were waiting for dinner, when the proprietor came hastily up, and, with a face of awe, said the British Ambassador had called to see us. So we went to a drawing-room, and he made us such kind offers of dinners and drives that it was quite a pity that, going, as we were, the next day, we could accept nothing. We then resumed our dinner discourse, which included terrapin after all! It is a boiled tortoise, and tastes like turtle; so, though a day late, I have realised this highly prized dish.

Next morning our kind friend, Miss C., again called for us, and we all walked to her house to pick up her friend, Miss L., and with her we went on the short distance to the White House, where Mrs. Cleveland, the President's wife, had arranged to receive us at 12.30. Crossing a sort of corridor we went into a circular room of a bluish hue, and almost directly into an inner drawing-room, where Mrs. Cleveland met us at the door and gave us a cordial welcome. She is tall, rather large, and decidedly handsome, about twenty-seven, I fancy, and much younger, I am told, than the President. She was, as all these Washington ladies are, *très bien mise*, and talked very pleasantly about the city and Coxey's army, which is marching on Washington, but is now

expected to end in a "fizzle"; and none of the big people are alarmed about it, though of course they do not like the disaffected feeling which it exhibits. Still, Mrs. Cleveland said, she had just sent her children out for a drive, and wondered how long she could do so with safety. After a talk we took leave of her, and dropping our handsome young ladies at their door, we returned to our hotel with no time to spare, and at once drove to the station to find our "Davy Crockett," to which Lawrence conducted us. And at two we left Washington, catching another glimpse or two of the dome of the Capitol as we railed by express back to Philadelphia. We arrived there about six, and were met by young Mr. G., who escorted us to Haverford Station, and thence to Dolobran, past the lovely hedge of *Pyrus Japonica* in full flower, with which his land is bordered, and to the house, where Mr. and Mrs. G. were awaiting our arrival in the porch, as they call the verandah. Soon after, we had dinner in their handsome dining-room, and amongst other things there was a dainty dish of soft-shelled crabs, which are esteemed a great delicacy, as the unhappy animal is caught at the moment of changing its shell, when it falls an easy prey, as it sticks in the mud and cannot move for some two or three days, and cannot even pinch in self-defence.

The next day, being Sunday, we drove off to church, leaving Mr. G. regretting that "they had a stupid habit of having their service on a Sunday,

the only day he was at home." The church was about half a mile off, and we had the same string of carriages that we had seen at Bala last Sunday, and our pew was more handsomely found in fans than in hymn-books. The sermon was long, which was Miss G.'s wise reason for a general objection to going at all.

After church we had a visit from Mr. T., who had ridden over, and found us playing in the stables with an Airedale terrier, which P. has taught to follow her everywhere, even up and down a ladder to the loft, which he does with great care and doubtful enjoyment. Mr. T. brought us our last orders for our trip to the West. We walked on to Mr. G.'s farm, where he has a pretty little herd of Guernseys, and a great nasty bull of doubtful temper, so they never go in to him, shutting him out in his yard when they go into his bedroom, and *vice-versá*. There was a beautiful spring, which, by a wheel, supplies the house with water and makes a watercress-bed. The wheel is worked by a little stream which comes down the hill, and its edge is adorned by a plentiful growth of a lettuce-like looking plant, which they call the skunk-cabbage, from its resemblance in smell to that low animal. M. saw a snake flop into a pond, and out of that pond Mr. R. G. and I fished a cobnut that had fallen in. We tried a bit, and found it exactly like a walnut in taste. In a bit of wild ground above I found several new wild flowers: a very

pretty Adder's tongue,\* some "Quaker Ladies,"† refined little white and lilac flowers, a pretty Arum,‡ Podophyllin plants,§ and several more. There were also the Sassafras tree, with its sweet-smelling stems, and the Dogwood.

Arrived at the house, we found the buggy waiting, in which Mr. G. drove me, the others following in the carriage, and P. riding, first to Mrs. C., who lives nearly opposite; here we found H. N., who had been teaching the young ladies of the house the art of making Devonshire cream, and thence we all went to Mr. T.'s, where we found a large party at tea. Returning home, Mr. G. let his horses trot, and they could go a wonderful pace; the dust and pebbles were such that I had to keep my eyes quite shut and my mouth nearly so, and could only just gasp:

"Is this 2'30"?"

"Not quite," he said; "perhaps 2'40"."

The young lady following tried to keep her horse trotting, but very soon had to break into a hand gallop.

He then diverged from the road into some very pretty lanes, or "dirt roads" as they call them, with several "thank you, ma'ams," in them. These are scoops across the road for the water to run off, and crossing them in these light carriages you make an involuntary bow; whence the name. One

\* *Erythronium Americanum*.

† *Houstonia cœrulea*.

‡ *Arisæma triphyllum*.

§ *Podophyllin peltatum*.

misses at first the English hedges, there being nothing of the sort here; fields are divided by snake fences—split rails in a zigzag with no gates, so the hunting is one succession of high timber jumps; and along the very top of these rails the American hounds will follow a fox like a cat, where an English one would struggle through, or blunder over, and lose the line. We came in just in time for dinner, at which there was a large family party; and after dinner one of the ladies sang; and they all told stories one against the other, all of which, alas, I have forgotten.

## CHAPTER III

### WESTWARDS BY ST. LOUIS TO DENVER

ON the last day of April, Monday, we started on our real travels, or excursion No. 2. Mr. G. drove us down to Haverford, and saw us off in our new car, the "Wildwood," which was attached to a 9.10 train. It is rather better than the "Davy Crockett" being a little larger, more convenient and steadier, an important point, as we shall sleep many nights in it. In it came two of Mr. T.'s people, his secretary Mr. H., and Mr. B.; they went with us to the first station, to see that all was right, and introduced Mr. S., who, Mr. B. said, we should find "a lovely man," and indeed he proved so. He it was who was to be our guide, philosopher, and friend, and to organise everything for us; in short, to show us America.

Our luggage is all arranged in the car, so that everything is accessible, which is in itself a great convenience. We are amply provided with guide-books, railroad folders, and maps, a large one on a roller being fixed in the dining-room, with our projected route lined out in red.



Our train went rapidly on through a well-cultivated, pleasant country, all farms, and small woods, like Chester Valley, where Mr. C.'s farm was, looking quite like England, but for the ugly snake and rail-fences. There were large fields of last year's "corn"; the dried stalks of the maize remaining very untidily in the ground; also some tobacco, grass, and wheat-fields.

The sides of the track were very exciting, as there were quantities of large white flowers, and bunches of lilac ones, but there was no telling what they were; the Judas trees edging every wood were, however, unmistakable, and looked beautiful. At Harrisburg, our train became a special, as Mr. T. can do what he likes on the Pennsylvania Railway, and considered that we should be too late, if we went by the ordinary one, to see anything of Pittsburg. We had our luncheon in the car early, so as to be free to enjoy the lovely scenery which commences shortly after leaving Harrisburg, and where the track crosses a fine bridge, three thousand six hundred and seventy feet long, over the Susquehanna. It is wide and rather shallow, with beautiful islands in it, some of them rocky, some covered with green, and breaks into perpetual rapids and little sparkling falls. After a time it left us, and we followed the winding course of the Juniata for a hundred miles or more, to the very base of the Alleghanies; and all the way the scenery is most picturesque, and even grand, as the moun-

tain background is seen all the time, and the pass through the Tuscarora Gap (so-called after the Tuscarora Indians, whose territory it was) is magnificent. The foothills are all clothed with chestnut trees and firs, fringed with the Judas trees, their bright pinky purple masses contrasting with the fresh green, and at times almost golden, foliage of the maples, and the wreaths of white blossom on the apple, pear, and cherry trees.

At Altoona we left the Juniata, whose beauties are the theme of many sentimental songs; and this town is in itself a wonder, for in 1850 it was still primeval forest, where now is a city of over 30,000 inhabitants, and the site of all the enormous machine works of the Pennsylvanian Railway.

The line now began the ascent of the Alleghanies, and a most wonderful piece of engineering it is, especially the eleven miles before the tunnel at the top; it is so steep it takes double power to get the train up, and descending on the other side, the distance is run without steam, the pace being regulated by strong brakes. The Horse Shoe Curve is especially extraordinary, being a curve in that shape, but so sharp and so steep the lines appear almost contiguous, though one is much higher than the other, as they wind round the sides of a sort of bay in the mountain. The summit of the mountain is pierced by a tunnel over three thousand feet long, and on the other side is Cresson Springs, a summer health resort. Here, having ascended the whole way from

Altoona, the line descends a little, and the grandeur of the scenery was over, though it was still pretty. We had our five o'clock tea to-day in the middle of the Alleghanies, and we sat outside on the open platform all through the fine ascent. It is cool there, and the private cars being always (if possible) hooked on to the end of the train, you have a perfectly uninterrupted view the whole way, though you are certainly liable to get coal dust in the eyes at times.

After a time we came to the scene of the great catastrophe of May 1889, when the Conemaugh River burst its banks, and overflowed and swept away the town of Johnstown, destroying thousands of people and much property. Many engines of this line were washed away, and it took more than nine days to get the track in working order again.

Shortly after this the white flowers appeared again in such royal profusion that I got quite anxious about them, so presently the special train, going forty miles an hour, pulled up short, the guard went running back along the track, followed by the brakeman with a flag; both men disappeared up a bank, and in less than four minutes I was in possession of a large bunch of beautiful white flowers, which proved to be *Trilliums*.\* But it was real sport that a train should stop to pick a flower!

We soon arrived at a black country, and having dined on board with great success—though one has

\* *Trillium grandiflorum*.

to be careful that the things don't shake over—we arrived at seven o'clock at Pittsburgh. Here we were put into an open carriage which was ready, and were sent out like children for a drive to keep us quiet, while the car was cleaned and dusted, and put into a siding for the night. It is a fearful town of manufactures and ironworks, and we were driven to a point above the river (the Alleghany), whence we looked down on Vulcan's forge, great smelting works, all flames and cascades of sparks and smoke. Then up and down long streets, riotous with electric and cable cars and their whistles and bells, and rolling across the horrible tramways which catch the wheels and sway the carriage as if it would come in two. The cable cars are the worst, as they keep up a perpetual underground buzzing noise.

The driver, though Irish, was not communicative, but he pointed out one rather smart-looking house. "Do you want to know who lives there? It's Charley Clark."

Darker and darker it grew, and still we wandered down one gloomy street and up another, till at last, after many perils from cars, we found ourselves at the station, where Mr. S. received us, and led us to our "Wildwood." I observed how dangerous the cars seemed, but he said there was no real danger in them: "None at all, though they do kill a good many children."

It was now nine o'clock, but by the Central time, which we here take up, only eight, so we again gain

an hour to our lives. Rejoining the car, we found Mr. W. of the railway, waiting our return, and ready to take us back some three miles to a side station where we were to pass the night. He took leave, and we took cocoa, and then packed ourselves into very comfortable beds, converted from sofas in our absence. They had also taken two doors off their hinges to admit my trunks—not that they are so big, but the doors are so narrow. Nothing is difficult here ; everything is done. For instance, yesterday, becoming aware of the immense dust in the train, M. expressed a regret that we had not provided ourselves with some white cotton washable gloves ; to-night, when we returned, there were half a dozen pairs lying on the sofa. They are a very clever protection from the dust, which is paramount.

We slept well, though often waking up with the idea that we should be late for church, as all the station engines have a bell on them, which they ring whenever they move, and which sounds exactly like the single bell of the village church. May-day found us leaving Pittsburg, first crossing the Alleghany river on a fine bridge. Near where we had passed the night, they have a thing—I don't know what to call it, but can only describe it as a bridge—at an angle of about  $40^{\circ}$ , up and down which they run cars, like spiders, over the railroad, on the principal of “one come up, t'other go down.”

We travelled all day through Ohio : very pretty



cultivated country, with enormous cornfields, undulating pastures, and a few cows and fewer sheep. Occasional streams, but no large rivers. A lovely bird perched on one of the telegraph wires, probably an Oriole, of which there are several kinds; this one had a bright orange red throat, white back, breast, and tail, and a black head. There was also a chestnut bird with white in its tail, probably a Sandy mocking-bird. It dropped into a cornfield like a lark. For luncheon to-day, or rather dinner—for we have our principal meal in the middle of the day, to get the fires out early—we had Catauba wine made of the strawberry-flavoured Californian grape, and praised in song by Longfellow. Also the egg-fruit, cut in slices, fried, and served as vegetable; and “string beans,” which resembled a larger form of our French bean.

At three o'clock we arrived in Columbus, where the train waited for the passengers to take refreshment, so we took exercise, walking up and down what in England would be the “platform,” only that there is none. Trains and platform alike are all on an asphalt floor, and you may walk when and where you please amongst them, the tolling of the engine bell when it moves being considered sufficient protection. But there is nothing to notify when it is going to move, so unless you look out and are in your car in time, you have to “scratch gravel,” as they significantly term running for it. It is the same at all the village stations;



the train glides up the main street, ringing its bell, and things get out of the way as they can. .

○ In Ohio the sale of all drink is absolutely prohibited (so it was lucky we had secured our Catauba beforehand). After leaving Columbus we crossed a very pretty river, the Scioto, with wonderfully clear reflections, and we partook of our five o'clock tea to-day somewhere in the centre of Ohio. We left that State late in the evening, and entered Illinois, stopping an hour at Indianapolis, where the noises frightened sleep—the perpetual clanging of the engine bells as they kept passing and repassing, whistling, screaming and shouting, in addition to the ordinary rumblings of trains, near and distant; however Morpheus defied them all at last, and after a good night morning broke on the great, wide, dirty yellow waters of the Mississippi, which flowed beneath us, and as we breakfasted we entered the town of St. Louis.

This was originally the principal trading-post of the fur trade on the river, and was the centre of the French territory of Louisiana, taking the name of St. Louis in 1764, but it was not till 1803 that it was ceded to the United States, and became one of them under the name of Missouri. To explore it was now our business, and we were soon in an open carriage, driven as usual by a nigger, and on the way to the great brewery of Anhauser-Busch. Mr. Busch himself showed us over the whole concern: first the process of bottling the beer, mainly by

machinery, then labelling it, by the hands of little boys who were nearly as quick as the machines; a lift took us up to a height commanding the town and river, and their own works, extending over a hundred and sixty acres, and employing two thousand two hundred hands; and on this floor were the enormous vats of burnished copper for making the beer; but all on mosaic floors, and more like show than work, being so very bright and polished and decorated.

We again descended to the ground floor, or first, as they generally call it here, to see an enormous refrigerator, as big as a house, which they had prepared for the Chicago Exhibition, but it was refused admittance as too large. Above this they make ice in oblong boxes under the floor, and it was pretty to see the blocks slide out of their cases, and run alone round a sloping iron causeway and deposit themselves quite gently in long rows below. Next we found ourselves seated round a table in a kind of hall, and a foaming tankard of beer was handed to each of us. This at eleven A.M. was embarrassing, to say the least, but we all did our best to look as if we liked it, and wished we could have kept it till dinner.

Mr. Busch's private stables, coachhouses, and stablemen's billiard-room having also been shown, we left; and thanking our guide for his politeness, he assured me I might now say I had seen the largest brewery in the world. I have no doubt he

was right, and am quite sure that he thought he was.

A four miles drive, through the city chiefly, though we now and again skirted a kind of suburb where the condition of the roads and the depth of the ruts was astonishing—took us to the Tower Grove Park; very pretty grounds, with some effective statues in it of Shakespeare, Columbus and Humboldt—and through it to Shaw's Gardens; a botanic garden made by a philanthropic Mr. Shaw, who left it, and a large legacy to maintain it, to the State. It is well kept up, and has some fine conservatories, which contained many good plants that we knew, and it appeared that those we did not know they did not either, for labels when wanted were conspicuous by their absence. At the very end was a glorious house, entirely of the cactus tribe; cereus, opuntias and agaves, chiefly from Mexico, and some of the former several feet high, and all in the best possible tenue.

Looking out of these houses we saw several Sandy mocking-birds, and presently heard them sing—a very clear cheerful song, and found their nest on the top of a small tree. There were also Catbirds\* of a greyish-brown colour, with slate coloured backs; and native Sparrows, smaller than ours, and of a more *élancé* shape. Several black and white Woodpeckers, and a couple of Flickers;† and later on, as we were driving through another park, a vision of

\* *Galeoscoptes Caroliniensis*.

† *Colaptes auratus*.

vivid scarlet flashed over our heads, and a splendid red bird alighted on a branch of one of the tall oak trees. It was, I believe, a scarlet Tanager,\* and we were in luck to see it, as they are not very common, and certainly most beautiful.

This Forest park is the largest in the city, containing over thirteen hundred acres, and several lakes; and a pretty stream, the Des Perès River, meanders through it. It has a small zoological garden, where the most obvious inhabitant was a melancholy-looking caged peacock, with an indifferent bad tail. It seemed a pity to leave these lovely parks, our best chance of seeing the birds of the district, but it was a long way back to the city, and might have been any length, as one of the streets is thirteen miles long, and the town itself has a river frontage of twenty miles, and averages nine deep! And all this the growth of little over a century.

At an enormous Southern hotel, we had luncheon, which included prairie chicken, or "roast sage hen," as the menu had it, tasting like grouse. One might have thought it out of season, but that is a detail. The national dish, ice cream, was not wanting. Visiting a chemist's shop (in the hotel), the poor ignorant creatures had not an idea what sal volatile was, but rose to comp. tinct. of ammonia, producing a yellow liquid, which in other respects resembled the real thing.

\* *Pyranza erythromelas*.

We next, at the imminent peril of our united lives, walked along a street to do some shopping. H. N. nearly met his fate against an electric car, but was saved by a timely policeman, the only one I saw. We passed boot shops called "ladies' fine foot wear," in search of a dry goods store, meaning a draper's. We found one at last, though there are many more stores for gentlemen than for ladies, and there are some of "notions," which I take to be fancy goods. Walking being a source of danger, we got into a carriage and drove down to the river, and finding on what they call the Levee (we might call it wharf) one of the Mississippi steamers, quite accessible, we walked on board; an affable negro stepped forward and showed us all over it, and it felt like a living illustration of Mark Twain's books. There were, I think, three decks, all painted white, built in tiers, and covered with rows of red chairs; the boats are all "stern wheelers," are very high, and draw very little water, and run up and down to New Orleans. It would have been very nice to have taken this trip, but it would have upset our programme, disconcerted the red line drawn on our roller-map, and probably have been too hot for comfort on the Gulf of Mexico.

So instead, we drove on to the top of the great St. Louis Bridge, which cost ten million dollars to build, and making the railroad below, is used as a causeway above for carts and carriages. It is a fine outlook up and down that enormous, but not



beautiful river, for a dirtier one, as regards colour, does not exist. The shores are somewhat flat and sandy, but I believe the discoloration is chiefly due to the Missouri, which comes in some twenty miles higher up, and pollutes the stream with the mud of the Montana and Dakota plains.

Thence, our time being nearly up, we returned to the station, but the "Wildwood" not being yet brought in, we waited a short time in the waiting-room—where H. N. sat down on a live baby—and watched an amusing crowd of many colours. Mr. S. soon found us and the car, and putting the former into the latter, went off himself to wire all over the place, in consequence of a suggested change; viz., that we should omit Kansas City altogether, one large town being very like another; and, by going on straight through it to-morrow, we should gain a day at Colorado. A delightful exchange.

The local newspapers, one of which is daily brought to us, are really very original; the headings are so funny: such as, "She left his house early," or, "Will he do it again?" omitting the nouns, and giving a hint of the sensational. Some of the paragraphs are peculiar; this was how one ran in the *St. Louis Globe*:

"To win a bet of \$25 Miss Josie Sheehy, after removing her spring bonnet, dived in street dress into the tank of the Olympic Swimming Baths in San Francisco. Miss Sheehy was dressed in a

tailor-made street gown and wore blue kids. The bet originated in the remark of a young man, that 'girls are cuckoos at swimming, anyway.' Miss Sheehy swam out promptly after the header, and the money was handed to her. The young man who lost it went to the nearest corner and drank six seltzers sour to brace him up."

Another was headed—

#### "SHE SPORTED EIGHT KOH-I-NOORS.

"Tacoma, Wash., May 2.—The industrial army, through Mrs. Jumbo Catwell, has made another appeal to the Northern Pacific for a train to carry the army to St. Paul, offering \$10,000 for it. General Traffic Manager Haunaford refused to consider the proposition. The sympathisers then paraded the streets. Mrs. Jumbo Catwell, wife of the 'General,' led the parade with three other women. She wore eight large diamonds and a nobby spring suit."

We left St. Louis about eight o'clock by the Missouri Pacific Railway, and travelling on through the night through the State of Missouri, we reached Kansas City early in the morning, and managed to wake about six A.M., being anxious to get a first glimpse of

"Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea."

(Which, begging pardon of that patriotic song, it does not, as it flows into the Mississippi some thousand

miles to the north of the sea.) There it was, a great, wide, mud-coloured river, with flat banks on the north, and an enormous dark red town extending for miles on the southern shore. The latter has no special points of interest, being a very busy trading town, eighteen lines of railway converging in it; and a pall of smoke overshadowing the whole, we were glad to be leaving it.

During our breakfast we were attached to the Burlington line, and taken, hind side before, to St. Joseph, a large station, called in familiar railway parlance St. Joe. Here our car was reversed, and we resumed our proper position with our observation car at the rear of the train, and our view unimpeded. They had not time to do this at Kansas, as it takes a little time to turn these cars round, and is done on what they call a Y line. We now had a clear view of the whole State of Nebraska, for though St. Joe was due north of Kansas, we now turned east and went along the southern border of the State, skirting for some way the flat valley of the Republican River. This is one of the great ranche States, the source of the enormous meat supplies which from Kansas City go east, collected from Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Missouri, and Texas also. All the morning the track went through horse and cattle ranches—small wooden houses with fenced yards (or corrals), with cattle, horses, and pigs in them, or grazing in the enclosed, rather undulating, land round them. It was exactly the

same all the way to Wymore, and reminded one of all the accounts of ranche life that one had read about.

The track here is a single line, and looks as if it was just dropped down on a flat bit, where all is nearly flat; and all you see is the close row of sleepers, and two little lines of rails that fade into silver threads in the perspective; no fence of any sort or kind, on either side, and the engine bell clangs as it passes a house, or crosses a road, but both houses and roads are few and far between.

We re-crossed the Missouri by a magnificent bridge at Rulo, and it took a fine turn there, sweeping southwards, bordered by sand on which is a low growth of stunted, bright green, poplars. At Rock Falls we watched, with glasses, a picturesque mob of cattle being driven slowly along by two cowboys with tremendous stock-whips. They made a great feature in the landscape, and as one or two of the beasts broke away occasionally in the wrong direction, the men had to gallop and round them up. No doubt their instincts were right, and led them to rebel against heading for the depot, as their probable destination was Armour's packing-house at Kansas City, where death by machinery was a sad contrast to life on the sunny pastures of Nebraska.

Some timber was being hauled along by teams of oxen; and quaint figures on horseback with wide Spanish hats, wooden stirrups, and enormous spurs, enlivened the foreground. At Wymore, called by

courtesy a town, the cars were stopped, and as the passengers were allowed twenty minutes for refreshments, we got out and exercised ourselves on some rather reedy grassy ground ; posted a letter, which I have no reason to believe ever arrived ; looked at a wild lot of twenty-one yearling bulls in a van, and resumed our journey about two o'clock. The fenceless railroad continued through a fenceless prairie. The great Indian corn-fields look very dreary, as they are only wide stretches of grey brown soil with the rotten stalks of last year's growth sticking up forlornly at various angles, for the new corn will not be planted here till June.

As for the cows, they owe their lives to such brains as they may have, for there is nothing to keep them off the track, and I was glad to reflect on the cow-catcher on the engine, as it makes it safer for us, and better, though perhaps not always pleasant, for the erring cow. They say one does occasionally get under the engine, and it is quite enough to "ditch" it.

About five o'clock our tea came in, in the middle of the prairies, and with it a wire from Mr. T. to inquire how we were getting on !

The course of the Republican River, which we still followed, was pretty, as the river was clear and blue, and was fringed with trees and shrubs in their fresh spring foliage, alders and willows chiefly. It sometimes widened out into flat swampy ground, in which were various kinds of duck and teal ; and



at the station of Republican we held converse with a small and ragged boy, who said that three Pelicans had been shot on the river within the last fortnight, and sold for \$1½ each, to be stuffed. At a smallish town, called Oxford, they hooked our car on to another train, and we went to bed in Nebraska, and soon, being asleep, entered Colorado, and next morning we found that what we thought was six A.M. was really five, owing to our having made another change of time, and gone back an hour again. This is mountain time, and we have yet another hour to gain before we reach the Pacific. It is wonderful how well and restfully one sleeps in the car, in spite of its rattling and jerking on through the night, very different to the trains in the highlands of Sweden, where, from the discomfort of the carriages, sleep is an impossibility. These trains are quieter now than when our travels began, for being a single line there is but little traffic, and only a few of the gigantic freight trains pass sometimes; but they wait for us on a siding, and seem endless in length; some are certainly over half a mile long, on the Pennsylvanian line especially. Yesterday we were on the Burlington route; to-day, at Denver, we shall change to the Denver and Rio Grande line.

When we woke thus early it was to gaze on a most bare, hopeless, flat, treeless prairie, stretching as far as the eye could reach, in shades of yellow, grey and dull brown; here and there a distant group of horses, or cattle, and not unfrequently in

the foreground the whitened skeleton of some lost beast. One cow lay dead, with her horns and head tied up in a barbed wire fence. There is a good deal of that injurious invention in use all over the States. It was a fascinating landscape, in all its monotony, and I watched it, and M. too, till suddenly he said :

“ There’s a sand-hill there, look ! ”

I looked—he looked again : it was—a glimmer of the far-off Rocky Mountains ! Enchanted, I rushed to the observation car to sketch. Though so early, attentive Lawrence brought me my tea, and pointed out that a little rough growth by the side of the track was all cactus plants ! And so it was—quantities of little *Opuntias*, singly, or in groups and clusters. I made two hasty sketches, but they poorly conveyed the mysterious effect of the first glimpse of that distant chain. Very small, rough outlines of snowy peaks, then a broad band of purple haze, and then the prairie ; but as we got nearer and nearer to Denver, shapes and outlines loomed faintly through the mysterious haze, and by seven o’clock, when we reached the station, the whole magnificent line of snow-capped mountains was revealed on the horizon, rising abruptly from the plain, and fading into all the most lovely shades of soft greys and lilacs, as in the north they grew smaller and smaller ; while west and south they seemed almost close, and were startling in their grandeur.

It was difficult to tear oneself away from this

glorious view of almost two hundred miles of mountain chain, with Long's Peak, and Pike's Peak, and many others of name unknown, but of beauty of outline and colouring indescribable. But we had to make the most of our time at Denver, and walking through a spacious station-house, recently burnt almost to the ground, we got into an open carriage like a small *char-à-banc*, which they call a "Surrey," and with the square roof supported on iron uprights, so well known in all tropical pictures, and of which we now appreciated the utility. The town itself is pretty and cheerful, consisting of good-sized villa-like houses, surrounded with very green, very much-watered grass, and some flowers, and every street bounded and finished westwards with the view of magnificent blue and snowy mountains. After driving through the streets, we went to a high point above the town, which commands a fine view of the whole range, and the fifteen miles of flat valley which extends from the town to the foot-hills. It was a kind of old cemetery, and on it were growing any quantity of *Opuntias* in bud, for the yellow flowers were not fully out; but there was a lovely white starry flower, rather like a large squill, though only about two inches from the ground, growing all over the place. We took some of it to a nursery garden, where we next called, and the man said it was called a spring crocus, but was no more a crocus than he was. He did not look like one at all.

He had some very pretty Mexican primroses, which he says grow wild, and also Gazanias, in California ; and the best *Clematis coccinea* I have ever seen ; it was so covered with its scarlet flowers as to be quite effective. We then went in search of some photographs, though they do scant justice to this lovely place. Mr. S. went away telegraphing, and we went also to deliver a letter of introduction to a gentleman here, given us by a friend in England ; but the gentleman was not easy of access—as first he lived on the seventh story, and then, he was at present in New York.

All meeting again at the station, we re-entered the “ Wildwood,” which is always like getting home, to press and dry such flowers as had been collected ; and after a visit from Mr. Cundy, one of the officials of the Rio Grande Railway, our train glided on, without a word of warning, as usual, precisely at 1.40, for a most beautiful journey, all parallel to the foot-hills of the Rockies.

## CHAPTER IV

### IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

LEAVING Denver behind us, we ascended some way till we had risen seventeen hundred feet, and reached the Divide, and Palmer's Lake at the top of it. This elevation is formed by a spur of the Rockies, and makes a division in the watershed from north to south, all the streams running either north to the Platte, or south to the Arkansas, as it wends its way to the Mississippi. The correct pronunciation of the Arkansas river is quite different to the English view of it. The accent should be on the first syllable, and the last is pronounced *saw*, not *sas*. The scenery here is very striking, the rocks resembling crags and castles, culminating in high rugged pine-clad peaks; and at one station, aptly called Castle Rock, the rock makes a most peculiar upthrust on the summit of a conical hill, looking quite like an old Martello tower at a little distance. There are some quarries of red sandstone near there, and the rocks themselves are a mixture of red sandstone and grey granite. Whenever there was a flat by the side of the track it was broken by



the burrows of the prairie dogs,\* and we saw many of these nice little neat animals sitting upright, and then scuttling away at the noise of the train to join their companions, Coquimbo Owls and Rattlesnakes, who are said to share their homes. Beyond these flats stretched acres and acres of rich pasture, grass and Alfalfa†—the green of which is quite the most brilliant green possible—stocked with herds of grazing cattle and troops of horses. Descending the southern slope of the Divide, we ran into Colorado Springs station about four o'clock, and sending luggage for two days up to the Antlers Hotel, we got into an open carriage to drive to Manitou.

The streets or avenues of Colorado, which we passed through on the way, are edged two or three rows deep with Cottonwood trees, which, however, cannot be old, though of good size, for Miss Bird remarks, when she visited it in 1877, "No place could be more unattractive, from its utter treelessness," and now it is "with verdure clad" throughout, and the home of many birds, especially the Meadow-lark,‡ a larger bird than our Lark, with a conspicuous yellowish breast and a black spot on it. He has a sweet, short song, which he invariably gets on the top of a post, or a low tree, to execute.

Manitou is a queer little place in the hills, about

\* *Spermophilus Ludovicianus*, also called the "Wish-ton-Wish."

† *Medicago Sativa*.

‡ *Sturnella Magna*.

six miles from Colorado Springs and four from Colorado City, another little town, which a month or so after our visit was almost washed away by the disastrous floods that nearly ruined this beautiful section in June. There are (at Manitou) some famous effervescing soda and iron springs, of which we drank, and also some stores of pretty Rocky Mountain stones, like real gems, of which we made purchases, for the sake of their local interest more than their intrinsic value, though the Mexican turquoises run the Persian ones very close for colour.

We drove on through a beautiful mountain road to the famous "Garden of the Gods," a most strange place, consisting of a sort of wide, almost circular valley, hemmed in by mountains, with masses of grotesquely shaped, vividly coloured red sandstone rocks cropping up all over it in points, pinnacles, and cliffs, some of them three hundred and fifty feet high; while a low growth of bad scrub oak, rough grass, and brown earth, make the untidy foundation out of which these strange bright pinky-red masses tower up. H. N.'s observation was, "Were he the gods, he should dismiss the gardener"; and certainly it might be better kept, though the road which goes right through these five hundred acres was in fair order, and led to the Gates of the garden, stupendous masses of red sandstone, three-quarters of a mile round.

From here white rocks take the place of the red,



IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO

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and guard the road to Glen Eyrie, the house of a General Palmer, engineer, I believe, of the Rio Grande Railway, and in his garden are more magnificent red rocks, like cathedral spires. In an angle of one of the cliffs was an eagle's nest, very high up, but plainly visible.

From here we had a very pleasant evening drive back to the hotel, along a high terrace road commanding a view of the eternal hills on the right, crowned by the snowy point of Pike's Peak; and on the left an enormous expanse of limitless prairie, where they say you may ride one hundred and twenty miles on end and not see a tree. Our driver had been a cowboy, and amused M. with his experiences, and showed him the ranche of a great stock-farmer who owned 75,000 head of cattle. They brand the beasts and let them run wild, rounding them up every spring to select the fat ones for sale, and to brand the calves—much, it seems to me, as they do in Australia.

We saw a Flicker or two (a handsome kind of Woodpecker), more Meadow-larks, and two lovely Blue-birds. The ground is covered with a white useless-looking sort of flat grass, which they call Buffalo grass, and is dotted all over with quantities of Yuccas, with tall clumsy flowers—no good to anybody. On a public-house was painted "Barley water and bad cigars," and in our hotel was hung a conspicuous board with the words "Hop to-night. Guests invited." A simple form of invitation, which



must have saved much trouble in the writing of cards; as simple as the form in Norway, where, when a dance is projected, word is sent up the valley by the postman.

The following day (Saturday, May 5) found us breakfasting below at an early hour, in the large dining-room, served by ebony waiters, for we had to reach Manitou by nine o'clock. We had the same Surrey, but a different pair of very fast bay horses, driven by the same driver, Martinez, a Peon (*i.e.*, a Spaniard born in Mexico), who drives in summer a six-in-hand coach to the summit of Pike's Peak. This summit we were now to gain, in a cog-wheel railway train.

Arrived at the station of the Pike's Peak Railway, we got into a long car, where Mr. S.'s foresight had reserved the front seats, and we had an unobstructed view forward the whole way up, as the engine, a giraffe-shaped thing, goes behind and pushes the train up the steep grade.

The pass is unspeakably grand. It first ascends Eagleman's Cañon, a narrow ravine with enormous granite boulders projecting from the rocky walls on either side, some looking as if they were only just balanced on the solid face of the mountain, and might, or must, fall at any minute; glowing in tints of red, pale yellow, and warm grey, with mosses and lichens, and pines, and a pretty cascading stream, breaking into little cataracts now and then, close below us. The falls of Minnehaha were small

but graceful, and recalled Longfellow's "Hiawatha" at first; but it seems they have nothing to do with it, and are only (rather stupidly) named after the real falls, which are miles away, near St. Paul's.

A little further on, about half-way, the car stopped, and we all got out for a few minutes in the hope of finding wild flowers; but there were none, only rocks, lichen, and some dwindling fir-trees. Getting in again, we were laboriously pushed on by the engine, up the steep road in front, till we gradually found ourselves leaving all vegetation behind, and reaching "timber line," with nothing above but grey and red granite rocks, a few lively little Chipmucks,\* and snow. A little spring of water was a solid mass of icicles, and from having been very warm below, we were glad of such cloaks as we had with us, even in the car.

The snow in one or two places had been freshly cut through this morning to clear the rails, and was left standing in walls by the side of the train, and as high as its top, and indeed at one spot the engine had to put on extra speed to cut through the drift which was deep over the near rail. Some spades and workmen were on board to dig us out, should that have proved necessary. Very slowly, and by eleven o'clock, we completed the eight miles of ascent, but the scenes we passed through were so glorious that going slowly was an advantage; and

\* *Tamias Listeri*.

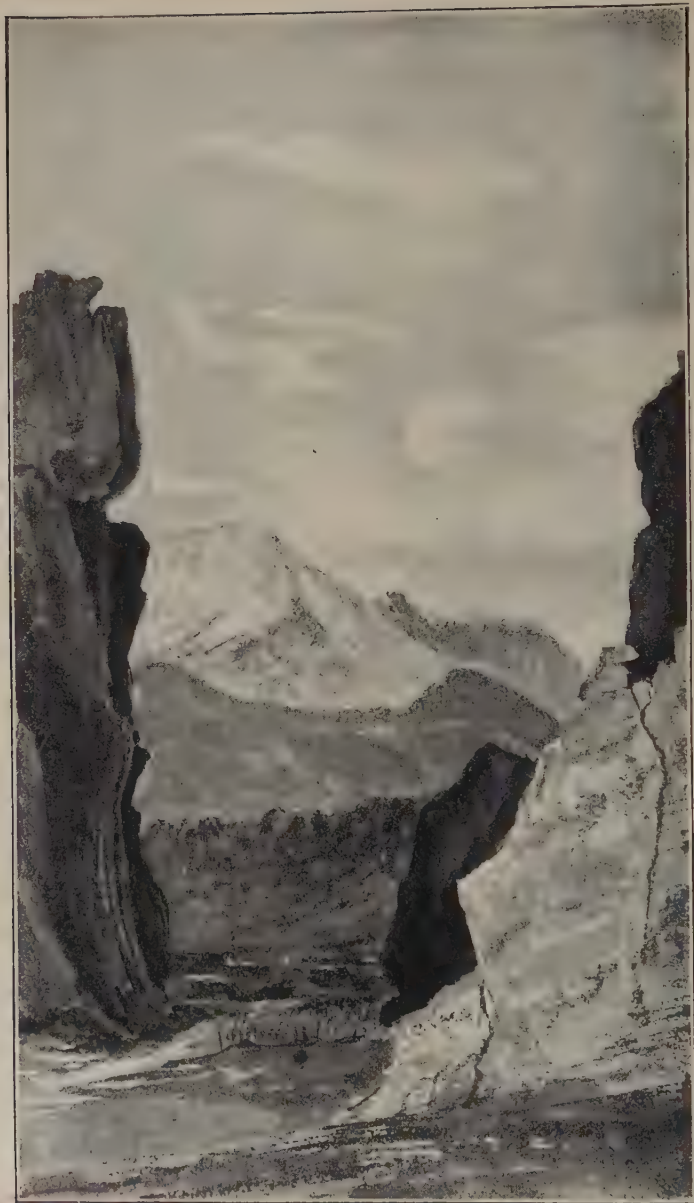
by the time we reached the summit we were seven thousand feet above Manitou and 14,147 above the sea.

The effect of the rarefied atmosphere was such that on getting out of the train one man fainted dead away, and was only revived by his companions rubbing snow on his face. M., expecting to feel very bad also, watched all his symptoms, and considered himself giddy. H. N. looked very bad, and felt so ; so did most of the fellow travellers, some twenty-four in number.

I could not discover any sensations whatever, so at once sat down on a structure of old sleepers, which lifted me out of the snow, and in a small sketch-book tried to convey a reminiscence of the most enormous landscape I ever saw in my life.

Range upon range of crimson granite mountains crowned with snow-capped peaks, surrounded us, and seven thousand feet below lay the boundless prairie, like a greyish-yellow sea, with the blue shadows of clouds passing over it, and without any horizon line, for it merely melted away into the sky. While far, far below, and looking like a pale hurdle, or a small gridiron, lay the town of Colorado Springs, nestling close to the base of the mountain ; and high up, and close before us were the auriferous rocks of which Cripples' Creek was one, afterwards famous from the strike there ; and one lady in the company took occasion, when it was pointed out, to mention loudly that she was acquainted with the Mayor of





PIKE'S PEAK, THROUGH THE GATE OF THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

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Cripples' Creek, and distinctly took rank there-upon.

We passed about three-quarters of an hour on the top, and found a lonely grave, covered with pieces of granite, and a stone stating that there was buried "Ellen Keefe, who died in 1876, having been eaten by mountain rats."

We saw two blue Jays, several Chipmucks,\* and some Gophers,† but there is little life in these cold regions.

The engine, in front this time, took the train down at a slow jerky trot, and we reached Manitou at one o'clock, where Martinez awaited us, and drove us back quickly in the hot lower air to our hotel; so we had done thirty miles by luncheon, for which we were more ready than it was for us. However, *tout vient à point, à qui sait attendre*; and after a time it came—and went.

By three o'clock we were ready for another drive, in the same Surrey and a pair of greys, and we soon covered the distance to the gate of the Garden of the Gods, where my maid and I were flung out on to a burning sandy soil; and, while the rest of the party took a drive round, I hastily set to work to draw the great red sandstone gateway, with Pikes' Peak showing in the distance. I completed this roughly, and began another, still more fascinating, when I saw the carriage returning, and as they were ready to go on to William's Cañon, I had to undergo

\* *Tamias Listeri*.

† *Spermophilus Franklinii*.



the usual artistic tortures, and forego drawing, for the sake of not losing the sight of other scenes.

Past Manitou, its refreshing waters, and charming little shops, we went, and turning to the right, entered suddenly a very narrow, very wonderful cañon; a road went through it, just wide enough for the carriage, winding in and out of massive grey rocks. Wild gooseberries (which fruit is indigenous here) and yellow-flowered currant trees, lined the road here and there, but generally it was precipitous rocks on both sides. We drove slowly up it for over a mile, the rocks so high above we could only see the tops by turning our heads upside down, and half-way up was an opening into a great cave. Below this we arrived at a *cul de sac* with just room for the carriage to turn, and then Martinez set his horses off at a trot, and they trotted down this narrow twisting road as hard as ever they could pelt, winding round the sharpest curves, where an inch wrong would have caught the wheel on the rocks and sent us all to glory, bounding over rocks and ruts, till I laughed, and it really was fun. I never saw better driving.

Then followed the usual way home, always under the shadow of the great mountains; and we passed some people camping out, with tents, and horses tethered by the side of them, under the Cotton-wood trees. So we came in, after a never-to-be-forgotten day, for certainly the ascent of the morning was a revelation in the way of fine scenery, and we were

really in luck, as this line to Pike's Peak has only been "operated" for the last week, and this a month earlier than usual; indeed, it has only been in existence about two years.

In order not to lose a chance or a minute, and at the suggestion of Martinez, we arranged to start early for a drive on Sunday morning, our last day at Colorado. So, rising at six, and snatching a cup of cocoa and an egg apiece, M., H. N. and I set off before seven in a "two-seated Surrey," and had a most beautiful and cool drive to the Cheyenne Mountain, passing through a more cultivated district before reaching it, with a quantity of large Cotton-wood trees, their very vivid green just beginning to tell in the landscape, and, mingling with occasional dark old pines, making a beautiful effect. Coming to the exquisite dark blue and lilac mountain, we shot into the deep shadow of the cañon, and a most lovely scene opened before us. Rocks of any height, crowned with pinnacles and points, on either side; a lovely rushing river on one hand, a narrow width of firs and alders on the other, a fair road the whole way along for a mile or more, rising all the time, till we reached a point where a carriage could go no further, and we continued on foot along a little path till we came to the base of the Seven Falls.

These are the exquisite Cheyenne Falls—three of them in sight, and the other four, owing to a slight turn in the angle of the rock, out of sight from

below. The lower three afforded sufficient occupation for my impatient fingers, while M. and H. N. climbed a long staircase to get a view of the others, which came tossing down a red precipice in great beauty. I could only make an unfinished scratch, with a tint or two of colour, before they were back again; but I know by previous experience what a treasure every line or touch is, when one gets home.

These lovely cascades fall into, and indeed make, the stream, whose course we had followed all along this, the North Cañon. We now drove down it again, full trot, as yesterday, to explore the other, or South Cañon, similar as a whole to this one, but I thought even more grand; but each thing seems more lovely than the last. A different road brought us back, passing a club and polo ground, and a network of electric lines; several four-horse waggons with miners were going up to their gold mines in the mountains by a steep difficult-looking track.

Martinez had engaged to bring us back to our car by 10.30, but it was so much before that when we reached Colorado Springs, that we had time to go and see his stables, an immense wooden building, one hundred and ninety feet by seventy-five feet, containing one hundred and twenty-five horses, in four long rows of stalls, with a very narrow gangway between two rows of heels. But the air was quite fresh and sweet, and the horses were all perfectly quiet, good-tempered, and kindly treated, well

kept, in good sleek condition ; when past work they turn them out, and never sell them.

These one hundred and twenty-five horses were looked after by eighteen men ; they were all American-bred (except one broncho), and about fifteen-two or -three in height.

A lift led to a floor above, where all the carriages are kept ; and every carriage is taken up and down by the lift. There were Surreys of all sizes, Buckboards, Waggon, and Buggies of all descriptions ; the open ones all having the square " lids " so necessary for the sun. All was beautifully clean, and though they were perpetually harnessing, and taking horses and traps in and out, there was no noise or scuffling on the part of horses or men. After a good look round, we drove down to the " Wildwood," and, wishing Martinez good luck, re-settled ourselves ; and, as it was not absolutely time to start, there were a few precious minutes in which to tint my pencil sketches, which threatened to rub out ; as the one thing one cannot do in the car while moving, is to write, scarcely to sketch, and we had to watch for the few stationary minutes at stations to write up journals or prepare letters for the post. At eleven o'clock we started, and we also started a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, for which we were all ready, as the excessive dust makes one perpetually thirsty, and as perpetually dusty.

We now began the most beautiful journey, one to be remembered every Sunday of one's life. First,

it was lovely to watch a fresh range of mountains appearing gradually on our right in the distance; as the Cheyenne faded in the north, this range, behind Florence, became more and more distinct; first the snow-tips, then the purple mountains, in every shade and variety of lilac and mauve, then the foot-hills. There was rather a rich plain on the east of us, as far as Pueblo, with many ranches, and good pasture and streams.

This town itself, apart from the beauty of its situation, is not of much interest to travellers being the centre of the great petroleum and mining region; it has also large smelting and Bessemer steel works. Leaving it, our route took us westward again to Cañon City, and two miles beyond it we all settled in chairs on the outside platform as the train rushed into the Royal Gorge in the Grand Cañon of the Arkansaw. No words can describe the grandeur of this pass. For about eight miles the Arkansaw River has cut for itself a passage through gigantic walls of granite, which tower up on either side some three thousand feet, in many places so absolutely perpendicular that they almost seem to hang over the line and the river, the latter disputing possession with the railway, which winds round headlands of dark red granite, the river foaming beside it in tawny waves,

“ Like the mane of a chestnut steed,”

and rushing madly over its rocky bed, whilst we



seem entering a mere fissure in the crags. Narrower and darker it grows, till there appears to be absolutely no space for the track, which, by a marvel of engineering skill, is now suspended on the side of the cliff by steel girders morticed into the solid rock, and so actually overhangs the torrent. At other places, where there was no room for both, the track robs the water, and is laid on the bed of the river, which is walled back to make way for the interloper. Where occasionally the gigantic ravine widened out a little there grew, here and there, tall solitary pines, standing like sentinels by the side of the rushing river, whose noise overwhelmed that of the train and made itself heard in useless remonstrance. This continued till we again emerged into full sunshine on the other side of the pass ; and it is difficult to believe that there is anything much finer in the world. The alternations, too, of glowing sunlight as it caught the fantastic points which crowned the crags, and the deep, dark shadows below, and the indescribable beauty of the rich reds and cool greys of the colouring, made scenes which enriched for ever one's collection of memory pictures.

The glare and dust were such that we could not stay out on the platform after this glorious phase of a wonderful journey ; but we came in and called for help, which arrived in the form of one of Lawrence's trays of frosted glasses of iced lemonade.

Watching the scenery every minute, we traversed



the narrow valley of the Upper Arkansaw, and on the south-west had views of the magnificent serrated peaks of the snowy range of the Sangre de Cristo, before reaching Salida; while on the right front, or to our north-west, extend the splendid range of the College Mountains. Crowned with perpetual snow, these peaks of the Rockies, called after their colleges, Harvard, Yale, Princetown, &c., remind one of the Alps, but are in many ways finer, and more varied in their majestic forms.

The Ouray, an extinct volcano, and named after an old Indian chief of fame who ruled the district, comes slowly into the landscape; also Shaveno, equally grand. Passing through the Gunnison country, the richest mining district, and where the Elk Mountain range, another of the many spurs of the massive Rockies, conceals treasures untold of gold, silver, and iron, we arrived towards evening at Leadville, the heart of the silver El Dorado discovered in 1878. It is the great mining camp of the West, and is also the highest town in the world (except one in, I think, Mexico) being 10,200 ft. above the sea.

Near here is the Mount of the Holy Cross, which at the summit has a never-fading large white snow cross on it, very distinct and remarkable in the summer; but as yet, the conductor told us, there is too much snow to distinguish its outlines.

Later in the evening we traversed another pass,

the "Eagle Pass," but it was getting too dark to distinguish the details, and we could only feel the grandeur, and mingle it with the recollection of the day's wonders. We next crossed "the Great Divide" in a long tunnel, having just passed the source of the Arkansaw, the river that had accompanied us so long; it rises in a large swamp, at a great elevation, and is formed by the melting of the snows. The watershed changed, and as we emerged from the tunnel another river took up the running, flowing this time westwards to the Pacific.

A large Eagle flew heavily overhead to-day, and several great Hawks and Buzzards; there was also one beautiful bird, of smaller size, black all over except his back, which was a gorgeous orange-scarlet. During the morning, at Colorado, we saw a very fine Butterfly, like a giant Fritillary; but nowhere have we seen the Colorado Beetle!

M. sat up late to see by starlight the Cañon of the Rio Grande; the moon, unluckily, was too young to be of use, and I went to bed, wearied out with staring, with all my eyes and soul, at exquisite wonders since seven A.M. He told us afterwards that while he was out on the platform a shower of stones came down on the roof, and he could dimly distinguish a great piece of rock which fell on the rails close behind the train, large enough to have done us serious damage had it not missed the car by two feet—so we had a narrow escape.

## CHAPTER V

### UTAH, THE SALT LAKE CITY

HEAVEN only knows what glories we may have passed in the night, but the morning (of Monday, May 7th) found us rolling rapidly along a dead flat, with a beginning of a line of rocks, rising, like Ehrenbreitstein, out of it. This rocky background and sandy foreground, continued for some time, constantly varying in detail and often in character : grey, and even white rocks, alternating with red ; then opening into richer plains, green with Alfalfa (like Lucerne), where any streams provided the necessary irrigation ; and now and then a golden reddish foreground, from stunted willows, changed the colouring a little. Lavender-like "Sage brush" grows nearly everywhere, but the alkali plains we began in this morning are absolutely bare, and cannot raise even that.

They look unspeakably dreary, and white, with round shiny spots that look almost like ice, where the alkali has been condensed by the sun, and not a living thing is to be seen on them—here and there a skeleton, or a few bones. Leaving this

Colorado desert, the track again commenced to ascend, and after a long toil up the Wasatch range, showing that we were still in the confines of the Rockies, it reached the apex at a point called Soldiers' Summit, an altitude of some seven thousand five hundred feet.

H. N.'s aneroid was our informant as to many of these heights, or was at all events called in to confirm the statements of the conductor or the guide-books: such high trials were rather hard upon it, and we were afraid it would suffer, like the Somersetshire farmer's telescope. The old man, remarking to a friend at a local race meeting, that the gentry nowadays had glasses for both eyes, he added he "had had one once, for one, a right good one it was, but now it was no use at all—no, not to nobody."

"Why not?" asked the friend.

"Well," he said, "it were a good one—I could see miles wi' 'en—I could see, plain, the steeple of the church five miles off. But missus's son John, he borrowed 'en, and he tried to see the steeple of t'other church, ten miles off—and tried, and tried, and couldn't. And that strained it, and it were never of no use any more—no, not to nobody."

Shortly before reaching the summit we passed a narrow defile called Castle Gate, recalling somewhat the gate of the "Garden of the Gods." Two huge pillars, or walls, of red rock, nearly five hundred feet high, project like ramparts from the cliffs behind them, and almost close the road, leaving but a

narrow space for railway and river, which just squeeze through side by side; the stream tosses and falls over a rocky bed, and its moisture clothes the banks with verdure, and the lower part of the rocks have also a growth of dark pines, contrasting finely with the red granite above. Then comes the summit, near which we saw an enormous flock of thousands of sheep being driven along a mountain path, and the moving line they made seemed absolutely interminable.

Towards midday we entered the rich valley of Utah. Glowing with rich green, and surrounding a lovely lake—the Utah Lake. It is well watered with clear streams, and resembles a well-kept garden, for fruit trees and vineyards grow, as well as cereals, and testify to the industry and agricultural knowledge of the Mormon farmers, whose neat well-built houses stud it closely.

Mountains surround and shelter it; the Wasatch we were leaving behind us, on the east; and opposite, on the west, lay the distant Oquirrh range; Mount Nebo, snow-covered and majestic, rising higher than all.

All day we had been travelling through Utah. It is a territory, not one of the States, for the population is too numerically small to entitle it to send a member to the House of Representatives.\*

\* In July, two months after our visit, another star was added to the "Star-spangled banner" of America, and Utah was admitted as one of the United States.



Both yesterday and to-day snow had been lying in patches by the sides of the track, showing how deep it must have been, for the air is hot as summer, and in the "Wildwood" we complain of the heat (possibly the more, as the slightest audible complaint produces an iced drink).

We dined before one, that we might be free the moment we arrived at the Salt Lake City ; and that is one of the innumerable advantages of the car ; the amount of time that is saved by the judicious arrangement of meals, for, as here, immediately on arrival, we are ready to step into the "Surrey" that is waiting at the edge of the track, to take a drive through the town.

Mr. S. had also arranged for a recital on the organ in the Tabernacle at two o'clock ; so we had time to get an idea of the town and its wide tree-bordered streets before that hour. We then found ourselves walking through the beautifully kept grounds surrounding that curious building. In shape it is like an egg, the roof inside being what you would expect to see were you, yourself, an unhatched chicken. It is white, and dotted with electric lights—two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and fifty wide and seventy high.

It was designed by Brigham Young, is built of wood, and, by a fluke, has perfect acoustic qualities. We went to the furthest end, while the man who did the honours remained where he was, and

whispered, dropped a pin on a rail, and rubbed his hands—all of which we could hear perfectly.

The organ is said to be the largest in the world except one, and was also, like the Tabernacle, built on the spot. Nobody could tell me which the still larger one was ; so, like many other things, we took it on trust. However, I suspect it is at Sydney.

The organist, Professor Daynes, stepped up to the organ and played very beautifully, but not long, for the organ suddenly “went out.” So we went down, and were introduced, and thanked him for what he had done ; and he explained that the organ is blown by water-power, and that just now the people use so much for sprinkling their lawns and gardens, that the supply often falls short.

Presently he said he would try again, and he did, and with better success. He was a great artist, and the organ was a magnificent one ; never did “Angels ever bright and fair” sound more pathetic or lovely.

Next we drove off to the “station” to go by train to the Salt Lake, some fifteen miles off. To my amusement, the station was a little train consisting of an engine and an open car, seating about 100 people, drawn up in the middle of a street. Our carriage drove close up to it, for us to step from it on to the step of the car, and so up into one of these draughty seats, through which a good strong breeze was blowing. I believe there was a ticket-office somewhere near, as Mr. S. disappeared and

returned with a handful; and we soon started, going some little way through the streets, with the engine tolling (prematurely, I think, for any it may kill), and by degrees into great salt marshes, surrounded on almost every side by grand snow-clad mountains.

The effect of the salt was most curious; they utilise a great deal of it, and masses stand up in sort of flat haystacks, in the middle of a glittering swamp. A troop of horses, guided by a cowboy, galloped away from the train, and quantities of sea-gulls sported round.

We pulled up at the end of about twenty minutes on a pier, and all the people dropped off the sides of the car, and hastened into a large wooden pavilion, commanding fine views of a most delicate green lake, ninety miles long, with snow mountains in the distance, and exquisite dark blue islands in the middle. I seized a chair and got a hasty sketch, while the rest wandered about, but the allowance of twenty-five minutes was not liberal for that wonderful lake; one of the marvels of which is, that while quantities of fresh-water rivers pour into it, there is no known outlet, and its intense brackishness remains unaltered. At the end of this too short visit, we returned as we had come, and again hopped off the train right into our carriage, which was close enough to catch us (American horses having as a rule no special objections to trains, or anything else of that sort), and we went on to drive further about the city.

At a corner house was a neat-looking old lady talking over her garden gate to a friend, and this, the driver told us, was B. Young's favourite and thirteenth wife, Amelia ; the nineteenth, and last, being Anne Eliza. We also went to see the outside of his house, the Bee-hive, where some six or seven wives lived with him (the others lodged out) ; and his graveyard, hardly big enough for all the family, as he left forty-six children, and 22,000 dollars apiece to each of them. Polygamy is now against the law.

They have built themselves a very fine temple, which took forty years to complete, and into which no Gentile may go ; so we were out of it. We found a book store and a curio shop, but not much in either ; and then went for a longer drive to Fort Douglas, some two miles above the town, a barrack and garrison ; the driver had ascertained by telephone that there was to be a parade at seven, so we timed our arrival there to the moment. Nothing whatever was stirring, and there was no sign of any parade ; so we reluctantly concluded that they must have meant seven next morning, if at all ; and therefore drove back, the richer for a most beautiful view looking down on the city, and its wall of mountains, and the lake losing itself against a glowing sunset sky. Also, for a large handful of delightful wild flowers, which we got, in some fear of rattlesnakes, on a rough bit of ground near the fort. The driver said it was too early in the year, and, we thought, too

late in the evening, for these reptiles to be out. The best flowers were clusters of pink single *Dianthus*, which were abundant.

The streets of the town are very wide, and have the telegraph posts down the centre, the rails for electric cars close to them, so that there is plenty of room left at the sides for carriages, under the shade of the plentiful *Poplars* which border them. Except the two or three principal shop streets, the houses are low, and small, and have grass and gardens before them, with plenty of Peach, Apple, and Lilac trees, the latter wafting refreshing perfume across the streets. Driving back to the "Wildwood," we passed the house of a poor madman, quite harmless, and well known. Years ago, his bride was coming out to him from Europe, and died on the way. He still expects her daily, and his house is covered all over with the quaintest little decorations—flags, flower-pots, shells, and little draperies, to which he continually adds little trifles, to please her. Daily he waits for her, sitting lonely under his porch : but

"She cometh not, he said."

A reporter came down in the evening to interview us, but Mr. S. staved him off ; and instead, we interviewed some horrible-looking, dirty, miserable Indians, of the Ute tribe, who were hanging about the station. They were a degraded-looking, hopeless lot, in rags, with no picturesqueness ; and had



a stupid, almost idiotic expression of countenance, which quite destroyed any sentiments of chivalry about them, which might have lingered in my mind from the days of Cooper's novels. The United States Government is very fair towards them, and does what can be done to educate and maintain them ; but restricts them, wisely, to certain reservations, where they are supplied with food, and all they need ; and will probably not give much more trouble ; for the rising which took place some few years ago, and resulted in the massacre of Major Custer and his men by the Sioux, was in great measure caused by abuses, and the injustice of underlings in the Government service, and is not likely to happen again. Happily, I think, the tribes are dying out from illnesses and epidemics, and this is surely not to be regretted.

At midnight we left Utah, and in the darkness of night skirted the eastern and northern shores of the Great Salt Lake. At Ogden our " Wildwood " and our unconscious selves were transferred to the Central Pacific Railway, and in its care pursued our journey along the north of the Great American Desert, which we had not quite left when we woke in the morning. The same sort of hopeless vast plain greeted our opening eyes, the same growth of dust-covered Sagebrush, and colourless distance bounded by low sandy hills, and glimpses of snow-topped mountains receding in the north-east.

There are, it seems, four venomous beasts on these

prairies—first, the Tarantula, the enormous spider, ten inches across, on high legs, like a crab; and if he chooses to bite you, you die. Next, the Millepieds, nine inches or so long, like a centipede. If he runs over you, and you pretend to like it, all is well; but if you express the slightest objection to his freedom of action, he curls himself up, like a cantering caterpillar, sticks a few of his thousand feet into you, and—you die. The third is an obnoxious monster, something like a lizard, called, as far as I can remember, a Kilomonster, who behaves in the same sort of way, with the same result; and, finally, the Rattlesnake. This latter reptile does not seem to weigh at all on the minds of the Aborigines, as they say if you let them alone they will not attack you, and they do not try to destroy them. A Rattlesnake coils up and throws himself at you, but as he always announces himself by three distinct rattles of his tail, and then can only fling himself his own length, and quite straight, it is supposed to be easy to avoid him. I am sure, though, if I had successfully avoided one, I should go straight home. His bite is not death, if you can get enough raw whisky and swallow it neat, right away.

Little as they mind Rattlesnakes, they have a spite against our English Sparrow, as they say he drives all their gorgeous birds away; and as the trees at Utah were full of their untidy nests, and pretty birds are now rare, there, where once they were plentiful, this accusation is probably true.

*Gila Monster*

The Sparrows little know that in the Birds Protection Act, which in many of the States—Pennsylvania especially—is very strict both as to birds and eggs, their name is entirely omitted.

At Ogden the clocks went back another hour, so we have now got to Pacific time, where we shall remain a fortnight or more. These changes are very puzzling, and it is so odd to find one has got up an hour before one has. It would have been a help, though, to the young lady who, coming down very late for breakfast, and was asked by her father how it happened, explained that she had forgotten to get up.

We had to-day a long and weary way through Nevada: nothing but alkali plains of unspeakable dreariness, and the dust was astonishing. We got out at one of the stations and looked at our outside, and should hardly have recognised the chocolate "Wildwood," for it had turned white; and so had the whole train. Everything one touched was gritty; and one swallowed, and imbibed, and breathed it, all the time. Certainly Nevada is a hopeless State! The mountains only showed their heads at great distances, and there was little or no variety in the character of these plains all day. Some unkind railway official had attached his private car in the night to the rear of ours, and so spoilt our view, but on no possible day could it have mattered less.

I tried to paint some of the Utah flowers, but it is most difficult to write or draw in the perpetual

shaking of the train, and the stops at stations are few and far between. Here the "stations" generally consist of only one shanty and one store, a cowboy or two on rather mean-looking ponies, and some of those miserable dirty Indians with papooses. Why the latter live (or indeed why they *should* live) I cannot conceive. The hair of these Indians is horrible—excessively thick and coarse, black, not reaching more than to the shoulders, and straight and stiff, and their expression absolutely animal. We rolled on in the dust into the dark, and the moon got up some few days old, with "the old moon in her arms," very bright and clear; the stars were bright too, but inside the car there was not much to do, as the lamps are not good enough to read small print by, and we went "early to bed," intending also "early to rise," to see Sacramento and the entrance to San Francisco.

## CHAPTER VI

### SAN FRANCISCO

AND certainly when we put this purpose into effect, the change was striking and delightful. Instead of barren lands, there were great stretches of grass being made into hay, varied with tracts of fruit trees, streams with large green swamps with plenty of ducks on them, and herons at the edges ; while at the well-built stations were gardens with palms, bananas, and a wealth of roses of all shades. So plainly visible to the eye is the difference between California, which we were now in, and its neighbour States.

One can understand the longing of the more central States to get to this, the garden of America ; and a New York friend was telling me that she was talking to a man very near this part who was saving up all his money in order to "go west." She added : "I couldn't think at first what he meant, for to my mind we had pretty well got to the jumping-off place already."

We stopped a few minutes at Sacramento, a large town, but lying very low, so that its fine capitol, after the style of the one at Washington, makes but



little effect. Next we went through the smaller town of Benicia, possibly the birthplace of "the Benicia Boy," of prize-ring fame, but apparently forgotten here; and after this we came to the Straits of Carquinez, which, being too wide for a bridge, American ingenuity had to get over some other way. A mammoth ferry-boat was therefore brought into play, and the train, divided into three divisions, which are run side by side on to this enormous barge, with very little delay is carried bodily over, landed quite smoothly, hooked together again, and sent on its way. As the boat can transport forty-eight loaded freight cars at one time, our passenger train is child's play to it; but it certainly is not the least of the marvels of this marvellous land! During the crossing we slipped out of our car, and climbing some steps, reached a little elevation in the boat, from which we could look down on the roofs of the train, and watch the two great engines of eleven hundred horse-power as they took us, in some twenty minutes, across the fine expanse of water. This boat of four thousand tons, is four hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and sixty wide.

In a few minutes more, after passing enormous lumber-yards crowded with logs and piles of timber, we drew up at the end of Oakland Pier, which goes for over two miles, straight out into the water of San Francisco Bay.

Immediately on stepping out of the car, we walked along a platform, and up some stairs, and soon found

ourselves in a ferry-boat overlooking the magnificent bay. A soft mist enveloped the city, three miles off, but the yellow-green Goat Island, with white goats on it, lay close in front; and as we skimmed quickly over the bay, we could see that the city was set on a hill, and at the foot of it lay the loveliest line of mauve light marking the boundary of land and sea. Two minutes more, and we landed, and were driven through wide busy streets to the Palace Hotel. And what a palace it would make! what an English country-house!

Driving into a spacious court, and crossing a large hall, a lift takes us to our rooms, *au quatrième*. They have their best apartments high up, thus avoiding noise and dust, with the invariable cool bathroom attached, and as every thing, and body, goes up and down by lift, height is really no detriment. We settled ourselves, and our "laundry," as they call it, went to the wash, and we started for a drive along the town, where, once clear of the central business streets, every little house is wreathed in Roses, Abutilons in high bushes, Marguerites white and yellow, Fuchsias in tall shrubs, with profusions of Thrift and Cinerarias, all bordered with great Eucalyptus trees, some in tufty flowers, and Palms: one street was bordered entirely with the latter. Thence into the park—such a park, beautiful with Palms, Palmettos, different kinds of Eucalyptus, Habrothamnus in large bushes of heavy red, scarlet *Clianthus Damperii*, lovely blue *Ceanothus azureus*,

Cannas red and yellow, tall spiky Monbretias, Broom yellow and white, Escalonias more like trees than shrubs, with their bunches of pink flowers contrasting with the shiny dark green foliage, and under all carpets of Mesembrianthemums of a brightness such as I never saw before. Those of the Riviera cannot hold a candle to them. They were simply like flat pieces of the brightest shades of pink velvet, from the palest rose madder to the deepest crimson.

There, too, was a large conservatory: splendid plants of Philodendrons, Fan, and other Palms, but not much in flower, except one graceful creeper, the *Quisqualis Indica*. Some plants, whose names I wanted to know, had blank labels or none at all; all the others were clearly inscribed. It was a beautiful house, and its great height allowed ample room and verge enough even for the rampant *Monstera deliciosa* to throw up its enormous perforated leaves at its own sweet will; but I noticed none fruiting.

Outside was a little flock of Peacocks, whose sweet squalls sounded homelike — though perhaps I ought not to say flock, but rather, as Washington Irving tells us to call it, a *muster* of Peacocks.

Leaving these houses, we got again into the carriage, and drove on over a mile or two of open sandy ground, covered with blue Lupins and yellow ones, in great close tufts, scenting the air heavily. We were soon in sight of the Pacific Ocean, rather misty in the distance, but an exquisite green in the

foreground. Winding round a cliff, we stopped at the Cliff House for luncheon, and there, to my great delight, was a balcony, and close in front the famous Seal Rocks—near enough to see plainly troops and numbers of those amusing beasts, and to hear them roar as they rolled about, and raised their ungainly heads, and occasionally flopped into the sea off their rocks. These rocks were three in number, two black ones, and the centre a white one, higher than the others. The black one on the right was most covered with these creatures, and I sat down at once to try and draw them, in spite of the counter-charms of luncheon, which was ready all too soon. I disregarded it for a time, and went on most happily, till I had secured a sketch, from which I was torn at last by the rival but inferior attractions of cold chicken, and then we continued our drive, happy to think that, as these seals are protected by law, they are safe from the gun of the tourist.

Next we visited the Sutro Gardens, on the cliff above, and here, stopping for a moment at the entrance, I saw something flutter over a bright bed of red geranium; looking again, I saw—a Humming-bird! One of the dreams of my life had always been to see a Humming-bird, and if Kingsley had not already appropriated the expression, I, too, should have called this chapter “At Last!” I flung myself out, and ran to the little gem, and there it was, fluttering and humming, sucking each flower with its bill, slender as a thread, and quivering so



THE SEAL ROCKS, FROM CLIFF HOUSE, CALIFORNIA





that you could not see its wings, till away it flew, looking no bigger than a dragon-fly. It was not a very gorgeous one—what is called the “ruby-throated,” \* from the glittering crimson chest that enlivens a brownish body, but it was my first. In another way we had luck here, for I believe it was the very next day that the proprietor closed his gardens to the public; they are very pretty ones, and here again the masses of *Mesembrianthemum* carpets are wonderful to behold; pale ones below, and a richer crimson kind wreathing the rocks.

From here our drive continued over some rather wild uncultivated ground, overrun with wild flowers—Iris, dark and light blue ones, dwarf blue Lupins, as well as the higher kinds, and many other flowers too small to identify from the carriage. The views, all the way, most beautiful: the Pacific on our left, the fine hills surrounding the bay on our right, and in front the headlands of the “Golden Gate,” which we now dropped down upon, and which is the beautiful entrance of a beautiful harbour. The Golden Gate opens directly to the sunset, with a strong old fort on the south side, and a fine rocky hill (Mount Tamalpais) on the north. Magnificent mountains too form a chain of protection round the entire bay, in the centre of which is the fortified Alcatraz Island, with a light-house on the top, due east of the Golden Gate.

Driving back to the town, we saw four or five

\* *Trochilus Colubris*.

Californian quails, with the quaint feather that hangs forward above their beak, and making their unmistakable whistle.

San Francisco is a very hilly town: some of the streets are almost perpendicular, and one wonders how vehicles can get up them without slipping backwards all the time. They have electric and cable cars, as everywhere; but the streets are so wide they are not as objectionable as in many towns. We caught sight of a horse rearing and bounding so uncontrollably in a cart I am sure he must have come to a bad end, but we got out of sight too soon to see what happened. They have very handsome high-spirited horses in most of their conveyances, and a bad or worn-out one is a rare sight. They breed such quantities, and they are so cheap, there is probably no inducement to use inferior ones. They always leave their tails untrimmed, and as soon as the eye gets accustomed to it, these long sweeping tails look rather well.

We took our Rocky Mountain stones to be set at Shreve's the jeweller's, and then came in to dine at six, as there was an evening before us; and a strange one it proved!

At eight o'clock we set out under the guidance, not only of Mr. S., but also of a detective, or at any rate of a man conversant with the Chinese tongue, to explore China-town, the oldest part of the city being now given over entirely to that celestial race. A few minutes in an electric car

took us to the district, whence on foot we walked up a street amongst Chinese shops, seeing and meeting only Chinese—chiefly men, but a few women also here and there. The shops were principally barbers, as they are, as a race, all the world knows, very particular about their pigtails. What struck me most was what very good artists they must be as a nation, for every Chinese we met I felt sure I knew; he was so exactly like his counterpart on the screens and fans I had seen all my life—his attitudes, his dress, his hair, his eyes, were identical; and as they are not at all noisy, there was not even any striking novelty in sound. The guide took us first down a dark gangway, which seemed to lead some way under ground, to a house which was only a little square room, not much over six feet square; with one small recess where a sort of shelf acted as a bed; and here lived five people. A little girl of ten, with jade bracelets to avert misfortune, and gold bangles to ensure health, and otherwise covered with a kind of cotton coat and beads, was requested to sing; when, rather to my horror I own, she squirmed out a verse of a hymn, "Jesus loves me." I don't believe she had an idea of the meaning, but had been taught the words by rote, by a missionary. She sang a Chinese song next, with much more *verve*, and was very sharp about the value of her bracelets, which she put at ten dollars each.

We were next taken to a terrible place; an

opium den ; down a long underground dark passage to a place that looked like a wine-cellar, or still more a mushroom house, all shelves, with a passage between them. They were in three rows, I think, one over the other, and in these shelves lay creatures huddled up, smoking opium. Each had a long pipe, and a little lamp ; and, with perfect indifference to us, heated and rolled up his little balls of opium, which were put into the pipe, and, after two or three ecstatic whiffs, had to be renewed. Our guide said a few words, which were merely to ask if it was good, and Johnny languidly agreed. It certainly was rather horrible ; but in no way as degrading a sight as that of the ordinary European drunkard. The smell of the opium was too nasty, so that we were glad to get out, and into the street again : but we were not in fresh air for long, for soon on the other side, we plunged into another dark and very narrow passage, to a den where resided another uninviting family group ; and then to the theatre. To reach the latter we had to climb up one or two step-ladders, only about fifteen inches wide, and then found ourselves on the stage. Chairs were put for us by the scene-shifter at the side, and we sat down to watch the performance ; or rather part of it, as one piece occupies about a month, from five o'clock to midnight every evening. They have long historical plays, chiefly in dumb show, though occasionally the actors indulge in a howl or two.



They are robed in richly embroidered dresses, and the chief art of their best actor, a young man acting the Queen, seemed to lay in the handling of two Argus pheasants' tail feathers, which, starting like horns from the head, bent round in a graceful curl, to the waist. She indulged in a fine frenzy at times, whirling round and round, and cutting her rival's head off; the latter went head over heels, and promptly came to life again. Horrible, deafening, music was going on all the time; the back of the stage being occupied by the orchestra, who made frightful noises with the banging of cymbals and gongs, and no other instruments. The curious part lay in the wrapt attention of the large audience; all dressed in dark blue linen, and all staring fixedly at the stage; the men below, the women above in galleries. They say they attend night after night regularly, and delight in it. So true it is that one man's meat is another man's poison. However, it was still possible to meet on common ground, and that we found at a restaurant opposite, when tea à la Chinoise was served to us in egg-shell covered cups. Holding cup and cover tight, you pour out what tea you want into the saucer, and, creamless, drink it from that; but you may add powdered sugar to taste, and with chopsticks, eat almonds and litchis.\* The latter were very nice, and not so dry as those we get in England. As we looked at the kitchen, the guide put his fingers

\* *Nephelium Litchi*.

in a little box, and pulled out a pinch of thread-like gelatine, which he gave me. This was the bird's nest material, for the much prized birds' nest soup. Hardly enough, I fear, for my next dinner-party at home.

We then asked for the bill, and, leaving the hall, hung with coloured lamps and Chinese draperies and paintings, we went downstairs to pay it; an ancient Celestial was making it out, with knitted brows, and a paint brush, held perpendicularly, and Indian ink. He signed it, and I kept it, more in the light of a curiosity than of a receipt. At a shop hard by I secured a jade bangle, and trust its magic influence for good, in which the Chinese so firmly believe, and which gives it such great value in their eyes, may have a beneficial effect on my luggage; and also a netzuki, to add to my collection at far-off home, some embroidered handkerchiefs, and several tiny little China plates (nearly all of which were broken ere they got to England—so the jade forgot to look after them). Next we were led to a joss-house, where, in a temple richly decorated with gold and colour, divers gods were worshipped, and a little offering to any one whose special attribute appears likely to be of use in a dire emergency, and a turn of the prayer-wheel will probably ensure relief if not success. A lamp of sandal wood oil was burning before each of the images of these strange deities.

We bought a sweet smelling box of sandal-wood

chips, and departed for a druggist's store, where "the doctor" in attendance was requested to make up and give us a prescription. He did so, the object being to make us waterproof and fireproof as a total result. But the individual ingredients had separate virtues besides. There was saffron for consumption, dried locusts for sore eyes (this we thought might be of service to H. N., who has had a weak one), bark for strength; and, as he flung these on a sheet of paper on the counter, he said that if he added a sea-horse it would be fifteen cents more; but as it was for dyspepsia, we considered it indispensable. There were a few more ingredients, but all were wrapped up together; and when we propose to make ourselves fireproof and so on, we are to boil all slowly and drink the result. The witches of Macbeth will be nothing to it! We brought the packet and the bill, which he wrote very fast, safe home for future use. We were not sorry to leave this opium-smelling district of the Heathen Chinees behind us, and get home to our Christian rooms and profound repose, feeling, thankfully, that, should it not prove convenient in the future that we should visit Hong Kong, Pekin, or Canton, we really know quite enough about them now for all practical purposes.

All the washing or "laundry" all over America is done by the Chinese, and in all the large towns are shop signs of "Ching Fou" or "Sing Chou," taking in washing. They are quiet busy people as a rule, harmless, very industrious, and living on very little.

We have got now to the 10th of May, and are having lovely hot weather. The climate here is reckoned very good, though so variable that on one side of a street you may walk with the coat or cloak on your arm that it will be absolutely necessary to wear on the other; but the winters are not cold, nor as a rule are the summers too hot. We drove out in the morning to a few shops, and then to see the fire brigade arrangements. In a long room or hall, with wide doors giving on to the street, and running back some way, stands the engine; on either side a horse, loose, in a sort of stall, with merely a chain in front of its chest, a snaffle bridle and headpiece only on. The harness, complete, is suspended in front of the engine, and the instant the alarm bell rings, the chains drop, the horses walk of themselves to their places each side of the pole, the harness falls, the collars are attached by a snap at their chests, while the rest drops on—all by electricity. The driver drops from the dormitory above, through a hole in the floor close to his head, on to his box; the other firemen slide down a smooth steel pole, and the whole thing is ready to gallop off in one minute. There was a great seventeen-hand grey, who was very friendly and sensible, another grey, and two blacks. They have some eighteen years old, but the vile pavement of the streets ruins their feet, and in some of their shoes they can only put two nails. They certainly seem to treat their horses well, and their coats show beautiful condition.

We drove out after this to the Midwinter Fair, just like an ordinary exhibition, and full of the trash of many countries; several rooms full of pictures, of which the Russian ones were by far the best. There were some telling sea-pieces, portraying the troubles and difficulties experienced by Columbus in the Atlantic Ocean, by one Aivasolsky, but I am not sure about the spelling of his name. More shops; a bad luncheon in a pretty situation, during which a rope dancer walked from one end of the square of buildings to the centre on a very high rope, enough to make one giddy to look at. He dropped his slippers *en route* (or *en rope*), but whether by accident or design I never made out. We went next to a fine panorama of the Kilauea Volcano, in Hawaii, very effective and imposing, and resembling the infernal regions. Then to the streets of Cairo, and, getting very tired, we were not sorry to find ourselves again in those of San Francisco, hastening home, in order to be ready about 6.30 to attend the Californian Theatre close by, where we had a *varietés* performance, part of which we had seen at Stockholm two years ago. It was clever, and I shall always remember with regret that I slept soundly through the first half hour.

On the 11th of May we left this delightful hotel, which, though enormous, is not oppressively so, and there was a nice row of shops in a sort of covered entrance to the main street, amongst them a book



shop, which we frequented. The waiters here, contrary to the general rule, were white, in black clothing; generally they are black, in white clothing, and excellent waiters the latter make; though sometimes we, too, have to do our share of *waiting*.

Leaving the station in the "Wildwood," which had been thoroughly cleaned inside and out, we had a lovely journey, though not seeing much of the Pacific, which lay on our right, as we were going south to Monterey, stopping on the way at Menlo Park. To get there, the railway (the Southern Pacific) goes through, near San Mateo, for a long way, a lovely avenue of tall Eucalyptus and Cypress trees, from eighty to a hundred feet high, which any one might indeed be proud to possess. It was most picturesque, and afforded beautiful shade from a glowing southern sun.

The edges of the track were spangled with wild flowers of all shades and colours, and the station of Menlo Park, which we reached at twelve o'clock, was overhung with fine Palms and Palmettos, under the shade of which our carriage was waiting. We had a letter of introduction to Mrs. Leland Stanford, the owner of this place, and so drove along a road bordered with white Acacia in full flower ("Locust trees," as they call them here) and Live Oak (our Ilex). They were both magnificent, the former dropping snowy blossoms all over us, and the latter splendid old trees, with short thick trunks, and

enormous heads of dark green foliage. Turning off the high road, the carriage stopped in front of a handsome mausoleum, where lie buried the remains of the late owner and his only son ; the lady's name is also inscribed there—ready !

Near it was a most lovely Cactus garden, containing every variety of Cactus. The Pineapple ones clustered in yellow fruits, the Opuntias were covered with single orange blossoms, and tall Cereuses were there also. Amongst them were running lively little lizards, while overhead sung and fluttered most beautiful birds—crimson-breasted Linnets, singing merrily ; Canaries, as they are called, or Briar-birds, bright yellow little things ; and an exquisite unknown one, with a metallic pinky-purple head, and yellow breast with black lines on it, but it was difficult to get near enough to see what he and many more really were. It was so lovely it was grievous to leave it, but we had to go on to call at the house, to which we drove under Locust trees, Sequoias, Catalpas, Paulovinas, and great “Buck-eye” trees, with large dark green leaves and quantities of flower spikes like refined Horse-chestnut flowers, and above all, and over all, and everywhere, Roses !

Nobody was at home, and nobody answered the bell ; so, while H. N. patiently pulled at it, M. and I wandered about, and came on a lovely Rose garden, bordered with Lemon trees in flower and fruit, smelling too deliciously ; Fuchsia trees, and Colum-

bine, and other familiar flowers, and real good grass round it all.

Failing all admittance, we took our letter and cards to the Stud Farm, stopping by the way, though, to see a great college which this poor lady is founding in memory of her son. M. went to look in to a museum, while H. N. and I watched a family of very handsome Woodpeckers, with red heads and black and white wings, who had a nest stuck in the eaves of a wall, like a swallow's, but of a larger shape; also whole troops of butterflies on shrubs of *Buddleia globosa*. I caught one, but they were so numerous and so apathetic it was no great triumph.

Next, at the Stud Farm, which has lately been rather reduced, they have now over five hundred mares and foals, and they showed us some of their principal horses, "Azmor," "Truman," "Whips," and—I think we did not see "Pelo Alto," their great pride, as I believe he was dead, but we saw his descendants. They are sharp, clever shaped horses, generally dark bay or brown, standing fifteen-two or less, and all famous trotters, with various records of 2' 20" or 2' 50", and so on. It would have been interesting to have stayed longer and seen more, but time was flying, and we had not too much to spare to drive back to the "Wildwood," in which we had just settled when a train came up and took us on, at its tail, through the rich valley of Santa Clara, the fruit garden of California.

On the left lay the soft blue Diavolo Mountains,

and the Santa Cruz range on the west ; and on both sides of the track, fifty or one hundred acre fields, some of Onions, some of Pear trees bordered by Figs, Peach trees, Cherry orchards, and Potato fields, all in vast succession. All the way, too, on every inch of uncultivated ground were masses of wild flowers, and some of the grassy slopes were as blue with the light blue of the dwarf Lupin as our fields and woods at home are with Bluebells, reminding one of Tennyson's lines :

". . . . . Sheets of hyacinth,  
That seemed the Heavens upheaving thro' the earth."

Herds of cattle, troops of horses, and occasionally mounted men with the high peaked Mexican saddle, lasso, large wooden stirrups with pointed leather guards, and enormous spurs, enlivened the landscape, and we were almost sorry when about six o'clock the train stopped at the little station of Del Monte, about a mile north of Monterey.

Here the "Wildwood" was detached ; we got out at leisure, and sending up luggage for two nights to the hotel, we went up ourselves on foot. The walk led us through magnificent Pines—the "Monterey Pine," one of the most graceful—and Cedars, edged with flowers ; plenty of Foxgloves amongst them, but unlike ours, in so far that at the apex of each long stalk of pendant flowers was an upstanding one of the same material and colour, like a cup or campanula. I thought the first one I saw was a mistake, either of its own or mine ; but no, they

were all alike. Never were such flowers! Blazes of Heliotrope on the hotel up to the first-floor window, Banksian Roses, red Roses, white Roses, Cliaanthus, and Abutilons up to the door, and almost into the hall where a great fire looked really comfortable, for the day was now no longer hot.

We walked along about a mile of wide, bright, clean, crimson carpeted corridors, with large windows framed in flowers, to get to our rooms, which were all *en suite*, and large and nice. To dinner we walked back the same mile, and found it in an immense white hall, a hundred and sixty feet long, the pure white relieved only by polished wood window fittings.



## CHAPTER VII

### MONTEREY

WAKING early the morning after our arrival at Del Monte, I got between the blind and the window to watch the birds in the garden, and was rewarded by seeing a pair of Blue-birds hopping on the grass below; with black heads and sapphire backs. At ten o'clock we set out in the usual Surrey for a drive, and found to our surprise a misty morning and quite a cold day; such a one as might have seen the death of Victor Galbraith recorded by Longfellow, when he says

“ Under the walls of Monterey  
At daybreak the bugles began to play,  
Victor Galbraith ! ”

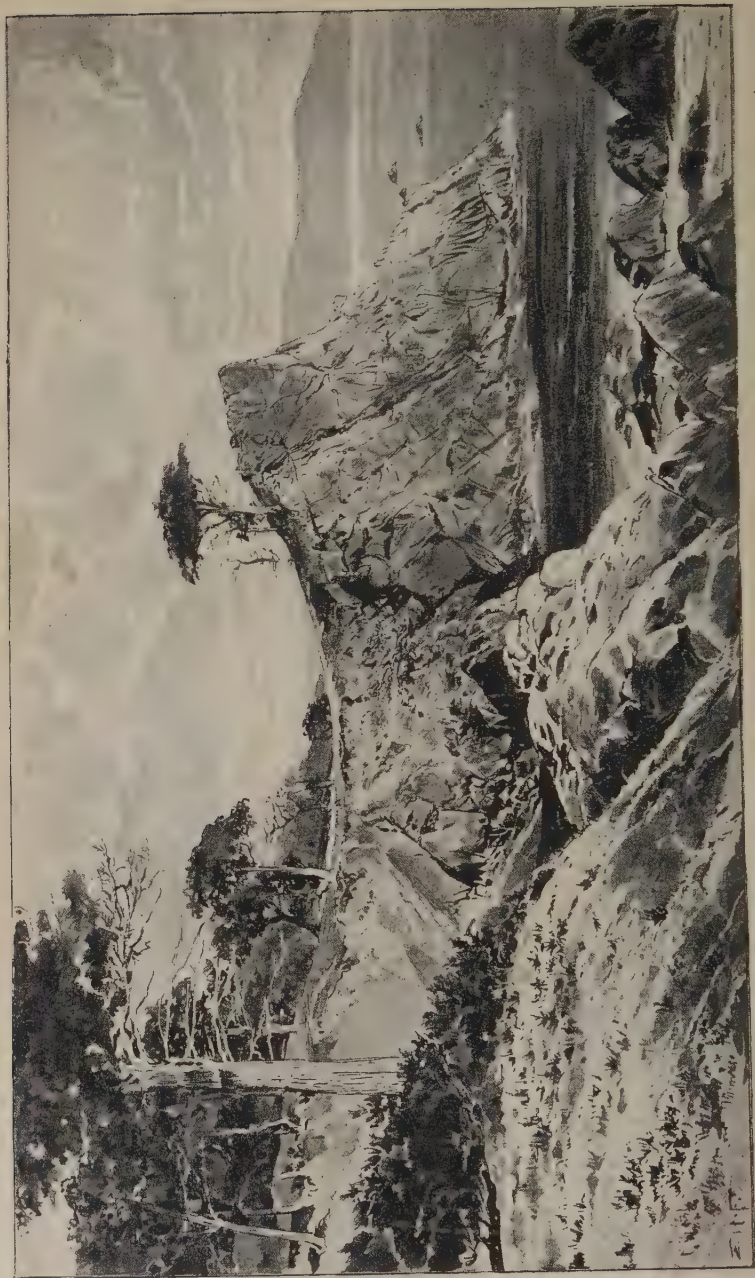
We drove through that interesting old town, the capital of California when that territory was wrested from Mexico by the United States, and it was here that Colonel Fremont first raised the stars and stripes, and took possession for his country of one of the richest and most luxuriant of the States. The town is now very quiet, and has but little trade, even a once brisk one in oil having dwindled to nothing,

since the whales took it into their heads, some seven years ago, to visit the bay no more. Thence through Pacific Grove, another little town, and "health resort," and a place of religious meeting of various persuasions. H. N., catching the word "meetings" from the lips of the driver, went off on a wrong tack, and asked when the races would commence? Here we soon entered a fine forest of Live Oak, and Monterey Cypress, enormous gnarled old trees with immense stems, and all the cones growing on the trunk, with no footstalks, or on the main branches.

The wild flowers soon became so exciting we all got out, one after the other, and gathered handfuls. The principal underwood was *Ceanothus azureus*, in full bloom. All the flowers were new, except the familiar Pimpernel, but there were varieties of *Dipsacus*, wild dwarf Roses, a delicate little pink Mallow, scores of yellow Asters and Buttercups, yellow Daisies, and what they call Indian Pink, executed in scarlet flannel, and with no resemblance to any form of *Dianthus* whatever—and everywhere, the Californian Poppy, now adopted as the State flower, and neither more nor less than the golden *Eschscholtzia* of our childhood's gardens! We also saw one specimen of a very pretty Dog's-tooth Violet,\* with several heads on one stalk, pink with black points. Exquisite swallow-tailed Butterflies too, and magnificent copper ones, were flying tantalisingly in front of us.

\* *Erythronium*.





CYPRESS POINT, MONTEREY, ON THE PACIFIC OCEAN

After some five miles of forest we emerged on the sea coast; the Pacific, in a soft blue haze, with no definite horizon line, and a low rocky shore, and close by, on the rocks at sea, any number of Seals.

We could see them well with our own eyes, but better still with H. N.'s field-glasses, and most amusing they were. A little further on we came to Cypress Point, a low headland overlooking sea and coast, and there on the crest of a wave was a whole shoal of Sea Lions, with their heads up out of the water, roaring loudly, and coming towards the shore. It was impossible to resist watching them. A little further on was another colony of Seals, chiefly Leopard seals, much lighter in colour than the others, some being quite white. Every rock too was crowned and crested with innumerable Cormorants, and a few Gulls. Some of the "Shags" flew by with a great fish in their beaks.

The ocean was calm, the waves small, and the tide low, as we reached the shell beach; and we wandered along it in search of Venus's ear shells, which are here to be found. H. N., however, was the only lucky one, and he picked up a beauty, some eight inches across, and two smaller ones, all glowing in mother-of-pearly, rainbow colours. The Chinese pick them up, and sell them, or we should have found more, no doubt.

Driving on again, we left the coast and resumed the forest; gradually ascending, we skirted a deep ravine whose sides were clothed with Ceanothus, and



American Currant in fruit, the rich smell of the leaves, however, still perfuming the air.

The driver pointed out a new and beautiful flower which he said was called "Cyclobothra" and was peculiar to this part, and San Mateo. I don't know how far he may be correct, but he seemed to have picked up a good deal from people, and said a botanist told him the name of this one, and how to spell it. It is a very delicate, globular, three-petalled flower, growing just like a Fritillary—and the white blossom is perhaps an inch in diameter. I gathered it and painted it when I got home, but could learn no more about it—except that the genus is allied to *Calochortus*.

He also pointed out several blue Jays, with crested heads and sapphire and turquoise plumage: others, a little less brilliant, were I suppose, the hens; they were noisy birds, like our jays. There were also some Highholders,\* chestnut-coloured birds with white backs, allied to Woodpeckers, and many ground Squirrels, active little beasts, who live in holes in the ground.

In the forest was also a great deal of the beautiful but malevolent Poison Oak; it has vivid and tempting green foliage, and clings round the trunks of other trees, like ivy. At first you think it the very thing to complete and perfect a bouquet, but when you learn its evil qualities, you give it a wide berth. To some people it is most deadly, and its

\* *Colaptes auratus*.

very proximity will bring out a rash and irritation that it takes days to cure ; others are only affected on handling it, and there are people who say they can touch it with perfect impunity. It would be a dangerous experiment, though, for a stranger, and one we did not feel inclined to make. Returning through Monterey, we stopped a moment to look into the picturesque old Spanish mission-house, founded some hundred and twenty years ago by the Franciscans, and built with adobe walls ; and some slight attempt at external painting, though quite plain within.

Many of the little houses were built in the Spanish style, with these adobe walls all decorated more or less with flowers. In one of the gardens was a great *Datura*,\* covered with white trumpet blossoms.

It was now three o'clock, and all hopes of luncheon at the hotel being over, we drove straight to the "Wildwood," and Lawrence, being fortunately at home, soon spread light refreshments ; and I hastened to my press, made of blotting-paper and an enormous atlas, to dry the many new wild flowers ; and deposit our cones and shells in the various nets that hang round the car for such purposes. We then walked up to the gardens, which are so lovely ! Tropical, or sub-tropical, which you please, but full of Palms in flower, Cordelynes, Aloes, Seringa, Laburnums, Westerias ; with large bushes of Abutilons,

\* *Datura arborea*.

red *Habrothamnus*, *Metrosideros* (or the bottle brush plant), with its red brushes all up its stalks, Golden broom, Peach, Almond, *Ceanothus*, of course, fine Cacti, and many other flowering trees and shrubs. One little garden there was, the special delight of the ruby-throated Humming-birds, and there were any number of these dear little things, fluttering and humming, and making their shrill little chirps over the *Habrothamnus* trees, putting their tiny bills carefully into every pendant flower, and never twice into the same; but it is in and out in one second, and they hum softly all the time, twittering in a great temper if another flies too near them. They were exquisite in the sunshine; not only were their red throats most brilliant, but, as the light caught their backs, they shone with a fiery lustre. They are not shy, and you can get a good look at them as they hover under a bunch of flowers, but they fly so quick the eye catches a passing flash, and it is gone. We came in reluctantly, as the evening was getting cold, and dinner was getting ready, but one grudges losing a moment of such a garden as this.

Next day we started again for the same drive, intending not to be hurried by a vain effort to return to luncheon. We took a basket with us, and stopping first to see a watery recreation ground, where the inhabitants all swim like mermaids in warm water, in compartments, with an audience sitting around, we went on into the forest again.

To-day, instead of a flower hunt, M. and Mr. S. engaged in a big butterfly chase. The enormous yellow ones flopped lazily about, and looked as if they would fall an easy prey, but they quite baffled their pursuers, and showed they could go a good pace if pressed, and our "bag" consisted only of two small ones and one dragon-fly. The latter was yellow ochre coloured, and had too much body to be pleasant to preserve.

We drove on to the beach, where I had hoped to make a sketch, and sat down on the rocks for the purpose. But there was too little sun and too much wind, so, after a turn at some low black rocks and a lilac and grey sea, I desisted, and joined the others, who were doing better in Venus's ear shells, or "Abelones," as they are called by the natives. It was very difficult, amusing, scrambling in the rocks, especially impeded as I was by a variety of wraps, for I had got a cold; but it was worth a struggle to pick up with one's own hands some of these grand shells one had admired from childhood, and after a time I was rewarded with a good find in a deep fissure in the boulders; it takes a great pull to get them out, they stick so fast in the rocks, and some of them have the abelones still in them, which is more than one bargains for. We made a really good haul at last of big ones, in their glorious colours; all the curls of the semicircular edge of the shell turning the same way, and they say it is always so here, those in the China seas turning the

other. I don't know how far this may be correct, but I believe these shells are peculiar to the Pacific Ocean.

Presently a sort of sea fog came up, almost like rain, so, instead of a picnic on the rocks, we had one a little farther on under the shelter of the strange old Cypresses, which are more like Cedars of Lebanon than anything else. Some are mere skeletons, gaunt and white, with not a leaf; others, with wild contorted stems, look dead, but have heavy, thick, dark green heads. Under one of the latter we did very well, and a great crested Blue-jay came and chattered round us, ready to pick up the bits we might leave him. Having finished, we resumed our seats in the carriage and went on, with beautiful rocks and bays of the sea on the right; and, the weather clearing, there came a gleam of sun and light and colour on the hills across one bay, never to be forgotten. Around us now and then were open park-like places, with cattle feeding, some wild looking ones, with buffalo blood in them, though a pure bred wild buffalo is now a thing of the past. All this ground within the circuit of the "eighteen-mile drive" belongs to the hotel; the hotel itself, I believe, and everything about it, belonging really to the Southern Pacific Railway Company.

We wound up by leaving our shells in the "Wild-wood," and walking up thence to the hotel. On the way we stopped to admire the horse of a gentleman who was riding down, and he at once stopped, too,



and offered M. a ride, and got off to press him to try the horse. It was a very handsome black-brown, about fifteen-two, and twelve years old, and worth thirty dollars,—*i.e.*, £6. He had very small silver stirrups, and a martingale adorned with large ivory rings. We asked him to show us his paces, and, like every man in the old world or the new who shows a horse, he at once trotted clean out of sight and disappeared. We did not await his return, having to get up to the hotel for dinner, immediately after which we walked down again to the "Wildwood" to sleep on board.

The next morning we left Del Monte about seven o'clock, though we did not get up till the usual time; and nine o'clock found us breakfasting in the station of San José (pronounced in the Spanish way, the J an H, and the accent on the second syllable).

It was very comfortable inside the "Wildwood," and pouring with rain without, so we scarcely left it all day, as I had a bad cold; and we lost nothing special by so doing, as we had to wait for an evening train to pick us up and take us to Barendia. I was very busy drawing (a recollection of one of yesterday's lovely views), coughing, reading, and sneezing. M., H. N., and Mr. S., went out into the town, and brought back a panacea for colds; a celebrated decoction of cod-liver oil, wild cherry, and various poisons, which they administered to Mr. S. and me in large spoonfuls, and I believe it cured us

both. M. also brought me a complete copy of Longfellow's works, which I wanted, as he mentions so many of the lands and rivers we are seeing; also last, but not least, a consignment of letters from home, quite three weeks old.

## CHAPTER VIII

### YO SEMITE VALLEY

WE left San José at five o'clock, and ran for eighteen miles through a land flowing with milk and honey, in the form of fruit-trees and vegetables. At six we reached Niles, where the scenery changed. We traversed a narrow gorge, and emerged on a rolling moor, on a rising grade, and twisted in and out, and round the giant mounds of dark-coloured mould, partly grass grown, till darkness and driving rain hid all from our view ; and we reached Barendá at ten, and passed the night in the station.

On the morning of Tuesday, May 15, we rose early, leaving Barendá at six, and passing over an undulating plain, we arrived at seven at Raymond, by which time we were finishing breakfast. As we did so, we watched with curiosity a large vehicle more like a great boat on wheels than anything else, with charabanc seats on it ; to this were attached four horses, and it presently drove up to a sort of high wooden platform outside the railway station, from which it became possible for us, by the exercise of great skill and agility to reach the box seats, which

had been reserved for us for weeks. The driver was a roughly got-up young man, in a sombrero, and large brown gauntlet gloves; of a melancholy and taciturn manner. Next to him sat I, on a high seat, with my feet swinging in the air, till happily large bags of mails were thrust in, and served as a footstool; and M. next me. Behind us were the rest of our party. Our seat was not absolutely uncomfortable as soon as I was balanced by the mails; otherwise there was nothing between me and fate, in the shape of the wheelers' backs, and a very low pole swaying between them, on to which I quite expected to be precipitated at any moment; or by any jerk; and the number and violence of those jerks are not to be forgotten, even now.

However, as we swung up a desolate, sandy track—for it could hardly be called a road—we got accustomed to the motion, which really was a novel experience; and the birds, flowers, trees, and scenery were beyond anything interesting.

There were many Woodpeckers, gorgeous Orioles, brilliant screaming Blue-jays, and, as the sun gradually came out, and dispersed the mist and clouds which at first were threatening, the drive commenced deliciously, but it was certainly cold. There were some Dogwood trees in flower, and much Chaparral; and Manzonita, (the latter seems to me identical with our *Arbutus*, but grows all over the hills like brushwood;) Leatherwood trees, with

substantial yellow flowers, like enormous Primroses, all over them, and Buckeyes.

We climbed slowly up the mountain, a ridge of the Sierra Nevadas, having left the rich corn lands of the valley ; and, ascending the rocky hill sides, we reached Depélas, where we changed horses, and then went on amongst Buckeye trees which gradually changed to Pines ; and so to Grub Gulch, a name worthy of Bret Harte's wildest stories ; and with some miners loafing about, who looked as if they had come out of his pages. It is in itself a pretty place, in spite of its unromantic name, and is surrounded by a mining district, one of the gold-mines being worked by electricity.

Going on all the way at a slow trot, though more generally at a walk, the four horses pulled and tugged our so-called "stage" round dangerous turns, up steep pitches, and down sudden declivities, crossing noisy little streams by insecure looking bridges till, at about 1.30, we reached Ahwahnee (or "the little valley"), and we were not sorry to climb down from our dizzy height, having been jolted and tossed about on that box since eight o'clock. Some of the company had got down and walked about, in the few minutes occupied by changing horses, but it would have been so almost impossible to get back, had I done so, that it was more prudent not to move at all. At the regular stopping-places, they have a sort of high platform of wood, and the men, who drive splendidly, bring their teams up to it so



neatly that the descent is quite easy ; and we gladly got down here, to find a warm fire, in a sitting-room, and a capital luncheon ready. We were not allowed to dawdle over it though, for in less than an hour the stage was round again, and "All aboard" was the cry.

We began ascending as soon as we started, and our flowering trees were now all left behind, giving way to magnificent Cedars, Sugar Pines, and Yellow Pines, straight as a dart, some two or three hundred feet high, with trunks like tortoiseshell ; Digger Pines with feathery soft blue foliage ; and at first many Oaks, Live Oaks (*Ilex*), Black Oaks, with their early shoots of a most delicate pink, and White Oaks. Our track, no wider than was absolutely necessary, wound up the mountains on a sort of terraced road, with very sharp turns, returning on themselves, but higher each time, looking down on Ahwahnee on its rich green plateau, surrounded entirely by the Pine-clad hills.

We went chiefly at a walk, but the coach swung round these curves with a fine disregard of safety ; once our hind wheels were just over the edge, and we were as nearly as possible over, making Mr. S.'s blood run cold, as he had once seen a horrible overturn on this road, though he did not tell us the details till after we were safe back in the "Wildwood." There was much snow in the blue distance before us, but we did not for some time appreciate the fact that we should have to cross it,

and that the snow would be a great hindrance. It had fallen here all Monday while descending in rain at St. José.

We took from Ahwahnee a team of thickset strong white horses, one of which, soon after starting, performed a series of most absurd bucks, like a jocund cow. This was a heavy long, toilsome stage; we had done twenty miles before luncheon, and had now to complete the forty-four; but the first ten took two hours and three-quarters, for after winding nearly to the top of the first spur of the Sierras, we got into the snow, and the roads became so frightfully heavy it was all the horses could do (cow and all) to pull us up. They were staunch and game, luckily, but it was very slow work; the roads, usually light and dusty, were heavy and dull, and every step was an effort. All the time we were working through forest, the magnificent Pines becoming grander and more stately as we got higher and higher; the birds and flowers rarer. Masses of granite broke through the ground, in majestic disorder, and on we went, always with a precipice below on one side, and the rocks rising abruptly above the road on the other; and with these awfully sharp turns to swing round, and rivers to cross by bridges, or fords; but the latter were always easy, the streams flowing shallow and wide over the road. At one point, when it was beginning to get dark, we suddenly saw, by the light of the moon, that a great round boulder had detached itself from the

hill above, and planted itself in the road. Was there, or was there not, room for the coach between it and the precipitous edge? The driver thought there was, and went on; but he did not reckon on the near leader shying at it violently, nearly pushing the off one down the bank, and it took the full power of the break, and all the steadiness of the wheelers, just to swing us past in safety.

The snow got more universal, and, from scattered streaks, became a white expanse, and it was with a sense of relief that we found ourselves at the summit, with four miles of descent only, to get into Wawonah; and this, with four fresh horses, did not take long. We had changed the greys at a quarter to five, and came to our sixth and last relay just before seven. We ought to have got in at five but from the dreadful condition of the roads, we were two hours and a half late, and it was 7.30 before we drew up at Wawonah (the "Big tree.")

The last excitement, a mile before arriving, was the Snow plant;\* a deep red flower reminding one more of an Orobanche or a Hyacinth than anything else, that grows up through the snow, and is not common. It is a grotesque thing, about six or eight inches high, a conglomeration of largish red flowers clustering close round a white stalk, and seems almost of a fungoid nature.

There were several specimens of it under the Pines, and seeing them, the driver stopped, and

\* *Sarcodes sanguinea*.

H. N. gallantly sacrificed himself and his boots, plunging into the snow to get them for me.

We also passed the largest Yellow Pine, a giant among giants, nine feet in diameter, as we swung down full trot by the light of a bright moon into the little valley in which is placed Wawonah—a tidy little White Inn, where we had very cold rooms, a rather small supper, and a grand fire, in a sort of hall, round which everybody crowded, drivers included; and perhaps they needed it most. M. was much struck by the fact that though there was a bar, there was little or no evidence of drink; no sale of “half-pints” going on, and no tall beer glasses about.

We were not sorry to go to bed, and I, at any rate, was very tired and jolted to bits.

Next morning we resumed our journey, struggling again on to the same coach, at six A.M. punctually. We had an older driver, of much experience, Joe Ridgeway by name, and we wanted all his wisdom, for the road became, almost from the start, absolutely horrible. The snow lay, a white, unbroken expanse, to right and left of us, and all along the track, too, except where the wheels and horses of one buckboard, had opened it out a little. We had a good team of horses, luckily, and they pulled gallantly, but had to stop and rest every few minutes to recover their wind and their legs, which kept slipping away from them. There were a few birds, chiefly Wood-

peckers and Snow-birds\*; and the scrub was chiefly Chaparral, Manzonita, and Mahogany (not the timber tree, but a low, green, straggling bush). The Snow-birds became more numerous as we ascended; they are pretty, sharp little birds, with white breasts and tails, and black heads. Magnificent Pines, Sugar and Yellow Pines, surrounded us, and Cedars, the dead branches of the latter fringed with the most exquisite light yellow-green moss, which glowed like sunlight and contrasted vividly with the snow—with which ground and trees were alike covered.

We had not travelled above an hour or two when the warmth of the sun began melting it, and, loosening its hold on the branches, it came thundering down in great masses, with a dull thud on the white carpet below, followed by a shower bath of silver spray—beautiful to look at, but too nasty to feel, as much came down on us, and some of the snow-balls hit very hard, besides making one rather wet, as there were lumps of ice in them, which stuck to our coats and cloaks. The people behind us had the usual “lid” over their heads, but we were unprotected, and I did not dare open an umbrella from respect for the driver’s eyes. Still our view was undoubtedly finer than theirs, and *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, and, with this snow, and the jolts, we did suffer.

We had another excitement, too, which they were

\* *Junco hyemnalis*.



spared, for after changing horses at "Eight-mile Station," to another white team, there came the very worst part of the road, right over another spur of the Sierras. The snow balled, the horses were slipping and sliding all over the place, when down went the near leader on his back, the off one shied from him, and the break gave him time to recover himself, as he rolled and scrambled up, landing right in his harness, and going on as if nothing had happened. We only did from two to two and a half miles an hour this stage, so very bad was it, and even then the wheelers were down three times on their knees; everlastingly the great lumbering stage creaked and groaned on its way, up long weary winding hills, with splendid vistas of blue distance every now and then; on terraced roads, over rattling timber bridges, swinging round corners with eternity six inches below; through streams which sparkled and danced over the track, and round great masses and shoulders of rock, till we got to Grouse Creek.

Here we changed horses, and one of the new leaders, twenty years old, was the most perfectly shaped horse we had seen yet; a bay, turning roan with age, but full of quality. He trotted and swung along at a level easy pace (or gait, as they call it here), while the heavy wheelers behind him were galloping; for we were now out of the worst of it, and had occasionally some miles of descent, where they make up for lost time.

About one o'clock we got our first glimpse of the

far-famed Yo Semite Valley ! A vision of silver grey rocks of immeasurable height, and a valley far, far below us. Down the face of a rock we wound, with jolts—turning four times, then coming into a long, straight incline, with more jolts—just before us, a magnificent fall over an edge of rock, the Bridal Veil falls, eight hundred and sixty feet high, breaking into three lovely rippling streams at its base ; on we dashed through them, and straight on some six miles more through a dead flat, luxuriant green and golden valley ; all trees, flowers, birds, and rippling water, and the soft music of cascades, everywhere ; and no snow at all. Our last four miles of rapid descent had left it all behind, and we seemed to have come with one jump from winter into summer.

Such scenery, too ! First these graceful Bridal Veil falls ; then “The Widow’s Tears,” the “Cathedral Rocks,” great giants ;” the “Spires,” slighter at the top, and their exquisite falls. On the left towered the enormous yellow, round-headed rock “El Capitan,” four thousand feet high, and just beyond the Yo Semite Falls, two thousand six hundred feet high—the upper part one thousand six hundred feet, four hundred feet the next, and six hundred feet the last leap below.

It was enchantment ; and the extraordinary effect of this rich dead flat valley, some eight miles long by one and a half wide, entirely hemmed in by the most precipitous rocks, from three to four thousand feet





IN YO SEMITE VALLEY: THE SNOW-COVERED "CLOUD'S REST"

high, was beyond what I had ever imagined, much as I have read of it.

But no description can ever do justice to it, any more than copies and photographs can to the Madonna di San Sisto. Every minute was a picture and a joy, and when we drew up, at about 1.30, at the platform of Stoneman's Hotel, I was almost dazed with delight mentally, and stiff as a rock bodily, never having moved since six A.M., and having had to sit tight all the time.

Thanks to the *prévoyance* of Mr. S., who always has everything ready, we found a suite of nice clean rooms prepared, opening on to a verandah, with these glorious rocks all round, and the murmur of the eternal waterfalls—also luncheon. We were thankful to breathe unshaken, eat, drink, and get warm, and look round. Then we had a stroll in the sun near by, and I began a sketch from a bridge over the rippling Merced, a lovely river which runs smoothly enough through the valley itself, but comes raging into it out of the mountains down the most magnificent falls, and leaves it in a turmoil of cascades and rapids at the lower end, before throwing itself, some way further on, into the San Joachim river, which takes it to the sea at San Francisco's Golden Gate.

Before going to bed we watched a bonfire, which they light nightly at Glacier Point, some three thousand two hundred feet close above us, and before it has quite done burning, they give it one



emphatic kick, and down the whole thing tumbles; as this point almost projects over its rock, which is perpendicular, the effect is that of a waterfall of fire, or a flight of rockets upside down.

After our seventy-four-mile drive we were presumed to require a good rest, and were to sleep as long as we liked next morning, with the result that I woke up entirely at six o'clock, and, going to the window, saw such a lovely effect of early sunshine and shade over the higher Yo Semite Falls, that I quietly got my drawing things and sat happily at this view till eight o'clock; then lounged down to breakfast with the others, and found that Mr. S. had already walked to the Mirror Lake, some two miles off. We then set out in a topless Surrey, and had a most exquisite drive down the valley by the west bank of the lovely Merced, the road we had arrived by running parallel to this one the other side of the river. Lovely Woodpeckers were flying about, Orioles, Blue-jays, Linnets with crimson breasts, Snow-birds,\* and Tomtits (or Chickadees), and one with an orange head and a bright yellow body—I suppose he was some kind of Oriole. And such butterflies: swallow-tails, black and white, yellow and black, and black velvet edged with brown, and a thousand other colours; and endless flowers, perfectly bewildering. On through the valley, descending towards the end of it; and here the river changed its character from peace to war, and went

\* *Junco hyemnalis*.

rushing and tossing and foaming over the emotionless rocks and boulders, in cascades of surpassing beauty. Here and there, sheltered by majestic rocks of grey granite, there were little still pools, in one of which we saw an Indian fishing. As we pulled up to try and see what he caught, he snatched up his line and ran off like a hare, into the trees, out of sight; they distrust the whites, and I suppose he feared our taking a shot at him, though we had nothing stronger to do it with than H. N.'s opera-glasses.

A little farther, there opened out a beautiful view of the Cascades, very fine falls, whose waters form, below, a tributary to the Merced. I sat down to sketch them, and passed an hour very happily, which the driver thought very peculiar, not to say stupid; as from ten minutes to fifteen are all that are usually meted out to tourists; and this quite threw out all his calculations.

H. N. held an umbrella over me to keep off the sun, while M. and Mr. S. walked slowly back, and when we overtook them, we found Mr. S. had got a fine collection of butterflies, eight or ten, transfixed on his opal pin, and also a little dead Hummingbird, which he found, just killed, I believe, by M. in mistake for a butterfly which he knocked down and lost! We then had to go home, Mr. S. in much fear for our luncheon, which they do not serve, if they can help it, after fixed hours; but a good-natured waiter supplied us amply. After this we had half an hour

for reflection, passed in the verandah, enjoying and swallowing in every bit of the charming view—a foreground of picturesque ponies and mules, caparisoned for any one who wants a ride ; and when not wanted, they set off for their stable, a quarter of a mile or so off, full gallop and quite alone. Beyond them a bit of grassy ground with some shrubs, and then these fine straight Pines, and the rocks towering up on every side beyond them. But there was more to be seen and done ; so we soon set off for a stroll in the direction opposite to our morning's drive, and towards the Mirror Lake. Stopping first to admire the gyrations of a harmless snake in a pool of water, we crossed the Merced by a pretty bridge, and went along a driving road, till we reached such a pretty view of the valley of the Tenaya Fork (one of the three branches of the river), that I sat down to sketch the Pines and mountains, till ants and flies were too much for me, and, having waited and sought in vain for my protectors, I left a notice on a cleft stick, to the effect that I had gone home ; and dawdled slowly in, bearing a nearly finished sketch. They came in about five minutes after me, and thought it like ; so I am fortunate in having made three to-day, which will help to make up for the many days when I made none. I started with a resolution to make at least one, of some sort or kind, every day : a rule which the rude waves of the Atlantic, and the subsequent dust of the desert, made impossible of accomplishment. This was

a lovely day, and a most complete contrast to the wintry journey through Alpine snows so recently accomplished.

On the 18th we were to be up betimes, to see the sun rise over the Mirror Lake ; so, getting up at six, we were ready to start at seven for the short drive to this lovely little lake, a kind of tarn in the hills, and really made by a widening-out of the Tenaya Fork. We left the carriage at a point where it could go no further, and walked along a little stony path by the side of the lake, waiting for the sun to appear over the top of the rock, about five thousand feet high, or rather for its reflection, which appears first, in the water below. It does not much matter which, for the water is so clear and the reflection so absolutely true, that, if you stood on your head, one would do perfectly for the other.

We stayed about half an hour, and the sun did all that was expected of it—and we returned, hungry, to breakfast. After it we again drove down the valley the same way as yesterday, to a point whence there is a view of the lovely Bridal Veil fall, and, in a manner, of the length and breadth of the whole valley ; a most desirable sketch for giving an idea of this wonderland. But at the end of about an hour “a change came o’er the spirit of my dream,” the clouds gathered, and even two drops of rain came ; so all the romance of light and shade were gone. I gathered up my pencils and brushes, M. the implements with which he had

been preparing the little Humming-bird for stuffing; H. N. collected himself; and we drove back to luncheon, the clouds looking wicked, and threatening to spoil our afternoon. (And I never finished that drawing till I got to our place on the shores of the Namsen, in Norway, which we reached exactly three weeks after leaving New York: and when I unpacked it there, I found very little to do to it, having, I suppose, stopped at the right moment before any harm was done.)

So it was with doubt that I arrayed myself in a "divided skirt," the property of the hotel—all my own riding things being in the "Wildwood," seventy-four miles off—for the ride we meditated up a cañon to see the otherwise inaccessible falls, in which the Merced rushes down, from a plateau at the top of the mountains. However after a shower it looked better, and we went out, to the camping-ground of the riding horses. Here I found a chestnut pony allotted to me, with a crimson velvet side-saddle; for M. (in deference perhaps to his liking for greys) an old white horse, with a high peaked Mexican saddle; a bay for Mr. S., while the guide rode a mule, and H. N. his own legs. We started at a 'lope along the flat, the "gait" they prefer, crossed a bridge, and then started up the cañon, by a steep track winding up the face of the left hand rock, while below us roared the foaming river, and away on the right stretched out the long sloping cañon of the Illilouette, which makes the South, or third,





THE YO SEMITE VALLEY: THE BRIDAL VEIL FALLS ON THE RIGHT—EL CAPITAN OPPOSITE



fork of the Merced. Up we climbed, quite slowly ; and with my ridiculous dress, and absurd saddle, which had a broken third pommel, I felt very funny ; but not as much so, I suppose, as M., for I presently heard his voice behind me shouting to the guide, who was in front,

“ What am I to do with the horse ? ”

He preferred walking, and the wary old grey soon settled the question, as it at once turned round and trotted or 'loped home, with M.'s coat on his saddle. On we went, higher and higher, and part of the way was very steep, and also narrow, for, meeting a party riding down, it was necessary to edge close to the rock, where the path widened a little, to get room enough to pass safely.

However, it was nowhere bad enough to give one the horrors ; and it was so fine and grand, right in the heart of the mountains, with the great Illilouette ravine, and the deafening noise of waterfalls on every side ; and after a mile and a half or more appeared the magnificent white sheet of the “ Vernal Falls,” which we got our first sight of crossing a bridge far above the turmoil of waters.

It is a wide fall, like an apron, one unbroken mass of white, three hundred and thirty-six feet high ; and falling amongst rocks, it comes down, hundreds of feet more, in a broken, boiling confusion of rock and water, under the bridge. Perpendicular rocks edge it, and perpendicular rocks again crown it, and soar above in soft faint colour,

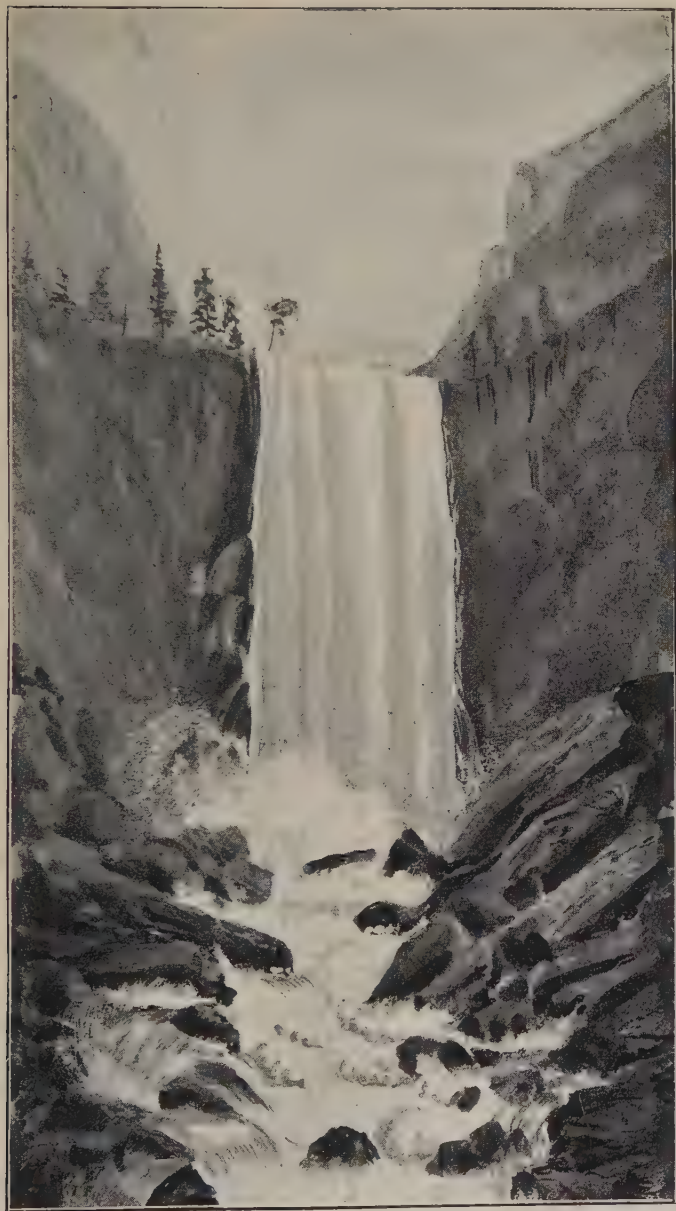
into the sky ; diminutive Pines edge the rock over which come the falls, and grow down the steep sides, but the great yellow and grey masses above are bleak and bare.

We got off just beyond the bridge, and, leaving the ponies, walked along a steep path till we got nearer, and, sitting down for two minutes on a damp rock, I made a pencil sketch, just to recall to mind the outlines of this imposing scene. Walking back to the ponies, we got on again, and, M. and H. N. preceding us on foot, we returned in, unluckily, very heavy rain, which quite prevented our further explorations up the cañon. There were some very sweet Bay-trees, on the way down, and some Dogwood still in flower. When we got to the flat Mr. S. and I left the walkers and 'loped in, as the rain was coming freely through my divided skirt. We got off at the door, and the absurd ponies, realising that they had done

“ The trivial round, the common task,”

set off and galloped home as fast as they pleased ; and an inquiry elicited that M.'s had long ago done the same thing, with his coat, which was restored to him later.

We were pretty wet, and could not venture out again, so, while M. devoured a borrowed newspaper, I sat down and put some colour into my pencil sketch till dinner disturbed us, and after it we sat below a little, talking to a lady and her son and daughter



THE VERNAL FALLS OF THE MERCED





just arrived from Ceylon and Japan, who, some years ago, had passed some weeks at our place in Norway.

The old Indian names of these localities are far better than their modern ones, and it is a thousand pities they should be disused. The valley was discovered about the year 1850, by some Americans who were in pursuit of Indians on whom they wished to be avenged for some aggression; and the Indians always disappeared in this locality. How or where was for some time a mystery, and it was longer still before the track used by them into the valley, and still called "the Indians' path," was discovered. It is almost impassable, and is on the side opposite to the present access. It reminds me so much of the valley in which the Australian Kellys drove their lifted cattle, so well described in "Robbery under Arms," and where they remained for so long in perfect safety.

The name of Yo Semite itself means "the large Grizzly Bear," none of which are now found in the valley, though they abound in the mountains outside it, and we saw the skin of one which had recently been shot, ten miles from Wawonah.

The Vernal Falls were called "Pi-wi-ack," meaning cataract of diamonds, though I venture myself to doubt the accuracy of this, for what *could* North American Indians know of polished diamonds? The name of the Bridal Veil—Pohono, or Spirit of the Evil Winds—is far more probable; and so is that

of the great rock "El Capitan," which was "Tu-tock-a-nu-la," or the "Great Chief," and they delight to show you on the pale smooth yellow face of that enormous rock a black outline with a great resemblance to an Indian in his war-paint and feathers.

Some Digger Indians still inhabit the valley, and live in peace in their wigwams; they are adepts at fishing, and the hotels buy all they catch, but their life in the long winters must be hard and dreary. They make collections of Acorns and thatch them, and they look like pointed beehives raised far from the ground, so as not to be lost in the snow. There were many beautiful grey Squirrels to be seen, rather larger than our brown ones, and making the rich grey and white furs so much worn in England. They had splendid brushes, and it seemed a pity to kill them, but they say they are good to eat, so they are useful for both purposes.

Next morning, after looking at some pretty drawings which the travellers from Japan showed us, we drove once more to the Mirror Lake, and I sat on a rock and began a sketch, but my sketch was too ambitious, including as it did the lake, a great yellow Pine, and the "Clouds' Rest," six thousand feet high, and covered with eternal snow, and I had to leave it unfinished, as Mr. S. could allow no more time, and by twelve o'clock we were back at the hotel, whence we despatched the "Yō Semite Tourist" to friends at home, announcing our arrival at Stoneman's Hotel.

At one o'clock we re-embarked in the stage, which, with the safe old driver, Joe Ridgeway, was ready to start. I never in my life was so sorry to leave anything as to leave this place, with the certainty of never seeing it again. A month would have been all too short for it; for, for scenery, birds, butterflies—it is in the well-named Mariposa, or butterfly, country—and flowers, it is a naturalist's paradise, and an artist's, for every inch is a picture; and never to be forgotten is the beauty of the Merced (or "Grace"), whether in its still pools, its turbulent cascades and rapids, or majestic falls in the heart of the Sierras.

We were not arranged quite as before in the stage, for I gave my seat by the driver to H. N. and sat behind with Mr. S. and Byatt; and found I was much less shaken, but had also less view. It was a little cloudy in the morning, and we feared rain, if not snow, but happily escaped both. We wound slowly up the hill, seeing for the last time all the fine rocks we seemed to know so well—the great Dome, and the half Dome behind the Hotel, and Glacier point; passing the great Yo Semite falls, "The Maiden's Tears," the "Lost Falls," which trickle over the summit, disappear midway in the air, and collect themselves again below; the great triple-headed rock they call "The Three Brothers," but which the Indians thought resembled frogs, and called "Pompompasas" or the "Leaping Frog Rocks," and then "El Capitan;" while, on the

other side, we saw for the last time, the Sentinel rock, like a gigantic watch-tower, the Cathedral Spires and Rock, and the lovely Bridal Veil, and slowly wound up the mountain road that winds out of the valley, a long, dead pull ; leaving all this magnificence behind us. As we took our last look at it, after travelling for two hours and three-quarters, a lovely little Humming-bird perched on the top of a young Pine-tree, but flew off, with its merry little twitter, before we could level the glasses at it.

From the top of the hill we trotted on, and changed horses at "Grouse Creek ;" and from there the journey was rather wearisome, for the roads, though quite free from the snow, were heavy, owing to recent local rain near the "Eight-mile Station," and one of the chestnut leaders was down and up again, before any one knew anything was the matter.

The great Pines, with their floating trimming of sunny moss, impress themselves more and more on one's mind, but there was not much underwood, only Snow Brush, and Chink-o-pin—and some more of the Red Snow Plant.

We drew up at seven o'clock at the door of the Wawonah hotel, one of the horses shying violently at the entrance, swaying the coach all across the road. It was probably the smell of a camp of Indians close by ; and no wonder ; but it was well it happened there, and not in the very narrow road we had just left.



We found better, because warmer, rooms ready for us this time : and after supper would gladly have retired to them ; but we were first conducted to the studio of a painter, one Mr. Hill, who had made some effective pictures of Yo Semite, chiefly from one point of view ; and he said the autumn was the best time for colour there ; and no doubt he was right. He had various curiosities hung round his studio ; Wasps' nests, hideously large ; dead Rattlesnakes ; skins of Coyotes, Squirrels, and Wild Cats, and other engaging beasts ; some flowers beautifully dried by his daughters, retaining their colours ; and one of them showed them to us ; with maidenhair fern, which grows hereabout. There was also the head of a Black-tailed Deer, of which we had seen a pretty group of Hinds and Fawns in the forest in the course of the drive. I also saw a Brambling, and this morning in the valley, we found plants of the Wild Ginger,\* its great handsome leaf entirely hiding the brown flower, which, growing close to the root, hardly shows above the surface of the ground.

On Sunday we were up at a quarter to six. The people in the hotel who were going to Yo Semite being loudly called at 4.30 made the office of calling us—who were going the other way—at 5.45, rather superfluous. We started at seven o'clock with a long day before us, but the beloved "Wildwood" at the end of it ! We were arranged this morning

\* *Asarum Canadense*.

in much lighter "stages" and four, more like simple *char-à-bancs*, and no luggage, as we were first to see the big trees of Mariposa—M. and I were on the box as originally, and our driver was the same we had before on this road, nephew of the older man; the road was the same, too, as far as the "Four-mile Station" where we diverged to the left, and, still ascending for another four miles, we reached the grove of big trees. I had expected to find them grouped together on a plateau; but this was by no means the case; they were in the thick of the forest, and dotted about singly in the midst of the various Pines we had hitherto considered of unexampled size, but which were now dwarfed. Winding down a slight declivity and passing over a little streamlet, we caught sight of the first two, standing like giant sentinels at the entrance to their precincts—and others we passed, and yet more; for the road is cleverly engineered, so as to show most of these mighty achievements of undisturbed nature.

The enormous red trunks stand out amongst the other pines like towers amidst houses—and so vast are they, that when we got one of the four-horse stages to stand parallel to one of them the whole coach and horses could not reach the verge, and one could see that the trunk extended beyond the hind wheels and in front of the leaders' noses.

This Mariposa grove forms part of a grant made by Congress, to be set apart for public use,

resort, and recreation, for ever ; the area so preserved covers two square miles, and contains over four hundred of these *Sequoia giganteas*. Many are over three hundred feet high, and the largest in this group, "The Grizzly Giant," is ninety-four in circumference, which makes its diameter about thirty-one feet ; its first branch, which is two hundred feet from the ground, measures six in diameter. One prostrate giant, half-burnt, and lying full length amongst the ferns and grasses, shows that its total height must have reached four hundred feet, and its diameter forty ! There do not appear to be many quite young trees amongst them, but they vary in size, and of some the trunks are under fifteen feet across, so one may hope that for centuries yet these primeval groves may remain to crown the mountain with glory ; for here we are two thousand two hundred feet above Wawonah, and on the crest of a mountain ridge.

The cones of these Sequoias are not large ; nothing like the size of those of the Sugar and Yellow Pines, of which abundance lay on the ground, a foot or more in length. They are a representative of a family of trees which have their nearest relative in Japan, and the name they bear was given by Asa Gray, the botanist, in honour of Sequoyah, the Cherokee chieftain. Besides the *Sequoia gigantea* there is another species, the *Sequoia sempervirens*, which exists in forests along the seaward side of the coast range from San Francisco bay, northward,

for over one hundred miles. It is these forests which furnish the celebrated red wood lumber, and many specimens of them rival their big cousins of Mariposa and Calaveras in size, and are often found over two hundred and fifty feet high.

These, and the ridge of the Fresno Grove, we saw in the distance only, and we regretted that a visit to Calaveras was impossible, as it is a separate excursion, and would have taken too much time. The trees there are of much the same size as those we saw, and fewer in number.

As a final bouquet of fireworks, we were driven through the great tree that stands across the road, and under the archway ruthlessly cut through it the whole coach and horses stand protected, while the thick green cypress-like head of the tree testifies to its vitality and vigour, in spite of the reckless treatment to which it has been subjected. The melancholy thing in all these forests is the perpetual evidence of the action of fires, which have done so much injury, and even these noble specimens have not escaped unscathed. Prairie fires, and forest fires, and camp fires have left their marks everywhere, and the blackened trunks and leafless heads sometimes extend for acres, and give an air of incredible desolation.

Having stopped for a moment under this perforated tree, so well known by views and photographs, but none the less real and wonderful, we left the grove of mammoths, and trotted quickly back down hill

to the Four-mile Station, and there left the lighter and rather uncomfortable traps, to resume the usual stage, which, with the luggage, was waiting for us. There are always two, and we had the second, which is in some ways safer, as the first very nearly had a serious accident two days ago; a horrid bicycle coming carelessly round a corner frightened the leaders off the track, and as nearly as possible upset the whole thing; and, though they escaped an actual smash, they were in very considerable difficulties. In fact there is no doubt that the whole expedition was one of considerable risk and danger, and Mr. S. was very thankful when we were all safe through it, and back at Raymond.

Again the mails served as a footstool as we resumed our drive through the forest; but it was far easier than when we came, for the coach was a new one, and therefore ran much more smoothly, and the roads being in far better condition, the jolts were less trying.

Getting lower and lower, we lost the splendid Pines by degrees, but flowers were plentiful, and even in these few days many more were out; and before we reached Ahwahnee, about one o'clock, the side of the road was an absolute garden, quite pink with *Godetias*, which were all over the place, varied with exquisite sky-blue patches of *Nemophilas*, dwarf scarlet *Lychnis*, *Eschscholtzias*, and the red flannel Indian Pink, besides quantities more of which I did not know the names. It was so curious to find all



our treasured garden flowers growing wild in this untrimmed luxuriance.

At Ahwahnee were large bouquets of *Godetias*, of which the landlady let me have as many as I liked. We also found luncheon, and after it started again to cross, for the last time, the remaining crest of the Nevadas. We had a grey team, slow but strong, and were rather before our time, so the driver good-naturedly stopped now and then for H. N. to jump down and get me some of the rarer flowers, especially one lovely and delicate white one, with a dab of brown velvet at the base of each of its three petals—the “Mariposa Lily,” as they call the *Calochortus*.

So, revelling in scenery, birds, and flowers, we toiled on to Grub Gulch, where by some stupidity no fresh team had been left for us, and, to the fierce but laconically expressed indignation of our driver, the greys had to go on up five more weary miles of hill. Though so angry, he was kind to the horses, and did not hurry them, as luckily we still had time in hand. We saw most interesting birds. As usual, plenty of Woodpeckers of the black and white kind; but to-day also, and only on this occasion, we were so fortunate as to see a solitary specimen of the great black Woodpecker.\* A large bird, coal black, and Woodpecker shape, with a crimson-crested head; he was clinging to the trunk of a black oak, not far from us. There were a couple of great black Buzzards on the branch of a dead tree, King birds,† and Doves,

\* *Dryocopus Martius*.

† *Tyrannus tyranna*.

who scarcely took the trouble to fly out of our way ; and Rabbits, like ours, which they call "cotton tails," and which are smaller than their "Jack rabbits." Many Chipmucks, too, and a man passed with a grey Squirrel he had shot. The country gradually became tamer, though the flowers were wonderful to the end. Buckeye trees, with their delicate white spikes of flower, magnificent Live Oaks, White Oaks, and Digger Pines, and as we got quite down large stretches of corn covered the country ; and sad, indeed, it was to find ourselves leaving the mountain ranges, now fading into blue distance, still speckled with snow, and it was hard to believe we had been on and beyond them so lately. I had a splendid handful of flowers—Mariposa Lilies, blue Gentian, Nemophilas, lovely pink flowers besides the Godetias, of unknown names, Larkspurs, scarlet Lychnis, Mallows, a small, sweet, yellow Honeysuckle, Lilac Thistles, the large white-leaved Milk plant, Bears' clover, white Mint, and quantities more, to dry and paint.

At 6.30 exactly, we delivered the mails at the Raymond post-office, flung out a captious old lady at the inn, almost our only fellow passenger, and were ourselves flung out on to another platform close to our dear car, which, with Lawrence to welcome us, we were delighted to see again.

We were dusty and thirsty, so he ministered to our wants with a clothes brush externally, and iced lemonade within, and we re-arranged ourselves in

our homelike quarters, dined, and presently went to bed ; but not to sleep. We moved on at eight o'clock and, reaching Fresno, about eleven, were kept awake by what sounded like Indians singing war-songs around us, with a perpetual chorus of "cold boiled eggs." However, they were, I believe, only itinerant vendors of the same ; but they kept up a horrible noise for ever so long.

## CHAPTER IX

### NORTHWARDS, THROUGH OREGON

TRAVELLING on through the remainder of the night, we arrived at about eleven on the morning of the 21st at Oakland pier, once more. Embarking, as before, in the ferry-boat, we had a refreshing breeze as we crossed the harbour to get to San Francisco.

Landing, we got into an open fly and pair, and rattled into the horrible, wide, crowded, ill-paved streets. First, to the Palace Hotel; then to another office, where I got a letter from my child, dated April 25—then to a saddler's for carriage whips, a glover's for gloves, a bookshop for books on native flowers; and to the fire-engine station, where we saw a repetition of the electric drill we had seen here before. Then to a "dry-goods store" for a bit of lace; and to a photograph store, where M. and H. N. were such a time, and the people were so slow, it made us get to the hotel, for luncheon, full twenty minutes late. Here the waiters were slower still, so we ate to time, and then rushed to Shreves', where we collected our little commissions, and I got my Mexican turquoises set as a ring; and then we

had to hurry to the ferry to catch the 3.30 boat, which we just effected.

A Japanese family got on board, with a little child most gorgeously dressed; in an apple green silk coat, edged with rows of pink and lilac ribbon, a very smart bright reddish purple skirt underneath, wonderful shoes, and its black hair most elaborately done in a boat shape, on wires, woven with rows and rows of beads and pearls at the back, the manner and fashion of which would have perplexed a court hairdresser. It could just trot along, and was led by the hand by its mother in a dark purple coat, and similar shoes.

There were also two little Gentile children on board, school-girls, with their books, about eleven and thirteen years old; so I asked them questions about their education, which they are to complete in Paris! They seemed to be ordinary children, tradespeople's probably; and I was amused when they promptly rounded on me, and inquired where I was going, and what I was doing, and so on.

The little sail back was lovely, for, whichever way you take it, whether looking at Contra Costa, or through the Golden Gate, or northwards to the hills, that bay is exquisite.

Landed, we called at the "Wildwood" to deposit our little parcels, and then went a ten minutes' train journey into Oakland, and were presently set down in the *beau milieu* of Broadway, their principal street, with no more fuss or effect than if we



were stepping out of a hansom. Close by was an open carriage waiting, into which we were handed by a truly magnificent negro, black as night itself, in a very Sunday-going suit, surmounted by a shiny chimney-pot hat, with a very wide curly brim, and a rose—such a rose!—inches in diameter, and deeply red, in his button hole; he was one of Mr. S.'s myrmidons. Mysterious and useful, they crop up at every point. The carriage proceeded to take us a little pleasure-drive through this town of gardens. All little residences; wood-built villas, wreathed in flowers; crimson and scarlet with Geraniums, Roses, Nasturtiums and Abutilons, Palms and Eucalyptus, everywhere; and each villa had its little square of the greenest grass, with marble edges, and decorated steps, and these luxuriant flowers. There were Locust and Pepper trees, too; and for a bouquet we were driven through the garden of one Mr. Smith, who benevolently allows it, and such a show of flowers as he had I never saw: all that the others had, and Cannas besides, and two beds of Gazanias alongside the drive, like a Persian carpet with an orange ground, as they were studded in a pattern with low palms, and bordered with a hedge of pale pink Roses in full bloom.

As we drove back to Broadway we passed two young ladies going out for their ride, on good looking horses, in divided skirts; very much divided, as they rode astride; this seems rather in vogue

here (as well as in the Sandwich Islands), for we saw one or two more taking exercise in the same fashion in the streets of San Francisco.

It was about six o'clock when we returned to the place of the train—station, I cannot call it—and after a few minutes spent in looking in at the shop windows, it pleased a train to come up the street and pause as we got in, and then it took us to the Oakland Pier station, and we had only a few steps to walk to regain our car, which in our absence had been dusted and cleaned out.

Dinner was soon administered to us, and after it I began to realise, what I had not had time to do before—that I was very tired after the tremendous drive from Yo Semite. For it was a great exploit, and combined much fatigue with some danger, and one could not help feeling that there was always a possibility of being “held up” by highwaymen, as well as a great probability of an upset. However, we escaped, and were thankful; and it was pleasant as the train moved on, after seven o'clock, to sit at the windows and think it over, as well as watch the passing scene. The sun was setting behind the mountains on the west side of the bay in a golden glow, justifying the title of the “Golden Gate.” The hills themselves were dark purple, and the calm water of the bay reflected a little of the orange and green sky, and then melted gradually into deep dark indigo blue, broken by the little white ripple of its wavelets, on a dark seaweedy shore.

Half dreamily I watched it, and thought what a heavenly close it was to our heavenly fortnight in California, and looked round to my companions for sympathetic emotions. M. was sitting very upright on a high jumpy sofa, frowning over a penny paper by the light of an indifferent lamp overhead, while H. N. was less hopelessly busy, it's true, but his eyes were too firmly closed for me to attempt any conversation. So true it is, as I read in a book somewhere, that "when you soar into the regions of romanticism, you must leave the men behind."

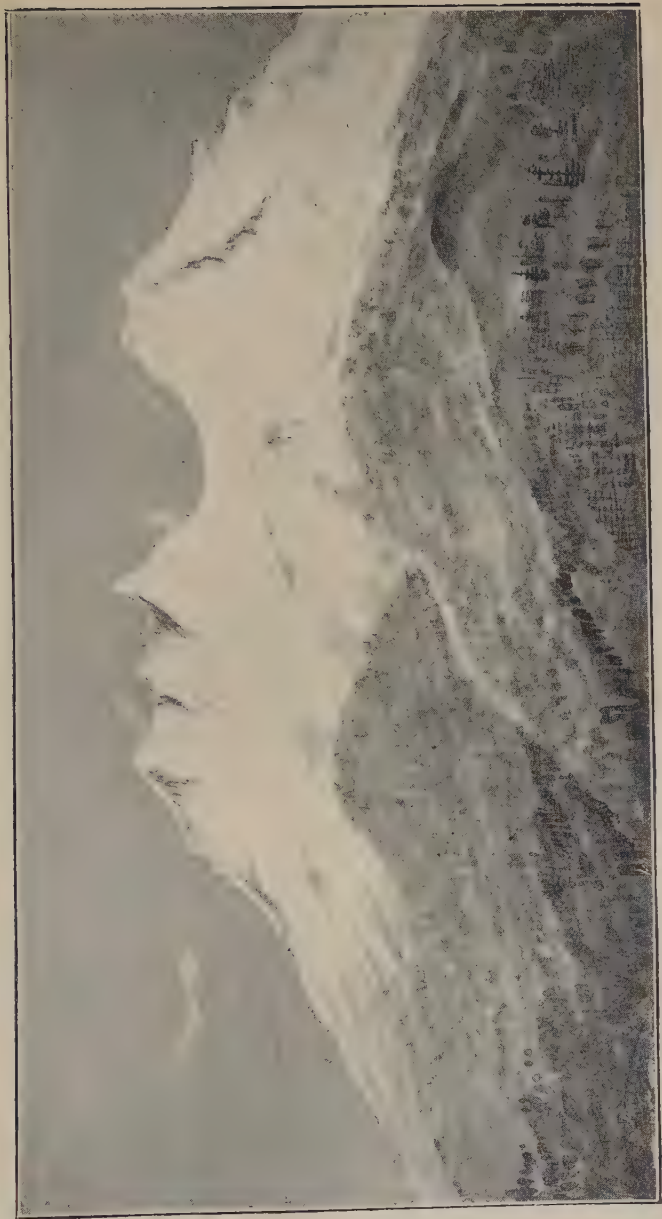
While we were in the valley, the "Wildwood" had remained stationary at Raymond; and Lawrence, it appears, had amused himself by playing about with Rattlesnakes, of which he said there were plenty. He killed one, and afterwards showed me the rattle; it was about two or three inches long, and consisted of twelve flat horny rings, which rattle when you shake them, and he says the snake grows one every year after he is two years old; so his was fourteen.

On Tuesday we woke early to watch the pretty panoramic landscape that seemed to be moving before our eyes—green trees clothing high banks, and between them and our single line of railway flowed the beautiful Sacramento River, dancing over rocks and stones, clear, sunny and bright. By its side were large bushes of Azaleas in full flower, white and yellow, and white and pink; and very sweet, for when we stopped at the station of Castle Craggs, H. N. bought me a big bunch from a small

boy. This was a fine point, with high rocks in the distance, and is, I believe, a "summer resort" of the happy San Franciscans, who in the way of Nature have certainly little left to wish for.

Here Mr. Crockett's car, which had been hung on to ours through the night, detached itself, and we again had our observation platform to ourselves. We sat out upon it nearly all the morning, amidst most exquisite scenery, crossing and recrossing the lovely river twenty times; fine woods and hills of beautiful outline all around us, till suddenly we caught sight of a most glorious snow-covered peak—an enormous white mass rising abruptly above the deep green woods, pointing far up into the cloudless blue sky. This was the great Mount Shasta, 14,400 feet high.

At Soda Springs the train pulled up, and there were the prettiest falls. Flowing over beds of emerald green moss in little fountains, suddenly there sprouted up out of these moss-grown rocks a great jet of water twenty feet high, one perpendicular fountain of soda water! H. N. rushed for a glass to taste it, and I for a sketch-book to sketch it, while M. ran to get a handful of the exquisite moss. It was a moment of great surprise and excitement, and these clear jets of sparkling water—for there were two of them—glittering like diamond spray against the dark background of bank and fir-trees, and shooting up into the bright sunshine, made one of the pictures one shall remember.



MOUNT SHASTA, IN CALIFORNIA





We hardly could spare time to attend to some lovely rippling rapids on the other side of the road, for ten minutes was all they could allow us, and we soon had to climb our car steps again and resume our beautiful journey; Mount Shasta being a splendid object for many hours, for we had it first on our north, a hundred miles off; then east, when it was most fully extended before us, its snow-white top fading into rich purple and violet below; then south, when the magnificent form was, I think, most stately of all, for it stood up, an isolated point, nothing approaching it in height or dignity. Indeed, it appears higher to the eye than other peaks of the same elevation, for the level from which we see it is so nearly that of the sea that the whole 14,000 feet and more seem to be all its own, whereas many other mountain tops may be the same height from the sea level, but possibly are only about half that distance from the already high ground where the beholder stands. This is often the case in the Rocky Mountains.

Mount Shasta is exceedingly broad at the base, covering a circumference of seventy-five miles, and its crater (for it is an extinct volcano) is nearly a mile in diameter, and fifteen hundred feet deep. Much lower, on the south-west, were some very curious dark-pointed hills called the Black Buttes, said to be of solid lava, no doubt the result of one of its eruptions. The lower foothills of the Cascade Mountains came into view further north, and we saw with great

regret the last of California, taking leave of it about four o'clock in the afternoon as we entered a long tunnel, and emerged at the other end in Oregon. I was sorry to leave California. I have passed without doubt, the most beautiful fortnight of my life there, and a thoroughly happy one too.

We had now to cross the Siskiyou Mountains, and our descent from them into the rich Oregon valley below was rapid, and, from an engineering point of view, most extraordinary. We crossed ravines on very high trestle bridges, and wound up the mountains, and slid down them, by roads which, describing immense horse-shoe curves, returned upon each other at different elevations. Our train was divided in two, and as we went up a hill we could see our other half, far, far below us, going in the opposite direction. After crossing those high trestle bridges, one always saw a workman appear, apparently out of a hole in the ground, and walk very carefully along the bridge examining it closely and minutely ; by the side of the permanent way on projecting beams were barrels, full of water ; both men and barrels being there in the same view, to extinguish promptly any sparks which the engine might have left as it passed ; yet in spite of all their precautions fires are but too frequent. There were some enormous snow-sheds too, that we passed under to-day, roofed in, and perhaps a quarter to half a mile long ; and they made a most curious effect, for their semi-darkness was illuminated by

“slantingdicular” rays of light, which came through small holes in the roof, and can only be described as if luminous rain had been suddenly arrested and fossilised. As the train moved on, and the angles of falling light varied and crossed each other, it was most striking; and one regarded it rather as a bit of “unearned increment” in the stores of beauty.

Having descended into Oregon the vegetation seemed to change a little, as there were fewer Pines, and those not so grand; more deciduous trees, Oaks, Laurel magnolias, and still Eucalyptus trees, with their handsome soft bunches of white flowers. Quantities of blue, purple and white Iris; and prolific vegetable gardens; and as evening closed over us we were speeding along a wide, flat, well-watered valley.

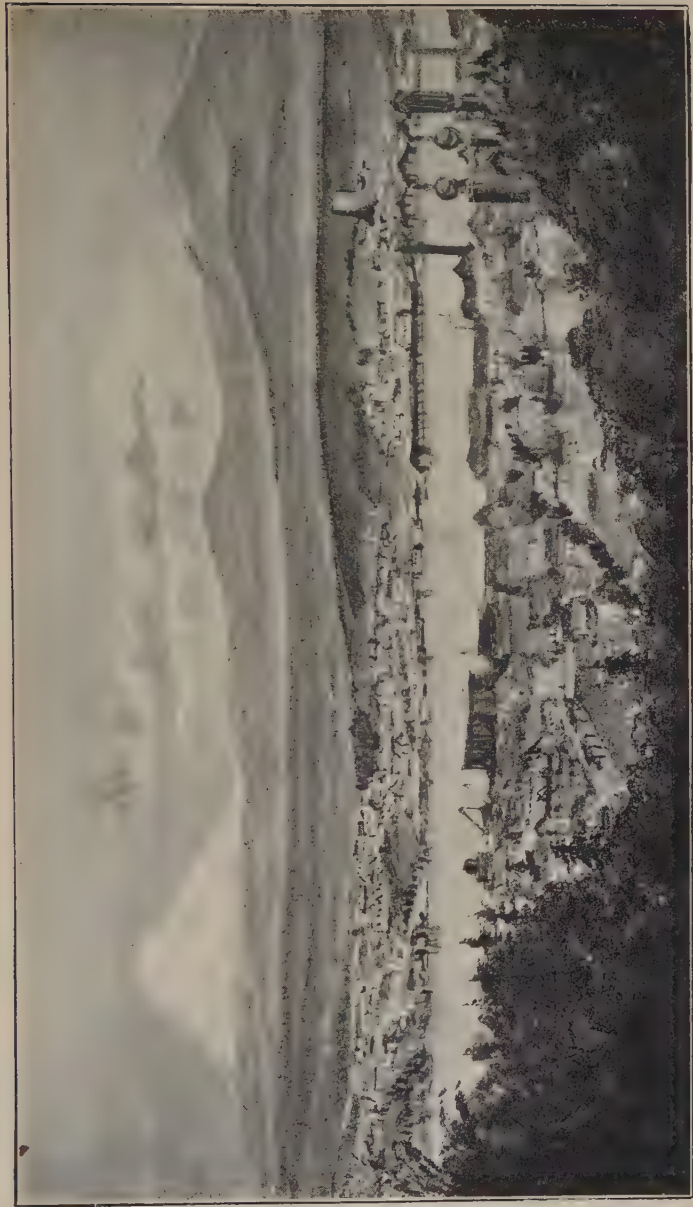
About eight on the morning of May 23, we arrived at Portland, and, having breakfasted on the car, for once without the usual anxiety of the tea and coffee and other comestibles being jolted over the table-cloth, we were placed, in the lightest of cloaks, and the hottest of suns, in a carriage with its invaluable lid; and had a drive through a prosperous, very hot town, of a red colour, with the bluest of rivers, the Willamette, running through it—up a winding steep road into the park. The road was adorned at every turn with orders to drivers not to let their horses go out of a walk, and, as it was a kind of corkscrew, and the heat melting, nobody was likely to infringe the rule. A very sleepy,

angry sea-lion was sighing over the stupidity of his human (or inhuman) owners, who had chosen a tropical day like this to clean out his bath, and left him flopping and gasping on the sandy, dusty path, which surrounded the waterless abyss which he ought to have been in.

The park, when we got there, seemed to consist chiefly of a sort of terminal apex of long grass, round which were some cages of racoons, monkeys, and a few birds, drowsy with the heat. There was also a magnificent view, which, though almost too hot to wield a paint brush, I sat down on the ground to attempt. Below was the wide-spread town, which claims to be a great seaport, in virtue of the proximity of the enormous Columbia River, but from here it gives no idea of such a thing: in the middle runs the Willamette, with a few small masts and sails visible; beyond, flat plains dotted with trees and houses, bounded by very blue hills—so blue that cobalt fell flat, and cobalt green and cyanine had to help—above them an enormous white conical mountain rose, dead white, without line or shade of any kind, into the cloudless blue sky. This was Mount St. Helen's; while away to the right, above an important building, the Jewish synagogue, rose a twin peak, Mount Hood. The latter we had seen from a long way off; the former I got into my sketch.

Looking up after a time, I descried H. N. on the box of our carriage, his figure, and that of the driver,





PORTLAND, OREGON



forming a pyramid shape, as they leant against each other, both fast asleep ; both horses asleep also—M. was partly watching the playful racoon, and with the other eye reading his favourite daily local paper. Two excellent Chinese ladies in the usual dark, brown, purplish coats, came and sat on a seat close by, and slowly fanned themselves ; exactly as they do on handscreens. It was all so pretty that, the thermometer being ninety in the shade, and I being in the shade also, I was loth to disturb them all, and to propose going on. But there was yet much to see ; so we drove back at a pious walk as requested, down the hill again and into the town, where the houses still have gardens, with Roses and Clematis, but the Palms, alas ! are gone. It has not the Southern feeling of the other towns, and, certainly, we are now some four hundred miles North of San Francisco, so we must say good-bye to tropical vegetation, unless we have time to throw in a bit of Virginia at the end of our travels.

We were hot, happy, and thirsty ; so, after selecting some photographs, and buying a bit of orange-wood to paint on, at an artist's shop, we voted it was time for luncheon, and so went to the "Portland Hotel," a very pretty one, to seek it.

These hotels are certainly more attractive than those of Europe. They have so much "open ground," in them, balconies and verandahs, and broad passages, which widen out, as rivers do into lakes, and are decorated with taste, with

palms and flowers, and are consequently full of fresh air and sweetness. The luncheon was perhaps not so eatable as drinkable, for the meat is generally tough, but the iced drinks are always nice. The dozen little dishes in which each person's dinner is arranged round their central plate is well-known to history, and always reminds me of a locket ; a central gem, set in pearls.

After this refreshment, we went for a drive along the side of the river ; which was excessively wide and pretty, almost in flood, flowing very heavily, and apparently slowly, round its bright green islands.

We stopped at a place called the White House, where I made a sketch from a balcony, M. and H. N. visited some horses, we all interviewed a perfectly tame bear, and an imperfectly tame "chow." Then we had to return, as we were to be back in the "Wildwood" by five o'clock ; and here we found Mr. S. awaiting us, as he had been busy planning our future, and reporting our past, and had not gone the afternoon drive with us.

Our car was now attached to the Northern Pacific, and we left the Southern Pacific, which is so beautiful, that even on the matter-of-fact railway-folders, they call it the "sunset route." Our line followed the course of the Willamette for about half an hour, till, at Kalama, it joins the Columbia. The union of these two is a curious sight, for the very wide Columbia comes rippling

and flowing in like a sea, making angry waves in a defined line, as it comes at an acute angle against the oily waters of the Willamette, which continues its firm, calm course for some little way unmoved by its impetuous brother. It took some time to cross it, for like Carquinez straits, it had to be done in a steam-barge. I could not see much, except out of a corner of one window, as it happened to be difficult to get out of the car, from the three lines of carriages being closely packed, but M. and H. N. scrambled down, and were soon busy negotiating with a little sailing-boat that landed, laden with fish, just as we reached the further shore. It had been pretty to watch it coming across, almost parallel with our big barge, like a butterfly passing a crow ; and M. and H. N. were as pleased with their fresh five-pound Columbia salmon as if they had been starving, instead of living in the lap of luxury !

Our train was quickly and cleverly hooked together again, by an engine with ever clanging bell, our car at the rear, and we went on by the side of the Cowlitz—a tributary of the Columbia—for some way ; and we sat out on our platform in the cooler evening air, watching the stars, which were there, and waiting for the moon, which was not. About ten o'clock or so I went to bed, and slept well, and I wish the frogs had, too ; but the noise they make is appalling, and outdoes that of the train.

We were now in Washington State, and in the



region which goes by the name of the "New Northwest," as its beauties and riches have only been comparatively recently brought into notice. It has magnificent forests of Fir, Hemlock, Cedar, Pine, Spruce, and all the hard woods, too; so that it is one of their most productive lumbering districts; its mineral wealth is also great, for there is gold to be had, Silver, Iron, Copper, and everything else, including Cinnabar and Graphite; nor are its fishing interests to be despised, as we knew by that Salmon.

We had now the prospect of an unbroken week in the "Wildwood"; by no means a disagreeable one, as it was like seeing a permanent panorama without the worry of the shilling admission.

In the night we passed the edge of Puget Sound, and we went right round Mount Rainier, another of the conical peaks, and the most northerly, of the Cascade mountains; therefore we are now working east again. Waking about four o'clock on the morning of the 24th, we found ourselves going through a forest of burnt and fallen trees, of which there are so many. They look desolate and dreary, some ravaged by recent fires, with absolutely no undergrowth; others, where burnt trunks stand up to any height, like black-armed skeletons, with considerable growth of young firs around them, some twenty or thirty years old.

As it was but four, I went to sleep again, to wake at a more Christian hour, amid fresh scenery, some

Sage brush again, and, fast receding in the distance, the last glimpse of Mount Rainier. At the first station M. rushed out, and brought in a beautiful handful of Iris, and a pink flower like a circular Cleome, but quite new. There were red, white, and blue flowers in brilliant and tantalising masses, which we could not get, though Mr. S. and H. N. risked their lives most gallantly at the stations, and brought me in others, which kept me busy drawing all the morning. Most difficult it is to draw when the train is shaking you and your subject from side to side; the heat so great you are nearly melted, and it, withered; while the dust makes paper and colours alike gritty.

We began breakfast to-day with grape fruit, like an acid orange, which has an amiable habit of squirting fountains of juice all over you as soon as a spoon goes near it. It is very refreshing and cool, and, like everything else, including the tea, comes up iced. They begin breakfast here with fruit always, and go to chops or chickens afterwards—I suppose, to lay the dust. After breakfast I took a lesson in the making of lemonade, which Lawrence excels in.

The country changed now and again, but was on the whole rather desolate, without any special point of interest, though at one of the stations we saw a few Indians ride by, on rather ragged but active ponies, but no feathers in their ugly hair, which was covered by respectable felt hats.

There were very few birds to be seen; a few Grebes on a lake, and some Ducks. The Yakima river was the only one of any size; rather a dirty stream which joined the Columbia river just before we recrossed the latter; this time, at Pasco, on a fine bridge. At Rathdrum I got a rapid sketch of a fine wild stretch of country, and it represents a wide extent of greenish yellow plain, bounded by the tops of white and lilac mountains; and here we left Washington, and entered Idaho.

Two paragraphs in the *Oregon Gazette* of to-day (May 24) are good specimens and worth recording. One is headed

#### A VERY LOUD SMELL.

“In referring to the big whale which was recently stranded at Yaquina bay, the *Newport News* says that it is a hundred feet long with a smell twice that length, and was found two miles up the river. It is supposed to be a young one, about ninety years of age, and had been dead three or four years, as it had commenced to decompose.”

Another runs as follows :—

“Of course the Columbia is booming, and a splendid stage of water prevails. River pilots have no trouble now in bringing vessels up, or taking them down.”

We crossed several ravines on these skeleton-looking trestle bridges, and several lakes and

streams in flood, so much so, that we were partly prepared for a disagreeable rumour, as we neared Hope, that there was a "wash out" ahead. At Sandpoint we came to a really beautiful lake, and, as the sun was setting, the colours and outlines of the mountains surrounding it were glorious. It was "Pend Oreille," some forty-five miles long and fifteen wide, and we first crossed the extreme end of it, on a high trestle bridge, and then skirted it the whole way, swinging at a great pace round some very sharp curves, and rushing into the station at Hope, at seven o'clock, only to learn that the report was true, and that we could not go any further; that the train coming west was equally stopped on the other side, and that two breakdown gangs were gone or going to the rescue. But if it is true that the whole bridge over a ravine some eight miles on is swept away, it must at least be many hours before it can be rebuilt; and may be days, if the waters continue to rise.

We felt rather in a scrape, and were, if possible, more thankful than ever that we had no responsibility; the cloud of anxiety, as varying reports came in, gathered on Mr. S.'s brow, but was not reflected on ours. We had only to sit still in the "Wildwood," well provided with books, a replenished larder, and nothing to complain of, having every comfort; and, if not detained too long, we may yet catch up our programme at Chicago; and if the worst comes to the worst, we may find a

back door of escape, by going back to Spokane, and thence get east by another line. We had our evening meal; the ubiquitous John Chinaman loafing around and admiring us; and then enjoyed the luxury of being able to write up journals and letters; which is impossible while moving.

Hope is a very small place, full of "saloons"—shooting and otherwise; and Mr. S. did not advise our taking a walk in it in the evening, so we gave a loose rein to our fancy, and a shot fired in a pot-house close by, later on, enabled us to surround it with any one of Bret Harte's tales of Roaring Camp. The view over the lake would have been lovely, and a solace in itself; but the railway officials, quite regardless of art, pushed us alongside another train, and we could see nothing but its unlovely form. I omitted the mention of an enormous troop of horses which we saw this morning, being driven slowly over the plains by a couple of men riding. They looked very picturesque, and the number of them, horses, mares, and foals, was immense; there must have been many hundreds, and there were very good-looking ones amongst them, all apparently in good condition; but the train went too fast for H. N. and me to complete our selection for next season's hunting.



## CHAPTER X

### ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

NEXT morning (the 25th of May) we woke in considerable uncertainty as to what was to become of us; got up at seven—which was eight, as here Pacific changes to mountain time, and watches have to be put on an hour—breakfasted, and received various reports as to possible progress; the general tendency being that the bridge was nearly repaired, that the train going west would pass first, and would pass us; that we should go on in an hour, and so on. However, the hour proved a long one, and from asking, with hesitation, whether we should have time to visit the Chinese steam laundry, quite close by, to settling down at the dining-room table for an hour or two of drawing, was an easy transition.

The former was admirable; everything was done by steam—washing, ironing, and mangling—under the guidance of three or four Chinese, who laughed in their usual good-natured way when we said “Good morning, John;” and let us look at everything. I then came in and set to work to wash (and dress) my sketches, and hearing a train I said to myself, “Hurrah, here’s the west-going train at last.”

But not at all; for H. N. rushed in, shouting, "Here's a wild engine; come quick."

I ran out in time to see it going off at top speed, the way we had come. It was the station engine, which was standing on the line doing nothing, when the coming train came in full swing, and hit it; this opened its "throttle," so letting the steam on, and away it went at all rates, and must have had a high time of it round all those curves! Accounts differed as to whether the engineer jumped off, or was not on; anyhow, the engine went off without him, and he was left lamenting; it would exhaust itself, they thought, and come to a stop, in some sixteen or seventeen miles. The amusing thing was to see the excitement of the spectators, who all swarmed on the top of the stationary train, and stood staring on the roof. Workmen and labourers; Pullman cooks in costume, from our train; brakemen; Chinese from the laundry and everywhere else, in white jackets and blue legs; officials in semi-uniform; and newspaper boys; and it was funny to see them all drop off again afterwards.

Leaving the engine to its fate, we moved on, at last, before twelve o'clock, and in some eight miles arrived at the cause of all the trouble. The place was not a ravine, but a very broad, wide, stream, called (and rightly) Lightning Creek, which came down in a torrent from the mountains with immense force, and had displaced the flat wooden bridge, on which we, at the slowest of paces, passed gingerly

over, safely. But the water was even then roaring and raging over the planks on which the sleepers were laid, and numbers of workmen were standing on floating logs close by, to make room for us.

The whole of this Northern Pacific line is laid very low, and often follows the edges of rivers with only just width enough for the single line between the water and the hills; so, when, soon after this, Lightning Creek was passed, the engine emitted fearful shrieks, and slowed down to a walk, we, of course, thought something else was up (or down). Looking anxiously out, we saw an old grey mare and foal, contentedly jogging along on the track, close in front of the engine, the conductor trotting along on foot after her; for some little way he could not get her off, as swamps on the right and rocks on the left gave her no chance. However, she presently descended on to a grassy bit on the right, and we then crossed a very fine long bridge, over a wide full-to-overflowing-river called "Clark's Fork," which empties itself into the Pend Oreille Lake. We followed the course of it for a long way; it was bringing great quantities of trees and branches from the hills, and as they came swirling down with great rapidity, and as the water flowed close up to our wheels, we expected that they might prove dangerous; but happily they caused no interruption, except at Beaver creek, which flowed into the river under a bridge, on which was a crane, occupied in

hauling away a dam of floating logs ; so this had to move out of the way before we could proceed ; and delayed us another half-hour.

We were chiefly amongst rivers and floods all day, the former very pretty and wild ; mountains, too, were constantly visible in the back-ground ; the "Cabinet Mountains," part of the Rockies, on the north of us, and "Shoshone" on the south—all far too beautiful to miss, and our detention at Hope did us really a good turn, for we should otherwise have passed through all this by night. Some of the Flat-head Indians in that Reservation, which we passed through before reaching Missoula, rode by, robed in red blankets on red saddle-cloths, and looked very picturesque and effective, as they were not too near. We went very slowly nearly all day, as they were evidently rather in doubt as to the safety of the bridges, some of which were still wet from recent overflow. I felt in no hurry, as there were charming flowers everywhere, and at one time the roadsides were in chequers of blue and yellow, from *Doronicums* and dwarf *Larkspurs*.

Towards evening, as we approached a station called Arlee, we saw part of a train standing on a siding with armed guards surrounding it, and the cars crowded with ill-looking men ; just beyond it tents, and a number of soldiers in the camp. The train, it transpired, contained dynamiters they had just captured, and they had orders to shoot any who attempted to escape ; they had given some trouble

shortly before, and their guards had had to wire for the military, who had just come, and, rather to my surprise, were negroes, in a grey uniform. In a railway shed adjoining were a hundred and eighty of Coxey's army who had violated the law by attempting to storm a train near Hope, and so were similarly guarded. From the glimpse one had of them, through a door half-opened for air, it looked rather like the Black Hole of Calcutta, and I was not sorry to think, as we moved on, that we were leaving them all well behind.

We had passed miles and miles of burnt woods and charred pine trees to-day, and I tried to sketch them in the afternoon, the blue lines of rails fading into a point, in the perspective of distance; a great white mountain rising beyond them, and these Forests of the Dead on either side; just here and there a lumberer's cottage or shed, with, perhaps, a child and a dog; and a strangely lonely life they must lead! Sometimes one saw a man fishing in the streams, of which we crossed many, and one wondered where on earth he came from. It was very hot to-day; indeed, the heat was quite trying. After Arlee, we ascended some four thousand feet, and it took two engines to drag us up, but on the summit it got cooler, and we sat out on our platform till ten o'clock, enjoying the swing down the pass at some sixty or seventy miles an hour, into a green undulating plain below, more like our English downs than anything I have yet seen; only the mono-



tony was broken here and there by great Pine-trees, standing up singly, or in occasional small groups.

We had crossed a small piece of the State of Idaho in the morning, and were now in dusty Montana, and happily passed through a good bit of it during the night; for when we got up on Saturday morning we opened our eyes on Livingstone and the fine snowy spurs of the Rockies which surround it. They are very fine here, rising in abrupt sharp peaks, and one longed to see more of them, especially as only fifty miles south of us lay the tantalising Yellowstone Park, which is not yet free from ice and snow, and consequently the hotels are not open, and we cannot see it; it is sad, as I believe it is quite as fine as Yo Semite, and larger.

Livingstone is a big place, and by it flowed the Yellowstone River, a dirty flood, whose course we followed all day, till, towards evening, it left us at Glendive, to run northwards into the Missouri. The country was pretty and interesting as long as we were in view of the Rockies, but about midday we saw the last of them, perhaps for ever!

About eighty miles from Livingstone we crossed the Big Horn river near Fort Custer, and near there happened the terrible tragedy of July 15, 1876, when Custer and his three hundred were destroyed by the Sioux; a massacre atoned for by the slaughter of Sitting Bull, the grim old chief, and hundreds of the tribe. Not all, though, for old Rain-in-the-Face lives, and, nearer St. Paul's, we discovered that he

and several of the Sioux were in the train in a carriage by themselves going to some show in New York. We went to see them, and found twenty-one of them; the chief himself with a stolid countenance, and many porcupine quills about him; a young half-caste squaw with two papooses was not so bad-looking, and the men were mostly very tall and well set up, much smarter and cleaner, and apparently possessed of more intelligence, than the miserable specimens we saw in Utah. The women were extremely ugly, with wide faces, and their horrid hair. Very dark "redskins" these are, and covered with ornaments of quills and beads and leather fringes. Rain-in-the-Face fought in the Custer fights, and helped in the massacre of the whites, and also took part in the subsequent defence when Sitting Bull fell, and the whites were avenged.

It recalled Longfellow's verses, which are so comparatively little known they will bear quoting here :

In that desolate land and lone,  
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone  
Roar down their mountain path,  
By their fires the Sioux chiefs  
Muttered their woes and griefs  
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face;  
"Revenge upon all the race  
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"  
And the mountains, dark and high,  
From the crags re-echoed the cry  
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide,  
By woodland and riverside,  
The Indian village stood ;  
All was silent as a dream  
Save the rushing of the stream  
And the blue jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,  
Like a bison among the reeds,  
In ambush the Sitting Bull  
Lay with three thousand braves,  
Crouched in their clefts and caves,  
Savage, unmerciful !

Into the fatal snare,  
The White Chief with yellow hair  
And his three hundred men  
Dashed headlong, sword in hand ;  
But of that gallant band  
Not one returned again !

The sudden darkness of death  
Overwhelmed them, like the breath  
And smoke of a furnace fire ;  
By the river's bank, and between  
The rocks of the ravine  
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,  
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,  
Uplifted high in air,  
As a ghastly trophy, bore  
The brave heart that beat no more  
Of the Chief with yellow hair !

Whose was the right and the wrong ?

Sing it, O funeral song,

With a voice that is full of tears,

And say that our broken faith

Wrought all this ruin and scathe

In the year of a hundred years.

After Custer the scenery became rather monotonous, varied with wide open plains, with flocks of cattle, and large troops of horses. A man was galloping along to round up one of the latter, and had to ride all he knew to get to the head of them. The day was much cooler, and after yesterday's heat it was pleasant to sit out on the platform and watch the Bad Lands, of which, as they began about Miles City, we saw a good deal before night closed in and hid the dreary expanse. It is a horrible district of grey washy clay, water-swept into strange forms, with grotesquely shaped ravines, and wide dry stream beds, and no pasture of any kind. They extend into North Dakota, which we crossed partly in the night. These strange dreary formations of clay rocks are even more extraordinary, I believe, in Wyoming, which lies to the south-west of us. They extend also into South Dakota, and are not everywhere as hopeless as here, for in places the land is not entirely lacking in fertility, as there is some good loam in it; but as a rule they are sandy, and covered with a soft sort of sandstone that the water works into round boulders.

Some miles south of Bismark (where we awoke on

the following morning) there is a river, a tributary of the all-devouring Missouri, called the Cannonball River, and its name is derived from these numerous round sandstones with which its banks are covered. But all round this district peculiar formations characteristic of the Bad Lands are met with, suggesting that this area was once a forest, later a great salt sea, then a plain; each representing a long period of time, probably. In places there are found pillars apparently of clay, but the hearts of them are petrified trees, and the Indians regard them with reverence, believing them to be the bodies of their departed squaws. There was a lovely sunset, with an orange and pink sky, which threw up in great relief the intensely blue and perfectly level horizon, broken only by abrupt edges which gave the land the aspect of a series of terraces. We made up in time to-day about two of our lost seventeen hours, but I fear we shall *never* catch thirteen of them, as we can only hope to retrieve two more to-morrow.

Our car being where it is, at the very end, we have a clear view of the strange country we are leaving, and the effect this evening was so odd, as the railroad runs very straight, and we could see it for several miles, without a curve in it. The lines, when the sun was getting low, looked like two silver threads, with nothing in the way of rails or ditch or fence between them and the open country. Cows and horses stray on it at their own sweet will; and



I have a strong suspicion that the engine's cow-catcher did knock an old cow off the line in the evening. We often have to stop for them by day. Query : What happens in the dark ?

We passed two "stations" this evening ; each consisted solely of an upright post supporting a cross board, on which a name was printed in large letters—not a building, or a sign of one, far or near ; but they were further dignified by the usual notice further on, "One Mile to Station." Possibly a town may follow in course of time ; but it rather reminded me of the man who, intending to build a house, put up a front door, which remained by itself for a year or two, till he subsequently surrounded it by a cottage.

## CHAPTER XI

### ST. PAUL'S TO NIAGARA

HAVING passed Medora and fairly entered Dakota, I entered my bed, and before morning we passed Mandan, where we leave mountain, and take up central, time, so that when we woke at eight it was really nine, on the morning of Sunday, May 27.

At some of the stations we passed, Geneva for one, there were a few horses and waggons grouped near a little church—which little churches, and the houses around, are like toys made of wood and painted, and then dropped down anywhere on the grass; and most of the houses are like old ladies and have false fronts; to give them importance, I suppose, the ordinary compass-roofed cottage presents a square face to the person who happens to stand right in front, but a step to the side reveals the fact that the upper part is a wall only.

The country, especially east of Jamestown, on the James River, was one great wheat-field. One of its ranches, they say, is fifteen thousand acres in extent, and employs fifteen reaping-machines at once with four horses to each, so heavy is the crop.

I think it is in this part, too, that they say they plough straight ahead all the morning and come back along the next furrow in the afternoon. There were some good Oak-trees, no Pines, and plenty of irrigating rivers. The train gave us no time, though, to

Pause, and purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,  
Laugh, and leap into the valley,

for, being behind time already, we could not, as we had hoped to do, drive to see the "Laughing Water" which is very near St. Paul's, and for which the very artificial appearance of the Falls of St. Anthony at Minneapolis are a bad substitute.

The Mississippi expends great energy in making these falls, which are just at the entrance to the city. They rush down a sort of semi-artificial slope at different angles, and make much foam and turmoil in a great basin below.

Over them were flying, after the manner of swallows, some very large, long-winged, black birds, like magnified swifts hawking for flies. They call them locally Bullbats, and a subsequent visit to a museum explained to me that they were Goat-suckers.

From Minneapolis we had eleven miles to run to get to the twin city, St. Paul's, across the river. We did

the distance at the rate of sixty miles an hour ; but all in vain ! For though we did get to St. Paul's at 8.20, it was just as the last Chicago train was leaving ; and, though the Burlington line had promised to wait for us, it, too, left just before we arrived ; and perhaps in its worldly wisdom it was right, for it would have taken fully an hour to get the car's couplings altered before we could be hooked on to a fresh line. This operation takes place nearly every time we come on to a line operated by a different company ; but, fortunately, the gauge seems to be the same all over North America, so there is no impediment that an hour or two's labour cannot overcome.

We felt rather as if we had won a race but were disqualified for having gone outside the post, or some similar trifle. It was disappointing, but very likely will not matter in the long run. We were run off with by a tolling engine into a yard, and here, after they had done hammering and smashing at the couplings, we slept in peace and quiet and darkness till seven o'clock, when we were fetched out of the yard and attached to the 7.40 train for Chicago.

8  
9  
*May 28th.*—When we returned to consciousness we found ourselves coasting a beautiful and very blue lake—Lake Peppin—twenty miles or so long ; and, almost without noticing any change, we left its shores for those of the Mississippi, a wide clear river, as yet uncontaminated by the Yellow Missouri, and in flood, for the trees were in it up to their waists,

some nearly to their shoulders ; and, being in their first spring green, the contrast was excessively pretty. Corn-fields, in which the Indian corn was just coming up, were frequent, but in point of fact the river occupied all one side of us all day. We had left Minnesota the other side of St. Paul's, and were now in Wisconsin, looking over the river to Iowa.

Shortly before we got to a place called Waterman the conductor strolled into our car, and told us that the next station was in possession of Coxey's army, and that it was quite possible that they would make an attempt to capture the train. He thought that they might not venture, however, as our train carried the mails, and the penalty for stopping a mail-train would probably deter them. As a matter of fact, we ran into the station pretty fast, and pulling up very short, the mails were flung out, and we went on again, after a scarcely perceptible pause, passing through the dirty-looking crowd who covered both platforms, but who did not, happily, interfere with us. They would not have been agreeable travelling companions, judging by the expression of their faces and the yells with which they greeted us.

There were many small towns, all occupied in the lumber trade ; enormous baulks of timber floated in the river, while the piles and masses of it on the shore were enormous : the floating masses were packed so close, it looked as if you might walk



along them any distance. Beyond this, which continued till about four in the afternoon, there were no special features in the scenery, and the principal excitement was occasioned by a pair of very pretty birds, a little smaller than Thrushes, clothed in black, with gorgeous orange and gold epaulettes, nicknamed the "Soldier blackbird;"\* and great depredators in the rice-fields of Carolina. They, and a Canary, as they call the yellow American Goldfinch,† sat on the telegraph wires for us to admire them.

At Savannah the lovely river left us, but we were there for some minutes, much interested in watching the quick movements of a "stern-wheeler," as it came swinging down the Mississippi; while another came up the river, towing a large raft. We then bore more east, between green fields, Oak woods, and sunshine, but happily not great heat, to-day. Towards evening we came into a small town, where a great commotion was going on—volumes of smoke and a fire-engine galloping along a street indicated the cause; but we were not quite easy till we moved off, as it was known to be a ruse of the Coxeyites to get up a fire near a station, thus drawing off the official attention from the approaching train, while they lifted the rails. However, we again got off without being "held up," and went on unmolested. There was a beautiful sunset, all crimson, pink, and grey, which, as usual, foretold rain; we watched it

\* *Agelaius Phoeniceus*.

† *Spinus tristis*.

from the platform, where we sat till it got quite cold, and soon after ten o'clock we ran into Chicago ; and lay to for the night in the station, amid much ringing of bells and howling of engines.

On Tuesday we woke early, and dressed hastily, having promised Mr. S. that we would breakfast before eight ; as he was anxious to get us out, both to make the most of our time, and also that they might have enough in which to overhaul the " Wildwood," and clean and dust it in our absence. The latter was particularly to be desired, as, in our long trip from the West, of six days and nights without leaving it, dust had accumulated in layers. So by 8.30 we were all ready, and so was a close carriage—for unluckily it was raining—and we drove off to Armour's packing houses.

It was about an hour's drive, through the tall, busy, crowded streets of this busiest of American cities ; occasionally having to stop for a train as it glided across one or other of the streets ; then into the unattractive suburbs, where, though the little houses had grass around them, the fashion of flowers was not. Palms and Bananas are left behind us, and only a few Guelder Roses, here and there, were left. Eventually we came into a different district, where cowboys were riding about ; houses gave place to enormous numbers of cattle-pens, in rows and rows, nearly full of cattle, in various states of rage, discomfort, or philosophy.

In a sort of long court the carriage stopped, and

M. got out, obtained a guide, and inquired if ladies went the rounds. The answer being yes, I got out too, and began the tour. However, in less than ten steps I thought it would not do, as it was dirty and unpromising; in two more M. sent me and Byatt back; a consideration for which I shall ever feel grateful to him.

We sat in the carriage; and a pocket full of letters from home which Mr. S. had obtained for me just as we started, helped to pass the three-quarters of an hour till M. and H. N. returned.

They had seen all they wanted—(and more, I should think!)—from seeing the bullock, or pig, caught and killed, and all the subsequent process carried out by machinery, to packing up the joints for sale and distribution over nearly the whole of North America; as this and Kansas City are the two great meat centres.

I was glad when they came back, and we drove on, through Washington Park, to the site of the World's Fair, the great Columbia Exhibition of last year. They are now pulling down most of the buildings, but many remain, and, though in a crumbling condition, show enough beautiful architecture to fill one with regret at their loss. They were made of lath and plaster, and when the latter goes, and exposes the former at all angles, it rather takes off from the dignity; especially when a graceful figure poised on one foot on the top of a ball, rather like John of Bologna's "Mercury," has

acquired a tilt, and looks as if falling from a height in its over-anxiety to say, "Bless you, my children."

One building is, happily, to remain permanently—a souvenir and sample of a glorious whole; but it was really quite sad to see the rich decorations and ornaments and cornices, and pediments in colour, and silver, all exposed to the rain, and crumbling to pieces. Even these erections cost so much to build and maintain for a year, that the whole thing was scarcely a financial success, and, had they been solid, ruin must have rewarded the venture. An enormous wheel, larger, of course, than any other that ever was, looked most foolish, sticking up alone in the air, with a large piece broken out of its circle.

Leaving the fair ground—its lakes, figures and fountains—we returned to the town, passing the edge of Lake Michigan, looking grey and vast, and drove on to see the Dearborn Monument, a group put up in memory of a massacre by the Indians in 1812, of which a Mrs. Helm and her child were the only survivors; saved by the timely intervention of a chief called Black Partridge, who is depicted in the group as in the act of knocking down the Indian, who was also in the act of knocking her down; and really it cannot have been much comfort for her to live, when she turned round and contemplated the features and expression of her deliverer. The tree under which all this happened grew close by till lately, when it was blown down,

and is now lying prone in the garden of Mr. Pullman (of the cars) who has a nice house close by. The Pullman works are here; so here, I suppose, the invaluable "Wildwood" first saw the light.

To go into the history of Chicago—of how it began in 1804; in 1850 had a population of thirty thousand; in 1890 of a million; of how it has been burnt by fires, swept by storms, tried by strikes, and how it has always jumped up again like a trodden daisy; and how it now covers twenty-four miles one way and eleven the other—would be to copy the pages and usurp the privileges of a guide-book.

Besides, people might not agree with us in thinking seven or eight hours long enough to see it all in; but we did that very fairly by going next to the Auditorium, and on to the top of a tower attached to it, in a lift. The lake was misty, and the town smoky, otherwise the view would have been very fine. So we did not spend much time there, and, finding that it would be too late to go on to Lincoln Park, we went to a photograph shop, drove up and down Wabash Avenue, and one or two more streets; M. went to a knife shop, for a particular kind of knife he had seen in use here. When he got it, he found it was made in England, and the man of the shop told him that they could nowhere get steel good enough for the purpose, except from Sheffield. We looked at some of the fearfully tall houses, some two and twenty stories



high, and then went "home"—*i.e.*, to the railway-station in Van Buren Street, of the Lake-shore, Michigan and Southern line, where our dear car was ready; and thankfully and hurriedly got into it about half-past two.

We left about three, going for a little way along the southern end of Lake Michigan on our way to Niagara, and passing through a part of no less than six States before we got there, *viz.*, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York.

It was not a warm afternoon, though the rain had ceased, and we settled ourselves inside the car; they had just put up a new lamp in it (the old one had St. Vitus's dance), and we could see to read quite comfortably till the usual time for going to bed; during the night we skirted Lake Erie, which I never could see, though I got up three times and looked everywhere for it.

On the 30th we woke at seven, which became eight, as we had arrived at Buffalo, where time again steals a march upon us. We puffed and jangled up and down the station for a bit, finally starting, hindside before, for Niagara, which we reached about breakfast-time. Having finished that meal in the car, we adjourned to an omnibus, which was drawn up on the rails, anywhere, close to our car steps, for the convenience of ourselves and luggage, and then took us to the Clifton House Hotel; a short distance, but in that space the full majesty of the great Niagara Falls was revealed to us. On the

Suspension Bridge, as we crossed from the United States into Canada, we had the finest view of it. The Horeshoe Falls on the Canadian side were an exquisite green and a mass of foam, but the American ones, which are straight, turned over in a tawny yellow shade, and masses of foam also. They were grand, but with a grandeur that did not surprise me, and it was only afterwards that the full beauty grew upon one.

“Thou dost speak  
Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop  
From His right hand, bidding the soul that looks  
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,  
Be humbly wrapp'd in its own nothingness  
And lose itself in Him.”

MRS. SIGOURNEY'S *Niagara*.

At the hotel, which is surrounded by nice wide verandahs to both stories, we settled ourselves in our rooms, looked with approving eyes at the big bath-room attached, and then went out for a drive. Recrossing the bridge, we went to the first point of the American Falls, where the great mass of turbulent tossing water dashes close past us, foams with yellow and golden lights over the perpendicular edge, and falls roaring below.

“Here,” the driver gently adds, “is where the suicides step over.”

As if they were recognised performers.

Thence to Goat Island, the massive rock, which divides the river and breaks it into the two falls.

During a sharp hail-storm we walked down some rather slippery steps and planks, to a rocky point whence we looked into the great chasm which forms the Horseshoe Falls. We longed for sun—a lovely gleam came, and made a perfect rainbow beneath us! It was difficult to leave, so great is the fascination of this enormous mass of moving water.

Next, but a little way further on, we again got out, walking along wooden bridges over the rapids above the falls, to three sister islands in succession; and from the bridges, as well as from various points on these little islands, you look with more and more surprise at what appears to be a hill of water, perpetually surging down upon you; and you almost ask yourself why it does not all come down at once. I thought these acres of cascades and rapids even more astonishing than the actual falls; which pictures and panoramas have given one an idea of; but I had no conception of a river resembling repeated shores of an angry sea.

These sister islands were fascinating. Little rocky paths wound about them, bordered with Maple, Balsam, Mulberry, and black Walnut trees, as green and fresh as possible, though there were not many flowers. Pink Crane's-bill, the inevitable Dandelion, a bright scarlet Columbine, and *Podophyllum*,\* whose large leaves make the children call it the umbrella plant, were nearly all I noticed. On Goat Island is a considerable growth of Sumach.

\* *Podophyllum peltatum*.

From here we resumed our carriage, and drove through the town to a point some way off below the Falls to see the whirlpool—a corner containing sixty acres of mad water, whirling and twisting down. From here we returned towards the big falls, passing a wood bright with a pink undergrowth of the large Crane's-bill, much of the "False Solomon's Seal,"\* and some few plants of the real one† in flower. We stopped at the Lower Cascades (in which Captain Webb was drowned while trying to swim them), and to see them well we had to descend the face of the cliff some two hundred feet in a lift enclosed in a perpendicular chimney, which very much spoils the appearance of the landscape; but everything here is spoilt in a way, by the shops of trash, and the clamorous people who beset you at every point, inviting you to buy all the things you could not possibly wish for. The one thing we did wish for was our luncheon. So Mr. S. kindly took us home, and restored us, before starting again for the town to see a meagre little military display which they keep up to commemorate the war of 1861. Better forgotten, I should have thought. A little body of soldiers parade the place, and, first visiting the cemetery to fire volleys over the graves of those who fell, they then march back to the monument in the town, which was cheerfully decorated by quantities of very small flags (such as are stuck on wedding

\* *Smilacina racemosa*.

† *Polygonatum biflorum*.

cakes), and there they read out the roll-call of the dead. But there was a want of dignity and feeling about it all; and the field-officers in command all wore different uniforms and billy-cock hats. After they dispersed, which they did by getting into a railway train drawn up quite handy, we drove on to the cemetery, our horses shying like anything at the electric cars that flitted playfully by; and how they escape accidents I cannot think.

The cemetery was not very large, but has a carriage-drive all amongst the tombs; leaving it, we came back over the Suspension Bridge, a marvel in itself (and so it should be, for you pay for the privilege at every turn); past the hotel and into the Queen's Park; and along it, till we were lost in a fog made by the spray of the fall—and had to turn back and go up a hill by a very rough road (and their roads *are* rough), till we had, from the top, a very fine view, looking down on the river and the Falls, before the former divides, and where it glides calmly in blue serenity, and suddenly dashes into lines and lines of breakers and cascades, till all culminates in the misty foam of the Horse-shoe Falls. It was cold and grey and nasty, and threatened rain, but we drove a little further, to the scene of a battle-field, Lundy's Lane (another miserable shop-trap for the unwary), and then home, which was, we suddenly found, quite close, so we must have gone a long way round something, to get there so slowly. When we came in I tried a sketch



from my window, but my sketch-book was all too small. We went down to supper before eight, and Mr. S. and H. N. told stories of conjuring and hypnotism against each other, for ever so long.

The next morning was dull and wet looking, so my attempt to sit out and get a souvenir of this wonderful place was soon frustrated. After much trouble had been taken to arrange chairs, cloaks, etc., in a suitable spot just in front of the hotel, and I had sketched in my subject, and begun the colour, the clouds took it in hand themselves and spotted the paper all over, so that my sky looked as if it had got the measles. I snatched it up, and with paint brushes, boxes, and cloaks all between my fingers, ran in to the shelter of the verandah, which had just the same distance, but not the same foreground. Nor did this last long, for at twelve o'clock, we all started in an electric tram which took us to the whirlpool and dropped us there—where we did not want to be dropped—and left us a whole half-hour till another tram came up (with an English party on board), and we went on along the course of the Niagara River, which after all, is somewhat hidden by trees, to Queenstown, opposite Lewiston, and just short of where the river empties itself into Lake Ontario.

Here we waited seven minutes, and all crowded round a man fishing for Bass with minnows; there being no other more worthy object just there for observation. General Brock's monument, erected

on the spot where he and his aide-de-camp fell in 1812, is rather higher up on the hill, and we passed it coming and going. It is curious how well these electric cars climb hills, and ours soon pulled us up, and back to the hotel again in time for luncheon; which was acceptable both for its own sake and for warmth, as the air was quite cool, not to say cold.

After luncheon they went off again in another car, in the other direction, and then to the town, where M. got me a capital Indian blanket, made by the Navaho Indians, in Arizona, a stuffed Baltimore Oriole, and some other relics as souvenirs. Meantime, I had what my heart had longed for, a good undisturbed sit on the balcony, finishing my sketch, which I completed about five o'clock; much to my dissatisfaction, but it was too cold to go on with it; and no paper that any paper-mill has yet turned out is large enough to do justice to such a subject. There were bits of green light in the Horseshoe Falls, and rainbows in the American ones, that were enough to drive one wild.

After dinner we sat reading in a room below, by a fire, the first we have seen for some weeks. Then we prepared for an early departure to-morrow by an early turn-in to-night. Our Niagara time has been rather spoilt by the inferior weather, for, though we have seen everything, it was without the sunshine which it much wants to perfect its beauty and to give it the rich colouring of which our imaginations had to supply a good deal. It is all in a small space, the

surroundings are not fine, and it is much spoilt by its cockney treatment—a contrast, in that respect, to the unimpaired wildness of Yo Semite! I think the upshot of my mental reminiscence of Niagara will be that it is a marvellous mass of water, but that it has no other advantage; no fine scenery, no fine weather, and no fine flowers.

## CHAPTER XII

### CANADA

WE left Clifton House Hotel at eight next day, and drove down to the "Wildwood," which was in the station, and got on board in soaking rain. If this weather continues our scenery will be spoilt. We hung about and dawdled considerably, and finally got off about ten o'clock on the Canadian Trunk Line, passing through some thoroughly English scenery, rain included, till we got to Toronto, about one o'clock. We went for a drive about the town, in a very slow old carriage, which dawdled us to the Queen's Hotel (for letters), to the Bank, up and down some streets of exquisite commonplace respectability, with a few electric cars, chiefly empty; a few people passed who seemed in no hurry, and some "residence" streets looked more dead than alive. The driver, who was rather deaf and entirely stupid, seemed to think that our taste lay in iron bridges, for he drove over as many as he could, till he came to one which he said was the largest and finest of all, but as it had been "washed out" he could not take us over it. Much disappointed, naturally, we

turned round, and had some difficulty in persuading him to take us to the Government buildings, which are the chief thing to see in Toronto, and, passing the College, Observatory, and a fine Library, we came to the new Parliament buildings, which ought to be handsome but seem to have just missed that feature, and are very massive, ponderous, and solid, in a rich dark red stone and a kind of indescribable architecture, with sloping roofs and little squashed domes.

We looked into a Roman Catholic church, decorated in a very poor style of second-rate painting, and even the candles were the worse for wear. The best and handsomest things in the town are, perhaps, the Horse-chestnuts, with which it is abundantly provided down every street. From the top of a tower there was a wide view of the town and the Lake Ontario; the latter boundless as the sea, and of a grim, grey colour; and the former really very large and looking much better from a height. It has 180,000 inhabitants, though we had seen so few of them; the streets are long and straight, and the houses mostly low and with flat roofs, why, I cannot think.

When we got down again to the carriage we were all so cold we decided to walk home, which we did, trying, by the way, three photograph shops before we could get any worth having, and they were only moderately good. We wanted them more as recollections than for the real beauty of the place. There was real beauty, though, and intrinsic merit



in the cups of hot tea with which Lawrence welcomed our return to the car. Happily, we found it where we had left it, and, by carefully avoiding engines, picking our way through puddles, and holding up umbrellas, we managed to arrive there fairly dry, about five o'clock.

We are most fortunate in having effected our trip when we did, for there have been fearful rains in the West, and what with these, and the melting of the snows from the mountains, several of the lines of railway we have been over are now impassable. At Colorado and Pueblo, on the Rio Grande Railway, the floods are terrible; and our beautiful Arkansas River has broken several of the bridges. Near Salida the railway is blocked by landslides and wash-outs also; Denver, the home and hope of all consumptives, is completely isolated, all trains above and below it being stopped; and there is a big wash-out between Colorado Springs and City, and it is feared the latter will suffer greatly; the strikes, too, at Cripple's Creek and other places in that district, are assuming a serious aspect. More, in the North-West, in Washington and British Columbia, it is even worse; the Frazer is still rising, and the flood there threatens to be more destructive than that of 1882. Near there, at Annacis Island, Government steamers have been sent to rescue the ranchers and have saved many lives, but the whole stock of the farms has, in many cases, been swept entirely down the rivers, which means total ruin; and it is now a week since the

Canadian Pacific has run a train through to the West. From Spokane, which we passed eight days ago, on the Northern Pacific, they report that the whole town of Concunelli has been swept away. We were, indeed, most fortunate to have escaped these perils with only the slight inconvenience of the seventeen hours' delay at Hope from the wash-out at Lightning Creek, for even under our eyes the great Willamette and Columbia rivers, Clarke's Fork, and the Mississippi, had risen far above their proper limits.

After our supper in the "Wildwood," M. and H. N. and Mr. S. went out to enjoy a happy half-hour at a panorama they had detected close by. They found the building, but the panorama itself was not at home, the owner having shut up and gone away, in disgust at getting no spectators.

Meantime we were moved about a few feet in the station yard, and a pretty little view of the lake was revealed, so I sat down to a five minutes' sketch; but this small allowance was reduced to less, as a thoughtless engine brought up a long empty car, and dropped it—and left it—exactly between me and my view. Irritating; but I was soon consoled by seeing M. walk home, as fast as was consistent with dignity, in a long black waterproof, and an increasing rain, which soon brought H. N. and Mr. S. in also, with no dignity, but as sharp a run as ever they could manage.

It poured in torrents all the evening, and we sat

still in our armchairs, while Mr. S. added to our meagre knowledge of American politics and education, till nine o'clock or so, at which hour we ought to have started for Ottawa, but there is not so much "push" here, I think, as there is over the border, and we go off more leisurely, and when convenient. I suppose it poured all night, for it certainly was pouring still when we opened our eyes on the 2nd, and felt there could be no hurry about getting up. So we dressed leisurely, and breakfasted, without jolts, in a station; for we had arrived about seven o'clock at Ottawa. At ten o'clock our carriage appeared, but it was quite too wet to start, though it presented the enticing appearance of a real old-fashioned London coach. We felt we ought to have Lawrence and the cook to stand up behind it, especially when the driver assured us it would hold six inside! After a bit, the weather improved a little, and we drove up to the town, to the Russell Hotel, then to the Government buildings, over which we were shown.

There is nothing very striking about the interior. The Senate House is all red, carpets and decoration, while the Legislative Assembly is green. The debates, though generally carried on in English, are sometimes conducted in both languages; and a Member may make a speech in English and be answered by a representative of the Opposition in French. There was a Game Law Bill lying about, a copy of which I begged, and very strict the law is,

both here and at Quebec, and also in Pennsylvania, (and probably in other States also, though I had no opportunity of knowing). They entirely prohibit taking the nests of wild birds, and also regulate a close season for the protection of all birds such as Perchers, and song birds of all kinds, with some few exceptions (such as the impudent little English House Sparrow), from the 1st of March to the 1st of September. The refined little American Song Sparrow is carefully included in the reserved list, together with all the lovely Red and Blue birds, Finches, and Titmice of this sensible country. The period and manner of taking all game birds and beasts, Cariboo, Deer, Beavers, Otters, and so on, is also limited under severe penalties.

The passages and corridors are small and somewhat dark, but some of the rooms are rather handsome, and contain many portraits of late Speakers and Governors-general. The guide took us to the Library, where the librarian, Mr. Griffin, was very courteous and showed us many points of interest, and gave us much information. He is, naturally, very proud of his fine library, and boasts of having some books which even the British Museum has not. It is a large octagon room lined with red pine, and the books are beautifully arranged all round, so that he can put his hand on any one at a moment's notice, and carry it off to his own room close by, to consult, and settle any disputed point, as he promptly did in one case for us.

The Speaker of each house has his own set of living rooms, which we saw next, and envied the lovely views which the windows command. The course of the Ottawa River can be traced for a long way, through the fine overhanging woods, till both lose themselves in the distant hills, which to-day were partially veiled in misty clouds. The Governor-general's house lies half-hid in the woods, about two miles off.

Resuming our ponderous coach, we were next driven through rather handsome streets to the outskirts of the town, to a bridge crossing the Ottawa, whence we looked down into the Chandrière Falls. They are fine and wide, but so utilised as saw-mills that you get no good *coup-d'œil* of them at all. Quantities and masses and piles of lumber line the union of land and water and destroy the beauty of both. Just at the far end of the bridge is an unearthly-looking place, a separate dirty fall, splashing into a sort of whirlpool, which they call Hell's Hole : nothing that goes in ever comes out, but is whirled downwards.

From here we drove about the town a bit, to various points, finally landing at the hotel for luncheon ; and from it we walked out afterwards to find one Colley, who proved to be Tolly, and had the photographs we wanted. We secured some pretty good ones of the Parliament Houses, and the river, and also of the Rideau Falls, which we now meant to go and see in the hour we had still avail-



able. However, when we returned to the hotel the ponderous coach was not there, so we stepped into an electric car, and were whizzed through the town—an excellent way of seeing it quickly—into the suburbs, past the top of the Rideau Falls, which, like the others, are too much in the town to be really beautiful, on to a *point-de-vue*, where the thing stopped, and allowed a few minutes for us to look at the view of the country just above a lovely reach of the river; it loses itself in a very rich-looking landscape, with low well-wooded mountains beyond; but nature was still cloudy, though trying to be fine.

We were soon whizzed back, and it is quite funny to feel the car cantering along the rather uneven rails, and swinging round the corners of the country roads; the whole trip occupied half an hour, and would have taken three times that in the coach. We were deposited somewhere quite near the station, which we left at 4.30 on our way to Montreal. We travelled for four hours through the still English-looking country of green fields; and the woodlands, which in autumn have the glowing colouring for which Canada is famous. Arriving soon after eight o'clock at Montreal we got out, and walked along a sloppy platform to a row of flies, much like the well-known and familiar London cab. M. and I, and Byatt, and my bag got into one; H. N. and Mr. S. and other bags following in another, and we drove along an

endless labyrinth of shiny streets to the Windsor Hotel. We found comfortable rooms, with the usual bath-rooms, which are so good an addition in all the American hotels, and seem to pervade Canada as well as the States.

Hearing that there was a play going on, not far off, M. and H. N. and Mr. S. went off instantly to it, and were rewarded by considerable enjoyment of the thrilling situations in the last acts of "A Fool's Paradise."

We awoke on Sunday to a finer morning—and drove to the eleven o'clock service at the Christ Church Cathedral, not far off; and heard the usual morning service, in a big plain church, not very large, and rather dark, performed by a slow, inaudible old clergyman, who omitted the litany and droned through a thirty-minutes sermon. We came out about 12.40, and, all our energies and faculties being set upon showing H. N. the town, as it is, unluckily, his last day with us, we all jumped into a street electric car; and were promenaded first to one end of the town and then to the other; the latter part, on to a bridge over the St. Lawrence, being the prettiest.

In the afternoon we went out again on foot, and walked some way along the principal street, St. Catherine's, to a crossing where a car picked us up, and took us up a very steep incline, at a gradient of about seventy-five degrees, I believe, up the face of Mont Réal (whence the name of the town).

It was objectionably steep, I thought, but the cable did not break before we got up the seven hundred feet, and we were landed in safety on the top of the hill, which we proceeded to walk round, and gloat over the glorious views which we got in sparse peeps only, till we arrived at a platform whence there was a splendid panorama of the town below us. The wide, blue St. Lawrence flowing slowly past it, with flat distant shores; on either side groups of low mountains executed in shades of blue and violet; the "Green Mountains" far away in front; and behind us, to the South, the "Adirondacks." The river here is about two miles wide, and, with the help of the Ottawa, makes a complete island of Montreal. Formerly its Indian name was "Hochelaga," which in 1640 gave place to "Ville Marie," a hundred years after Jacques Cartier had first settled on the spot, and, I believe, named the hill. Jacques Cartier is therefore the local Columbus and hero, and gives his name to many spots in the neighbourhood.

The town, as we looked down upon it, was of an almost unbroken pink colour, with grey roofs; the only exceptions being the great grey Roman Catholic Cathedral (copied from St. Peter's at Rome) and the new grey City Hall and Post Office; otherwise all is blushing in pinky red. The population, which thus began with Jacques Cartier alone, has, in three hundred and fifty years, increased to over 216,000; of which a great proportion is

French ; and, indeed, only one-third are English-speaking people. The prominent church towers and steeples break the outlines very gracefully, and our hotel in Dominion Square is also a fine building, to which we now directed our steps ; for, finding it was not a very long walk, we decided not again to peril our lives in the fearful cable car that had brought us up ; so we ran, and slipped, and slid, down a very steep path, made easier by many steps, till we found ourselves at the hotel doors, in such good time that instead of going in, we went on across the handsome square, to the great Roman Catholic church, where a mass was going on. We heard some very fine music, smelt some very nice incense, and stayed till all was over, and the officiating priest had been escorted away, under a white satin and gold parasol which was held over him till he was out of sight. Had we stayed a little longer still, we should have wanted brown satin umbrellas held over us, as we recrossed the square, for it began to rain, and soon came on heavily again, after having been a real fine day.

At dinner we had some of what they called "Maraschino Punch," but it was very poor sport, being merely water ice flavoured with weak maraschino and too much sugar. They always have sherbet (or water ice) with their meat. We were all very sad at having come to the end of H. N.'s last day, and Mr. S. did not cease twitting him with how he would miss the comforts of the car ; a fact,

of which he was only too well aware, and he had taken a sorrowful leave of the "Wildwood" last night.

On the fourth we got up early, breakfasting at seven, and then we took leave of H. N., who was to go to-day by train to Albany, by steamer down the Hudson to New York to-morrow, in time to embark on the *Paris* on the sixth. The sorrow of parting was rather intruded on by the supposed loss of my umbrella, which caused everybody to fly in all directions in search of it, and meanwhile it was discovered in the fly with us, close to me, where it ought to be. For we left first, an hour before he did, and drove down to the Canadian Pacific station, where we found the "Wildwood" in a more accessible spot than where we had left it, and Lawrence smiling a welcome.

M. asked him if he had had a quiet time.

"Well, indeed, sir, we've been looking around pretty lively, to get all fixed up neat again."

And neat and clean it was! After a few minutes we were off again, at the rear, as usual, of the train, and had a pleasant journey; more or less, along the shores of the great river, with green fields divided by rail fences, and pretty woods of Oak, Maple, Balsam, and Sumach. These fields are sometimes mere narrow strips, which look very senselessly small, but are often the extent of the owner's property, as land is inherited by all the sons of the proprietor, who may himself have had a good large



field, but, divided amongst four or five heirs, it dwindles into these foolish little strips. The landscape broke into low hills as we neared Quebec, which we reached about three o'clock, after a seven hours' journey, for some part of which we had sat on the platform outside, as it was very sunny and bright, and not cold—a pleasant return to our former good weather.

Arrived at Quebec, we were ready to go and explore the town, though Mr. S. was too busy to accompany us, as he had to go and make definite arrangements for our trip to the Saguenay, which broke new ground to him. We set off in a fly, and were driven along very quaint, narrow streets, and then up very steep ones, to Dufferin Terrace, a wide, boarded one, in front of the Chateau Frontenac Hotel, and having a most lovely view of the harbour; the town of Levis opposite, and the very wide river going North to the sea, and some soft, lovely mountains beyond; the hills also stretching away to the South-west and making a most magnificent landscape. Behind us came first the hotel, a very picturesque building, and a little further, a tall, grey obelisk in memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, who both fell at the siege of Quebec in 1759, and who, enemies in life, but united in death, are thus held in equal honour.

Next we went to the citadel, on the summit of Cape Diamond, and were handed over to the guidance of a soldier of the Canadian Militia, an

Irishman, who showed us all the points of interest, beginning with the King's Bastion, with an enormous sixty-five-pounder which they used to fire daily at noon. But a lamentable circumstance happened some four years ago, which was attributed to the concussion, and they never fire this gun at all now. A tremendous landslip occurred just below the end of the bastion, and an enormous rock rolled from the end of the terrace, and buried completely, in one instant, the houses by the river and their occupants, to the number of forty-seven. Our driver, a rather amusing French Canadian, told us all this on the terrace, and seemed anxious that we should poise ourselves on the tips of some iron railings that we might see better where the houses were—and are not. Fearing to follow the fallen rock, without the same historical results, we were contented to lean over more gingerly.

To return to our guns. They now fire a smaller one at noon and at 9.30 P.M., so the citizens have no excuse for letting their clocks go wrong. There was in the middle of a sandy courtyard a little gun, looking like the great-grandchild of the big one; it was captured by the English at the battle of Bunker's Hill, in 1755, and is made of bell-metal, and looks green and innocent.

From another bastion we looked down on the steep, grass-grown slope below the fortification, up which the English, led by Wolfe, advanced in the dark to scale the heights, to reach the Plains of

Abraham, where the French, under Montcalm, were encamped. A post stuck in the ground marks the precise spot where Wolfe was struck down by a French sentinel ; but he recovered himself and fought his battle, only to be shot dead in the moment of victory, just after Montcalm, too, had been mortally wounded. A low stone pillar, with a helmet and sword at the top, and the inscription,

“ Here fell Wolfe—Victorious—13 September, 1759,”

marks the spot.

The plains are still scored with the traces of the redoubts and entrenchments which surrounded the French army, though they are now a large, flat, peaceable expanse of thick green pasture. A gloomy-looking prison lies between them and the town, and still nearer to Quebec are the handsome Government buildings, where the business of the State of Quebec is carried on.

Looking down on the river from the bastion, they also point out a bend in the St. Lawrence that is called Wolfe's Creek, where he left his ships and disembarked in the dead of night the five thousand men who achieved the victory that cost him his life, and allowed him to see so little of Canada after his long voyage across the Atlantic ; for, as I understand, he had only quite recently arrived from England, so that the French were completely taken by surprise. My historical recollections, being revived by the Irish soldier and the Canadian driver, may, perhaps, not be

absolutely reliable in all details, but they make a very connected story, which is confirmed by the monuments.

To expiate any untruths he may have inadvertently told us, I suppose, the driver next tumbled us out at the door of a Roman Catholic church, and the streets are so curiously sloping at the sides, we did, very nearly, literally slip out. It was a white and gold church, but with no incense, no music, and very little ornament. The next one to which he took us was the Cathedral, and this was much richer and more ornate, and would have been handsome, but for being too narrow in its proportions. It was all grey and gold.

Having exhausted the town, and ourselves, we were swung down the steep street, aptly called "*Rue côte de la Montagne*," which we had crawled up, and deposited at the door of the station ; finding our "*Wildwood*" in a very nice quiet corner outside it, in a sort of retired street.

We comforted ourselves with hot tea while awaiting Mr. S.'s return, which however soon took place, and he drove up in a little *calèche*, the funniest carriage I ever saw, and peculiar to Quebec. It holds two people inside, is drawn by one horse, and is shaped like a quite round basket on C-springs.

He has arranged all our trip capitally, and found all the railway officials most kind and courteous.

We settled down for the evening, feeling it a real luxury to be in our dear car, which means at home,

and yet not be shaken to bits all the time. We took such advantage of the unusual stillness in the way of writing up journals and letters, that I began to fear the ink would not hold out. We sleep on board—"all aboard" is the cry for "take your seats, please"—and go on to-morrow morning. Having passed a good and very quiet night, we were up by eight o'clock, to see the view as we left the city. Stepping out on to the platform to enjoy the sight and smell of a lovely morning in spring—for it is only spring here, though we had summer last week—we became aware of a wedding-party on the platform, very much dressed out, and awaiting the bride with handfuls and bags of rice. Presently there appeared in their midst an excited little woman in drab, and an anxious youth in a top hat, who were duly pelted, after they had kissed and hugged every soul on the platform. Such an amount of kissing I never saw before, anywhere.

We were soon on our way, attached to a composite train, freight and cars, as there is not traffic enough to run many trains on this line, the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. The journey was pretty from the beginning, going at first through a little cultivated grass land, but soon getting into a region of stunted Fir-trees, evidently now only recovering from the long snows of winter; there was an undergrowth that looked like Bilberries, and a good deal of Fern, but it all had a very Northern look, and reminded us much of Norway. A little further on,



the hills got higher and wilder, and we crossed many lovely rivers, and the Falls of the Jacque Cartier, a salmon river, were simply lovely. Two streams seemed to meet, and tumble into each other's arms, and then go on together whirling and valsing over the rocks, glancing in sunshine and sparkling spray. A blue lake, Sergeant Lake, is wonderfully pretty, encircled by green trees and Firs, which come down to the very edge of the water; and we wound slowly up the Lawrentian Mountains, between forests, sometimes green, sometimes broken by great grey rocks, till we got to the Rivière-à-Pierre junction. Here they put our car right side up, by running us round a triangle of rails; for hitherto we had been travelling backwards, this was much nicer, as it made our platform available again.

We were now entering the Cariboo country; a network of trout rivers and woods full of game. Soon there appeared a most beautiful river, the Batiscan; for about thirty miles it flowed by the side of the railroad and was simply magnificent, all rapids and cascades, with a great smooth pool for a short way, but all white with bubbles from the wild cataracts above, which we could see and hear for miles. It was a wild, wide, raging torrent, and at certain rocky turns and twists was perfectly mad. Its deep brown smoothnesses were delicious in the middle of rolls and wreaths of white foam. This river, which flows into the St. Lawrence below

Quebec, rises in the beautiful Lac des Grandes Isles, which we skirted. It is about twenty miles long by eight wide, and is famous for its excellent fishing. It is full of attractive and very green islands, with sandy beaches. Some fishermen in our train were persuaded by the landlord of the little inn to get out and make a stay there, before going on to Roberval, and I fancy they were quite right to do so.

The valley was narrow as long as we were following the course of the Batiscan, high rocks were on our right, and similar ones defended the other side of the river, itself varying from three to six hundred feet in width, so that, though not quite a ravine, there was generally not much space to spare besides what was occupied by the river and our tortuous railroad, which had to follow all the windings of the stream. After midday, however, all this changed, and we entered, and traversed for miles and miles, a most desolate country—the sad result of forest fires, one of which devastated the whole district only some two years ago; and the conductor of our train told me that it was blazing fiercely as they came through it, and they had to rush the train through at full speed to escape with their lives. Such an aspect of dead country I have nowhere else seen, for, this fire having been so recent, even the underwood had not had time to recover at all, and the great black trunks of the trees rose out of a soil nearly as

charred and black as themselves. About thirty years ago there was an even worse and more extraordinarily rapid fire, over this same district, which burnt up every tree, and neither beast nor bird escaped.

It was not till we got in sight of the great St. John's Lake, and nearly to Chambord, that the landscape recovered a more cheerful aspect. The train had stopped at Lake Edward station for the passengers to snatch a hasty dinner, and M. and I. wandered a little way in search of flowers, but found only a few, and those Norwegian friends, such as Dwarf Cornel,\* *Trientalis*,† and the *Maianthemum Canadense*, for which, small as it is, I can find no simpler name. Indeed, there was much to-day both in vegetation and scenery that recalled Norway. We subsequently passed a tread-mill being worked by a horse, who looked most dreadfully bored. They were making use of it to bore a hole in the ground.

St. John's Lake, whose Indian name is *Pikongami*, appeared in sight long before we reached the terminus. It is about forty miles in diameter every way, of a most curious colour, a dark purplish red, with waves like the sea; and it affords wonderful fishing, as the *Ouananiche* lives in it, and gives excellent sport, as well as excellent eating. The theory is that it is a salmon which never gets down to the sea; but it does not exceed four or five pounds weight, as a rule.

\* *Cornus Canadensis*.

† *Trientalis Americana*.

"The Wildwood" was the first car of its kind that had penetrated so far north, and I believe it was a question with the authorities at Quebec whether its great length would allow of its traversing safely some of the sharp curves along the Batiscan valley. But they spared no trouble to ascertain this, and indeed their courtesy throughout was extreme, for they arranged and altered their usual schedule so as to enable us to see as much as possible of the beauties of the counties of Quebec and Chicoutimi. That our car was a novelty was evident by the astonished scrutiny of one of the men who looked over the train when it pulled up at one of the stations.

"Whatever is this?" he said, "something that's never been on our line before."

And he walked round it, looking it up and down as if he expected it to turn into something else under his eyes.

Passing Chambord junction, and leaving the bulk of the train there, the engine ran our car up to the Roberval Hotel, and dropped us at the bottom of the garden.

On purpose to accommodate us, the freight cars were detached before this, I believe, in order to get us up to Roberval an hour *before* time—and, equally to oblige us, they kept another train waiting from about five o'clock to 7.30, in order that we might have an hour and a half to dine at Roberval and eat Ouananiche. Just before reaching it,

the engine pulled up on a bridge, as the conductor wished to point out the great falls of the Ouiatchouan, a magnificent mass of foam and misty spray in the *beau milieu* of the green woods ; the Ouiatchouan river there, widening into a tarn, and falling two hundred and eighty feet, resumes its character as a river below, and flows into the great red lake close by.

It was six o'clock when we got out of our car, and walked up the garden to the hotel, where they were expecting us, only the waiter explained we had come too soon, as he had not had time to put his collar on. However, we got over that, and, with his collarless help, I established myself in an upper room, and had nearly half an hour to attempt a sketch of this bewildering lake, before dinner and its Ouananiche were ready. This was an unusually large allowance of time, but never was a subject so perplexing or so subversive of all the rules of painting ; as the water, which is generally expected to be blue, or white, or reflective, was a dark, turbulent, opaque red. How to make the difference, therefore, between land and sea, and add atmospheric distance to the hills, and execute an elaborate evening sky, in so short a time, was a problem which was only partially solved, when two or three waiters, in turn, came to fetch me for the Epicurean meal below.

It certainly was excellent, and the fish was worthy of its renown. As soon as dinner was over and we



looked out again at the weird lake, we saw the engine return with our "Wildwood," into which we stepped, and at Chambord were attached to that patient train, going on through the semi-darkness of the Northern night to Chicoutimi.

There was something very fascinating in the wildness of our whole journey to-day, for, though we could not see them, we knew that several kinds of Deer, Beavers, Otters, grey and black Foxes, besides Ermine, Sable, and Minx, all inhabit the country around St. John's Lake; that formerly it was the centre where the great councils of the Indians used to assemble—the Hurons, Algonquins, and the Montagnais, and hither came also from the North the diminutive but highly skilled race the Nasquapees of Ungava, who could smell fire from afar, and to whom spirit-rappings revealed the unknown—that into this lake flow vast rivers from the North—a fine wild, partly-explored, sporting country—and from the West, such as the Ashuapmouchuan, the Mistassini, the Peribouka, and the Matabachuan; while only the Saguenay flows out.

The outfall of the lake into this river, where much of the fishing takes place in canoes, forms a series of seething rapids, which continue, with brief interruptions, to Chicoutimi, a distance of forty miles, and the head of the steamboat navigation. And here it was that we arrived in the night, and "lay to" in the station till early morning.

We were told that the steamer, the *Saguenay*,

was coming up on a tide, and the captain had promised to blow his whistle; and then allow us half an hour to dress. So we had everything ready to jump into our clothes, and of course I woke too soon and thought I could hear it. However, at 3.5 there was no mistake about it, and up we got, and were surprised to find the sun well up before us; and broad daylight was shining as we got on board a fair-sized, very hot steamer, lying close to the railway station. The main cabin, like a long corridor, was roasting, being all heated with very hot air—a contrast to that out of doors on deck, which was frosty and nippy. After a brief examination of our quarters and of the scenery—which at that point offered nothing very remarkable, though it included a bishop's palace, and some fine, though partially invisible, falls at Chicoutimi itself—we decided to sleep, if we could, and at once. So I got two quiet hours in my berth, while M. slept on a sofa in the hot cabin, and we both woke finally about seven o'clock in Ha! Ha! Bay.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE SAGUENAY AND QUEBEC

HA! HA! BAY is very pretty, with low rocky shores overgrown with very bright green willows and some firs. We sailed on at about eight knots an hour, and after breakfast below came up before nine o'clock, just at the beginning of the fine scenery which is made so much of; and for some miles it certainly was excessively pretty, though not so melodramatically grand as the books make out. It is a wide river, regarded as a sort of split of volcanic origin in the Lawrentian mountains, of very dark water, with two or three fine headlands, some eighteen hundred feet high, especially Capes Trinity and Eternity; and in the bay between them the rocks come down perpendicularly into the water; and the river is, they say, fathomless.

There is rather a curious optical delusion there; the steamer appears to go so close to the rocks as it skirts the bay, that you almost expect them to touch, and yet a stone, thrown from the boat and well directed by a man's strong arm, fails to reach the rocks, and falls vexatiously short, with a splash, into the river.

There are some lovely views, especially on the southern shores, where we pass St. John's Bay and the mouth of the Little Saguenay; and finally at Tadousac, a hundred and forty miles from the "Great Discharge" (as they call the point where it leaves its parent lake), where, through a mighty chasm in the mountains, it flows into the stately St. Lawrence. It is nearly two miles across at this outlet, and yet a very little way from it you look back and can hardly see the break that it makes, so quickly and compactly do the mountains close up upon it.

We reached Tadousac about midday, and, as the boat waited there an hour, which indeed seemed its usual allowance at every stopping-place, we got out for a refreshing, but hot, walk, to explore a Roman Catholic church, supposed to be the oldest in America; it had much of the dirt, though none of the charm, of antiquity, about it. Its situation was lovely, on high ground overlooking the wide St. Lawrence, and itself overlooked by the higher round hills known as the Mamelons of Tadousac. Returning from our dusty explorations we passed a cottage garden and caught sight of a lovely pink *Cypripedium*\* in flower. It was the Moccasin Flower, which grows all over this part of Canada, and southwards to North Carolina: but is becoming alarmingly rare in settled neighbourhoods, and, like the Indian whose name it

\* *Cypripedium Acaule*.

recalls, it loves primitive forests, and the deep seclusion of mountain fastnesses. It cannot be forgotten, once seen, with its large flower nodding at the summit of its stalk, its rose-pink lip veined with deeper red like a delicate silk bag. I longed to gather and paint it, but it was private property, so I reluctantly left it; and subsequently virtue had its own reward, a rare but gratifying event.

Shortly before we reached Tadousac, M. had made friends with a particularly charming patriarchal old gentleman, with snow-white hair. He proved to be Mr. John McLaren, a Scotchman, originally from Perth, and still at the age of eighty-one an active ranger of these forests, and full of wonderful knowledge of them. They had a pleasant talk, but too short a one, as his mind was stored with forest lore, which one would have loved to have heard more of. Tadousac was his destination, but before they parted M. and he exchanged souvenirs, and we are not to forget to send him a good walking-stick from the land of his ancestors, which he has long been wishing for. He says that after these terrible forest fires have desolated his beautiful woods, a growth of hard wood invariably follows from the ashes of the soft.

Re-embarked on our vessel, she went straight ahead, across the St. Lawrence for twenty miles, to a place called *Rivière du Loup*; a pretty village. M. and Mr. S. got out for exercise to pass the waiting hour, but, having already had a two-mile



walk in a rather hot sun, I was well content to sit still and amuse myself by a sketch.

We were lucky in having a really lovely day, with exquisite lights and shades, over this immense river, which might be the sea, as far as both ends are concerned, though the sides are bordered with picturesque hills and islands, in delicate shades of blue and purple. The river is a tidal one very nearly to Quebec, and there is a great deal of motion and pretty ripple on the surface, though not enough to be perceptible on the steamer. It took us two hours and a half to reach our next point, Murray Bay, some eighty miles down the river from Quebec, and, having had our last meal, and finding we were to stay there till ten o'clock, we set out for a walk. We wound up a hilly high road, bordered with real good grass, scarlet Columbine, and sweet wild Violets; then by a track past an uninhabited house, and up a little footpath through a Fir wood, carpeted with dwarf Cornel, and at last began to wonder where we were going to. However, there was nothing for it but to go on and up till we could at least see out; before very long we emerged on a road, and wandered along it a little way collecting flowers, when suddenly my maid came to me:

“Here are two pretty pink ones, my lady.”

I nearly screamed. “Cypripediums! Where *did* you get them?”

“Close by, and I think there are some more.”

I flew to the corner, and there amongst Ferns and grass was a nice little settlement of lovely ones, growing wild. So now I have gathered a wild Orchid, as well as seen a Humming-bird! We gathered flowers and roots, and blessed the steamer's delay that gave us this rare opportunity, and repaid my honesty of the morning.

Now, however, we had to get back to the Bay, which we did by walking down a long hill overlooking it, and watching a great shoal of Herrings, pursued and surrounded by some enormous white fish, who kept showing themselves on the top of the water, and looked immense from where we were—"Marsouins" the natives call them; we called them Herring-whales.

At a deserted hotel, where we went in the vain search for photographs, we found nothing alive but Frogs, who were singing sweetly; for it had not yet "opened" for the season. Murray Bay is, it appears, a summer resort, and then the uninhabited house and the empty hotel are filled with the rank and fashion of Canada.

Canada, by the way, seems to be derived from the Iroquois word Canatha, a collection of wigwams; and as they pronounce "th" hard like a "d," it is at any rate a probable origin. From the Frogs, we walked down steep wooden steps to the pier, and, having escaped death at the hands of two fierce dogs who threatened our lives with much noise, we regained our steamer at about nine

o'clock, after a delightful two hours' stroll. We sat and stood about on deck, admiring the view, which in the fading light was mysterious and pretty; and before we went below, the crescent moon came out, and was pretty too, and recalled the last time we had watched a young moon—on the plains of Nevada. We finally retired to our berths, which were really not so uncomfortable as many, and during the night we continued our journey, so that waking at five A.M. on the 7th of June we found ourselves in sight of Quebec.

It was a lovely approach to Quebec, and it loomed in front of us, in a delicate uniform grey of the softest shades; so I got my book, and made a grey sketch of it from the windows of the deserted cabin. Subsequently I finished dressing and before seven o'clock we left the *Saguenay* in the port, and walked up the steep hill to the "Chateau Frontenac" just above. A porter carried our modest luggage, and we soon arrived at the hotel, wanting our breakfast. Our wants were soon (and handsomely) supplied, and by nine o'clock we were ready to set out for a drive; Lawrence had in the meantime arrived with the rest of our bags from the "Wildwood." He had brought it back from Chicoutimi yesterday, "dead-head" as they call it (which means empty), and arrived here in the evening. So, knowing it was there, and safe, Mr. S. was happy again; for it had been rather an experiment altogether, and it would have been dreadful if



QUEBEC IN EARLY MORNING, FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE





it had caught on a curve and got "ditched" in the Batiscan.

But to resume our drive from Quebec to the Montmorenci Falls; we went first across a long bridge over the beautiful Charles River which passes on one side of Quebec, and on through a village smelling of Lilacs, and much decorated with flags, in honour of some Roman Catholic observance; passing, on our right, an old building, half barrack and half farm, where General Wolfe and his army spent the night preceding his ill-fated victory. In about eight miles we came to the Montmorenci River, where we got out, and walked along a well-kept woodland walk to a height, whence we looked across a chasm to the well-known Montmorenci Falls.

They are some two hundred and fifty feet high, and come shear over the brow of a cliff, headlong into the St. Lawrence.

The grey and red cliffs, over which the river falls in an unbroken sheet of white and fleecy foam, are bare, and severe, and grand.

There were steps down one side of the rock, by which you could reach the shore if you wished it, but I preferred stopping half-way, and I had a quiet half-hour, in which to make a rough unfinished sketch. M. had a still quieter time, as when I came up to rejoin the party I found him fast asleep; so we ruthlessly shouted "all aboard" and woke him up, as there was yet much to see. We were

all, I must admit, most desperately sleepy this morning, after two broken nights, and took it in turns to drop off, even in the carriage.

Rejoining the latter at the little inn where it had put up, we were driven for about a mile, by a very rough road, across some fields, including a bridge made of a few boards thrown alongside each other, and in no way fastened, to the top of a little narrow path which led down a bank, and down which we shortly found ourselves slipping and sliding till we came to the edge of the river, which here goes through a most curious formation of steps—the Natural-steps, they call them : and most curious they are. The whole of the rocks, on either side of the stream, being apparently a series of steps and ledges, the channel of the river is much contracted by them, and the water rushes through in little cascades, and the rocky steps tower above it and almost close it in. It is impossible to describe it, but it is certainly one of the prettiest things we have seen, and I was vexed to have no finished sketch of it ; especially when I thought it over afterwards. Colour, form, and all surroundings were most inviting ; but time—and also the very wet rocky ledges we had to climb about on to see it well—offered impediments. Scarlet Columbine was growing all over on the rocks, and with masses of large blue Dog Violets, made an admirable foreground.

Home, however, we had to go, again driving through the Lilacs and spring flowers ; and we seem



THE NATURAL STEPS, ON THE MONTMORENCI RIVER



to have gone back some weeks since leaving sunny California.

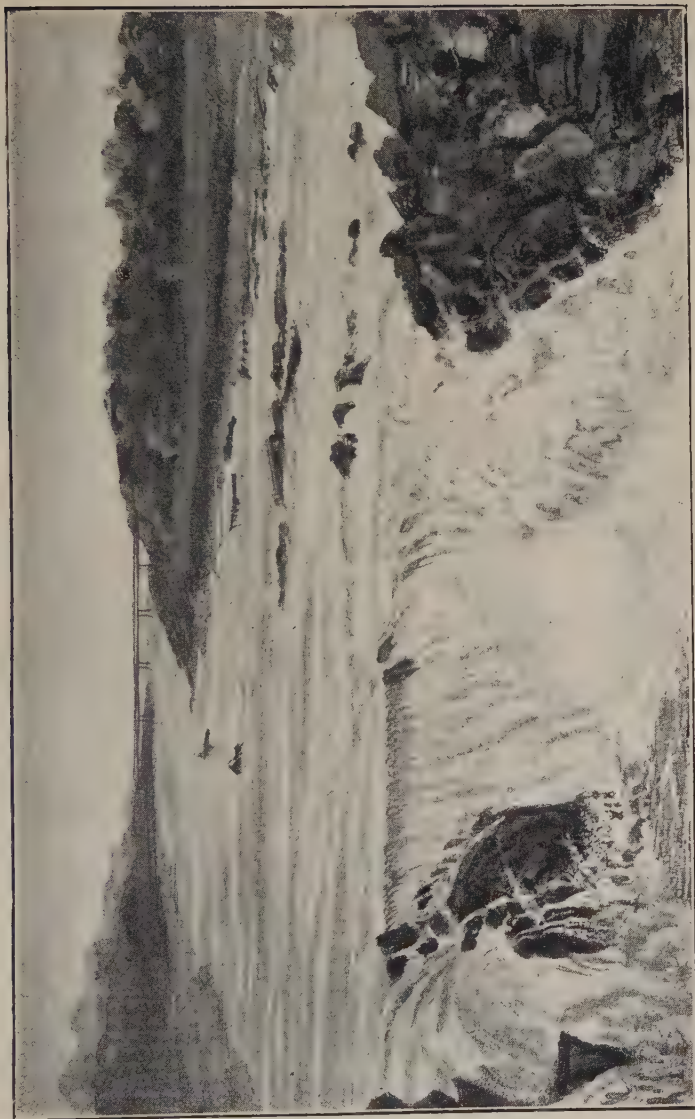
We returned to the hotel, and got a hasty luncheon, while our driver went to change his horses, and we were ready, when he was, for a fresh start to Lorette, a village possessing a waterfall. Before we got there, however, rain came down amain, a great thunder-storm swept over the hills and enveloped us in the edge of it; luckily no more, but that was enough to obscure the view both of the Falls and every thing else for awhile; as we had to shut the carriage to keep the rain out, and so kept the view out also. We got a fair idea of the Falls, but the driver mixed up waterfalls with waterworks, and wasted time taking us to the latter, where, except perhaps to hydraulic and scientific minds, there was absolutely nothing to be seen. We saw huts of the Huron Indians, and could easily imagine the occupants. It cleared before we got back to the Chateau Frontenac where I "descended," M. and Mr. S. going on to explore a few shops. We had a short evening, being so sleepy we could hardly keep our eyes open long enough to see the way into bed.

Friday, June 8, and a lovely morning! I had rather hoped to get up early to sketch the beautiful harbour and hills from my window, but slept too well, and too late, and had time for nothing, before starting at 9.30 to drive to the Chandrière Falls, some ten miles away. We had the same



carriage and driver, who professed to know his way, but before we got far it became evident that he only knew in a general way in what direction they lay, and that nobody ever went to them; and we pursued an anxious course, first crossing, carriage and all, by the ferry to Levis, and thence along very pretty roads, the St. Lawrence on our right, and fine rocks on the left overgrown with the scarlet Columbine\* which seems to be the prevailing weed of this part of the world. It has long slender straight spurs, and very long yellow stamens like tassels. The driver asked his way here and there, and we traversed successfully the French-looking village of Etchemin, with its little waterfall, which appeared to be executed in lengths of yellow spun sugar. For nine miles we went on, in uncertainty, till we found we had passed the turn to the Falls, which we could hear plainly, and arrived at the Chandrière river, above them. Driving back about a mile, we got out at the house of an old French farmer, and, under his friendly guidance, walked across several green fields, with no path, or trace of one, till we got to a view so fine—it took one's breath away! Magnificent falls, right opposite to us, one hundred and twenty feet high and three hundred wide, raging and tearing, in white and tawny foam, into a black and tawny abyss below! The finest, loveliest thing I have seen yet! More beautiful than Niagara, though of

\* *Aquilegia Canadensis*.



FALLS OF THE CHAUDRIERE, IN LEVIS, CANADA



course not so vast, with such a blue wide cascading river above it, and such a black raging current below ! We were on a sort of cliff, and by a slight curve in the river, almost in front of it, and were deluged with spray where we stood ; but there was nothing for it but to draw, spray and all, or not at all ; so they got me a dead old tree to sit on, and a dead old branch for my feet, and I did all I could, but it would have taken six hours and three sketches to do it justice. It is simply glorious, and the Falls seem to splash and curl over each other at varying angles in a manner quite different to the usual fashion of waterfalls ; and the effect was picturesque beyond measure—dark brown still pools in the crevices of the hard grey rocks, contrasting with white foam and silver spray ; and the colours in the abyss below were indescribable and baffle both pen and paint brush.

I went on till I, and paper, and paint, were all saturated alike, and then summoned the rest of the party, who had patiently and kindly wandered about ; and we walked back with the old farmer, who told us the history of his forty years' life there, and wondered a little, as I did much, that his fine Falls were not more known and visited. It was sad to leave them ; but we had to get home to luncheon, as all our shops had been left to the last few hours of this afternoon. We hunted up some fairly good photographs, but not one could we find of the lovely Chandrière Falls, so my unfinished sketch became

our only souvenir. Then we went to a very amusing fur shop, *La liberté*, where, besides a sort of playground for stuffed Bears, old and young, and brown and white; Arctic Foxes, white and silver, etc., there were other things of furry interest, and of much the same nature and price as at Brunn's at Thronthjem, or the fur shops in London, with which this man is in constant correspondence. As a complimentary purchase I got some sealskin slippers and Indian curiosities, but it was not worth cumbering ourselves with large things; and so we went on to see the Laval Museum.

Their gallery of pictures was a marvel! Seeing in the catalogue one with the name of *Salvator Rosa* attached, I went to look for it, and found some gay peasants playing cards on a tree trunk, all in a light and airy tone that was enough to have made that gloomy old master turn in his grave. Their natural history was better than their art, for their birds, though badly stuffed, were at least original. It did not take us long to go through it, luckily for the venerable curator, who was, I think, so surprised at having visitors at all, that he quite forgot himself, and very good-naturedly let us in after it was closed. A book shop, which had nothing that we wanted, was our last quest, and then we went back to the "Chateau Frontenac" to dine; and as soon as that ceremony was completed, we drove down the steep town to the Canadian Pacific Station, and found our car ready to welcome us.



A precious hour before starting was devoted to pressing the Cypripedium and other flowers, and writing up this journal. At half-past ten the train just glided out of the station without a word, and we travelled all night, by the road we had travelled before, back to Montreal, which we reached about six in the morning of June 9th.

We breakfasted in our stationary car, and about nine o'clock we got into a fly and drove to the Grand Trunk Station, got into the luxurious olive-green velvet armchairs of a parlour car, which, to our amusement, we had to ourselves all the way to Cornwall, as nobody got in, except the train conductor and the Pullman conductor, who reclined comfortably in the vacant chairs and read their papers.

The scenery was green and pretty, especially the little woods we frequently passed through, but the perpetual rail fences are rather stiff and ugly. The sides of the track were swampy and grew Blue Iris, Yellow Water Lilies, and a white flower like a stout Wood Anemone. We reached Cornwall in two hours. It is a town of some eight thousand inhabitants, and any amount of cotton mills. We drove up and down its rectangular streets for twenty minutes, and were then taken to the Rossmore Hotel, where luncheon was administered to us. We were then picked up again and driven to a pier, where we sat or strolled in the sun for half an hour, till at 1.15 the *Corsican* arrived from Toronto and took us on board.

There were already a good many people on the fore part of the ship, so Mr. S. appealed to the captain, who kindly invited us on to his upper deck, where we were soon comfortably established on chairs, with an unimpeded outlook. It was sunny at first, though it clouded a little after, and was not too hot; indeed, later it got quite cool on our windy elevation. The first two hours were occupied in steaming through the Lake of St. Francis, a great widening of the St. Lawrence, for twenty miles; the width ranging from five to eight miles. We then got to Coteau, and took a pilot on board, first swinging through a rather narrow bridge; at least it seemed narrow through the piers, as the bridge itself was opened out to let us through. Then came the Coteau Rapids, a wide stretch of broken water, all foaming and cascading, down which we swung very beautifully, between the green islands; and then went on through another calm spell of the wide river—two to three miles wide, with very flat low shores.

We passed a steamer towing an enormous raft of timber, four feet of it under water, and Indians upon it, as when they get to the Rapids the steamer lets go, the rafts divide, and the Indians steer them with long poles as best they can. There were some pretty French villages on the shores, and Indians in their canoes here and there. Then came in quick succession the "Cedar," "Split Rock," and "Cascade Rapids," quite exciting and most beautiful, all of

which we shot to the captain's own admiration. "A pretty lively gait, that," was his remark.

I don't know that it added much to our sense of security to see him now and then whisper to Mr. S., to point out the exact rock on which the *Columbia*, *Magnet*, and other vessels had struck; and where his own ship, two years ago, took fire. He had only just time to run it ashore, and by the superhuman exertions of himself and crew, not only were all the passengers saved, but their luggage also. The poor men themselves lost everything they possessed, and got no compensation, and hardly thanks; and a wretch of a woman actually claimed damages because one of her trunks got wet and her Sunday gown injured—when she ought to have been too thankful to have escaped with her life! She was not English, happily.

After these three rapids, there was another stretch of calm water, and we could see the triple-headed hill above Montreal getting nearer and clearer as we approached the Lachine Rapids, last and finest of all. We swung magnificently down them, and then had the good luck to see another steamer do the same thing behind us, which made us realise more fully the danger of the exploit. She came a tremendous pace after us, and it was really a fine sight.

We got to the harbour and were landed by about seven o'clock, went up to the Windsor Hotel, dined quickly, and went off to the play to see "Charley's Aunt."

The next morning being Sunday, we walked to a church close by the hotel in the same square, and found a better service than the one we had experimented on last week. After our recent excursion to the wilds of Lake Pikouagami and its forests, the beautiful verses which came in the Psalms for the day rang with peculiar meaning—

“ All the beasts of the forest are mine,  
And so are the cattle on a thousand hills,  
All the fowls upon the mountains,  
And the wild beasts of the field are in my sight.”

After the service we walked back, and started afresh directly to visit the kennels of the “ Montreal Hounds; ” they were not two miles off, and almost in the town. The huntsman is Nicholls, and the whip, his brother ; both from Cornwall, near Truro. Both were intelligent and keen, and they had a wonderfully good pack—considering the disadvantages they are under—some forty-three couple. Some they breed here, but they have a draft out from England nearly every year. The pack was established in 1826, and the present M.F.H., Mr. Allen, has had them about four years. They hunt the Island of Montreal, so their boundary is well defined, and no disagreement about digging their neighbour’s foxes possible. They begin cubbing on the 15th of August, and that lasts one month ; then regular hunting commences in the middle of September, and lasts till the snow stops them, at

the end of November, or perhaps it may run into the early part of December; so their season is short, and their tally too, six or seven brace constituting a good season.

The hounds seemed in excellent health and first-class condition, good-tempered, and very fond of their huntsman, whose manners with them were very good. He seemed much pleased to have a call from an English M.F.H., visitors from the old country being rare events for him. Their country is almost all timber-jumping, large woods, and no small covers; in one part they have some big banks and ditches, but the rule is these perpetual rail fences, with no gates, only bars, and no time to pull them down. The runs rarely exceed thirty or forty minutes, and the terriers always run with the hounds.

Wire is a trouble to them, and nearly all of it is that cruel abomination the barbed stuff. Indeed, there is a nasty network of it creeping all over America.

We looked over nearly every hound; "Nimrod," perhaps, the pick of the basket, but "Shiner," "Wharton," "Falcon" and his sisters "Fatal" and "Fatima;" and "Gadfly" and "Sheriff" were not far behind him. We lingered over them as long as we could, but had to get back to the hotel soon after two o'clock—to write some letters, and intended to hear some music at the Roman Catholic church; however, we missed it, and only met a



procession of hideous old nuns walking away ; some in crimson, some in drab ; and rows of wretched little children, marshalled along by a horrid-looking old witch of a nun ; I did pity them. The musical scheme having thus collapsed, we went back, finished our letters, dined at six, and regained the " Wildwood " at seven, in order to leave Montreal at half-past by the Grand Trunk Railway. In it, we received a ten minutes' visit from the M.F.H. Mr. Allen, to have a little hound talk. When we moved on the first remarkable feature was the enormously long bridge by which the line crosses the St. Lawrence. It is two miles long, less one hundred and fifty feet, and boxed at the top to keep the snow out, and cost " shekels " out of number to build. The next was the most horrible series of jolts we have yet experienced ; one extra fine one shot my maid right out of her berth on to the dining-room table. They were partly caused, we found afterwards, by a hitch in attaching a private car to the end of ours. It was occupied by our friend Mr. C., and M. proposed calling on him, but was told he was fast asleep. He must have been one of the seven sleepers to have borne all that.

Lake Champlain was quite lovely by moonlight ; we skirted it for some way, and I watched it from my berth, repeating the refrain,

" My own, my beautiful Champlain,"

which was all I could remember, of a poem by Margaret Davidson, which had fascinated my childhood, and I used to think then, if I could *only* see Champlain with my own eyes, I should be happy for ever.

Certainly, these travels will go far to make me so. The edges of the railway helped my poetical mood, for they were all spangled with blue steel spots, a series of glowworms, very brilliant and large ones.

## CHAPTER XIV

### FROM CANADA TO VIRGINIA

ON Monday we woke about seven, to find we had dropped Mr. C. and arrived at Albany. We left the car at eight o'clock after an engine had taken the "Wildwood" right up to the quay, so we had only to walk on board a fine river steamer, the *New York*. Never was anything like the courtesy of all these railway officials, and I doubt if we ever knew *all* the steps and time and trouble that they saved us.

We had left Canada in the night, and traversed Vermont, and had now Massachusetts and Connecticut on the east of us, as we sailed down the Hudson River; with New York State and Pennsylvania to the west. A delightful state-room, all windows and armchairs, was reserved for us on board, but we spent most of the time on the upper deck, occupied with the view, and the necessity of edging our chairs perpetually into the shade, as the glare and heat were tremendous, and the wind dead aft, so the only breeze was what the ship herself made.

There were quantities of ice-houses along the shore, at first looking like immense granaries, with passage-ways, executed in open work, down to barges or vessels lying below them. Along these little passages I thought I could see several little white terriers running; but soon discovered they were blocks of ice sliding down on their own account, by a little momentum given them at starting, which sends them flying towards the barge, a slight ascending undulation towards the end steadying their impetuosity at the last moment, and preventing their getting cracked or chipped as they fling themselves on board.

These great ice stores were not to be seen many miles below Albany, as the quality of the ice deteriorates further South. The little town of Hudson was most pretty in itself and in its situation, and I got a hasty sketch of it from the state-room window, as the glare on deck was too great for drawing; though of motion there was none.

It was perfectly delightful; but after all, one is human, and, having breakfasted before seven, we waxed desperate by twelve, and begged Mr. S. to allow us an early luncheon. We had it in an airy saloon, with the usual accompaniment of iced drinks, and we could watch the shores all the way.

About three o'clock the scenery, hitherto pretty, became fine, as we entered the highlands of the Hudson. Very high hills rose on the West—the Storm King and Crow's Nest, with Breakneck and

Mount Taurus opposite; the river became rather narrower and wound round these majestic spurs of the Catskill Mountains in lovely curves. These mountains had bounded our Western view for many miles, and we now seemed suddenly to dive into the heart of them. Rounding one, a promontory appeared before us, on which was Westpoint, the well-known military academy, the seat of education of nearly all the famous American generals, and which Charles Dickens calls "the fairest among the fair and lovely highlands of the North river." In the midst of it was a scaffolding round some building, and on the top of the tallest upright pole sat an Eagle. As we got further down and through the hills, the banks were still pretty, and enlivened on the Connecticut side with many smart residences, surrounded with trees and gardens. One was pointed out to us as having been Washington Irving's, and General Grant's tomb was also visible. On the opposite shore were the fine rocks called the Palisades, which guard the river like ramparts for twenty miles, and are fully three hundred feet high. Their name describes them, and gives an idea of their vertical formation.

As we approached New York the navigation increased on the river, and the *Mary Powell* steamed rapidly past us. She is, I believe, acknowledged to be the fastest steamer in the world. Also we met a picturesque procession of three tugs, towing a conglomeration of barges, about fifty in number, and



as it was washing-day on board of them, all the clothes, of many colours, were hanging out to dry, and made a picture in themselves as they floated heavily by. Our captain was very courteous, and gave us every facility for seeing all that could be seen, besides affording us all the information we wished for. He told us that the river is entirely frozen over in winter with ice eighteen inches thick, and that his ship only runs during the four summer months.

I went below to our room about four o'clock for tea and shade, but came up again to watch our entrance to New York Harbour. It rejoiced in just the same pretty grey colour as on our arrival, and this entrance from the North is nearly as fine as the other through the Narrows. It was crowded with shipping, steamers, sailing-boats, and ferry-boats, some of the latter hurrying about with detached fragments of trains in them, and bales and goods of every sort and kind. We were "on time," as they call punctuality here, and, indeed, rather before than after, so taking a friendly leave of our captain, we went below and stepped ashore, and in two minutes more were on board a ferry-boat, in company with a crowd of people, vans, and horses, steaming across the harbour for Jersey City and the Pennsylvanian Railway Station.

But our day was not over, for our "Wildwood" having come down "dead-head" on the railroad, we walked down a long platform, and were again at

home. After a little delay, spent in enjoying an iced Orange Flower drink, insipid but cold, we started afresh, and sat outside the car enjoying the ninety-mile journey to Philadelphia, which was accomplished in about two hours and a half.

In amusing contrast is the sentence in C. Dickens's diary in 1842, when he says: "The journey from New York to Philadelphia is made by railroad, and two ferries, and usually occupies between five and six hours."

So we have now completed the circle, and returned—on June 11—to the point whence we started on April 30, and have made a circle of just over 10,000 miles in exactly six weeks.

The heat of the day had been excessive, and when I looked into my room in the car, I found a wax hand-candle which lives there, in a most ridiculous position; the wax had fainted from the heat, and, bending over in a gentle curve, was resting the point of its wick on the table. It had to be taken to the refrigerator to be set up again; but it never was really strong after that.

The cool evening was charming after the burning heat, and the whole air was lovely, for the bright steel coloured stars, which I at first thought were glow worms, took to flying up in the air, and revealed themselves as brilliant and countless fire-flies.

At Philadelphia, in spite of the lateness of the hour, we held a sort of *levée*, and received visits

from many friends, old and new, who most kindly came to see us. After about an hour there, we went on, travelling all night, awaking at Harrisburg at five A.M. on Tuesday morning. We looked out at the view and watched for ever so long the Alleghanies in the distance, and the Shenandoah valley, in which lovely district we soon found ourselves, pulling up at about eleven o'clock at Luray—in Rappahannock County.

Here we got into an open carriage and drove about a mile to the entrance of the caves of Luray. But at the entrance we stopped suddenly, arrested by an immense noise of insects; a loud hum, very shrill, and another noise which made M. say:

“But what bird is that?”

“All Locusts,” was the answer; “they make both noises.”

Hundreds and hundreds there were of them, great things like Hornets, all over the trees, flying from branch to branch, clinging to the trunks and stems, and making such a noise as no other insects could equal, with the odd different note every other minute. They looked malicious, but are harmless. They call them “Pharoahs” or the “seventeen-year Locusts,” and say that it is true that they appear in the different districts every seventeen years only—and that it is exactly seventeen years since they were seen here (so we were in luck, and had timed our visit well).

They stay for forty days, and never hum after

five P.M. There is a legend that their appearance foretells War, and that they carry a capital W on their wings; and so they do, for the matter of that, for the yellow veining on the white gauze wings, takes that shape, as in many other less prophetic insects. We caught two or three to take home—they ceased humming before five o'clock.

But now we had to visit these remarkable caves; quite as curious, they say, as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and less fatiguing, as you have to walk many miles to see the latter, whereas here you have only to descend some steps, and you find yourself almost immediately in the most marvellous labyrinth of passages and caverns, faintly illuminated here and there by magnesium lights.

Masses of stalactites, stalagmites, and helictites of the most fantastic forms, grotesque beyond description, meet the astonished eye. The guide goes in front with a board constructed to hold any number of tallow candles, which throw an uncertain light around, and a great quantity of certain tallow, too. The caverns are immense; one of them is one hundred feet high, and from its roof is suspended the most enormous stalactite in the world. To quote Mr. Hovey's description of them, he says; "The stalactite display exceeds that of any other cavern known, and there is hardly a square yard on the walls or ceiling that is not thus ornamented. The old material is yellow, brown, or red, and its wavy surface often shows layers like the gnarled

grain of costly woods. The new stalactites growing from the old, and made of hard carbonates that had already once been employed by nature, are usually white as snow, though often pink, blue, or amber-coloured. The size attained by single specimens is surprising. The Empress column is a stalagmite, thirty-five feet high, rose-coloured, and elaborately draped." The smaller pendant stalactites are innumerable, some pointed, but mostly in folds and elaborate convolutions, like shells and drapery. Some are like alabaster scarfs, and so thin and delicate as to be almost transparent. In one cave called the Cathedral, the stalactites have a musical resonance, and the guide, with little sticks, could play quite a tune, and imitate a peal of bells.

They are a hundred and sixty feet below the surface, were only discovered some fifteen years ago, and our walk through them was from a mile and a half to two miles; and we might have done more, but were satisfied at the end of that time to return to the light of day. This light was burning hot, and in point of temperature the caverns had the advantage, being always, they say, about 54° Fahrenheit; and the walking was easy and dry, with no excessive difficulties or crawling places.

Two Beetles\* were busy near the entrance rolling a ball of clay, nearly as big as themselves, and quite as big as a hazel nut, to a place of safety. It con-

\* *Scarabæus Sacer*.



tained their precious egg, no doubt, and we did not attempt to spoil sport by interference.

I made a hasty sketch, in gasping heat, from the balcony of the house of our guide. He had been a carpenter, and was heart and soul—and generally body, too—in these caves; an intelligent and respectable man, though, perhaps, he would not have come under the witness's description, who, in a trial, was asked by the judge :

“ You say you think Mr. X. a respectable man ? ”

“ Yes, my lord, I do.”

“ Well, now, can you give us any idea what you mean by a respectable man ? ”

“ Oh yes, certainly. I mean one who keeps a gig.”

After luncheon in the car, we went for a drive to the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. And such a drive! Along a sort of lane with edges mosaic'd by wild flowers, enlivened by Blue-birds, and a lovely Red bird—not the Scarlet Tanager, but of a more orange red. A grove of *Kalmias* was quite too much for us, and we all got out and gathered handfuls of those lovely flowers, whose sparse growth in English gardens gives no idea of their natural luxuriance. They grew in a little wood sloping down to the road, which there crossed a stream, and along the edge of it was crawling a little land Tortoise, with a turtle's beak and large red eyes. We picked it up and carried it home, its little legs clawing the air in vain remonstrance all the

way; and as soon as we deposited it in the card, board box which was to be its future home, it laid a neat white egg! Our drive was limited by time, and we only got so far up the Blue Ridge as to have a view of blue warmth and beauty over a rich undulating country. Classic ground, too, for all over this part of Virginia raged the fierce war of 1863.

And as a relic I brought home a beautiful butterfly executed in orange, inlaid with mother-of-pearl-like spots, which Mr. S. caught for me.<sup>1</sup>

We passed a pleasant evening in the car, surrounded by the blue hills, and, as they faded away in the darkness of an almost tropical night, the air was enlivened by myriads of "Lightning bugs,"\* who circled around. At midnight a train came down from the north, caught us up, and at seven next morning dropped us somewhere in the middle of Virginia, between a ploughed and a green field, on a siding. The Blue Ridge was still bounding us on the east, and great banks clothed with fine timber trees, with farms and civilisation and cultivation, had surrounded us for the last hour or more, during which I had been awake, devouring all I could of this our southernmost point. At nine we were ready to go out in a carriage which was ready for us, under a tree, in a kind of track through the field hard by, as we were about half a mile from the station, in a quiet well-chosen spot. We had about three miles to drive to the Natural Bridge

\* Fire-flies.

Hotel, crossing a beautiful river, the James, on our way there.

Leaving carriage and cloaks at the inn, we walked by a pretty path with many steps, with a little cascade trickling down over rocks on the left, to the edge of the creek; and there was the marvellous Natural Bridge before us.

It is a wonderful effort of Nature. An archway of solid rock, two hundred feet high, and sixty wide. A glowing red colour chiefly, but streaked with dark grey in places; somewhat wider towards the upper part, and forty feet deep at the top (where a key-stone should be in a bridge). Below it flows the little Cedar Creek, murmuring over its rocky bed, and by its side a most enticing little footpath, along which we wandered for a mile and more. But first we stopped to take in the wonderful effect of the arch before we passed on below it, and it was difficult to realise that it was so entirely untouched by hand of man. It belongs to General Parsons\* and is entirely private ground, but he generously opens it to the public.

Through it you see the beautiful banks of fine trees which border each side of the creek, and in spite of the heat we could not resist walking on and on. We passed under magnificent trees, and the loveliest undergrowth of weeds, most of them entirely unknown to me, except the larger Smilax,

\* This gentleman was shot dead shortly after we left America by some ruffian, from motives of private spite, as he was walking in his grounds.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE, IN VIRGINIA





Columbine leaves, Podophyllin, and exquisite ferns. It was a delicious stroll, and, as wonders never cease in America, we stepped aside three steps up a rough path, and, looking into the mouth of a cavern, we saw "the Lost River"—a great stream of water, rushing past, which one can see in the half-darkness, and no one knows whence it comes or whither going. Mr. S. had brought a glass in his pocket, and gave us some of the water to drink—colourless, clear, and tasteless, and deliciously cold. It was so nice in the heat!

We continued our stroll along the path some way further, till we crossed a little bridge made of three planks on two prostrate fir-poles, as they mostly are, with a rail or two of Cedar, smelling hot and rich; and here, before us, was a graceful little fall, the "Lace Fall."

Further we could not go; so we retraced our steps, picking up some bits of the sweet-smelling Cedar (recalling Solomon's Temple), as far as our first view of the Natural Bridge; and here, in a shady summer-house, consisting of a roof and a seat and no walls, I sat and drew for a happy hour, till we all became so hungry and thirsty we had to go up to the hotel for some luncheon.

We had it in a sort of airy pavilion, and it is impossible to say how many glasses of iced tea we consumed. Food was a secondary consideration, but it was a comfort to contemplate the large jug, like a washing-stand pitcher, in which the tea was

brought in ; there were also goblets of rich cream ; after this, we adjourned to our rooms above, their windows opening on to a verandah, where we sat and rested a little, till M. and I struggled to our feet, feeling it sinful to lose a moment, with so much beauty within reach, and we wandered down the lovely glen again, and nearly to the end of it.

Such trees ! Oaks of all kinds ; the Black Oak with enormous leaves ; I gathered one at random and brought it home, eleven inches long by seven wide ; beautiful Tulip trees, or Tulip-poplars as they call them, in full flower ; Black Walnuts, Sassafras, with its curious leaves in three different shapes, and sweet-smelling wood ; Chestnuts, Sycamore and Locust trees, Virginian Cedars, and a few Beech. To-day also we saw fine specimens of the Catalpa or "Cigar Bean tree." It was covered with its beautiful white flowers, with the finely pencilled red-brown spots inside ; and its popular name comes from its seed-pods, some fifteen inches long, and narrow, which boys love to smoke as cigars.

There were also grand Mulberry-trees and Wild Cherries and Persimmons, whose sour fruit is uneatable till the first frost has passed over it. Whence the saying, describing a disagreeable old maid, "She's as sour as Persimmons before the frost."

Again we looked with lingering admiration at the Great Arch, under which fly everlastingly to and fro, little brown-backed Martins, whose white chests flash in the sunlight.

We were back at the hotel by five, rejoining Mr. S., and started for a drive, first to the top of the bridge, and very fine it was, looking perpendicularly down to the creek two hundred feet below us—and finer still when a pair of Cardinal Grosbeaks\* flew across and fluttered about in the trees opposite. They are gorgeous, scarlet-crested birds, and most beautiful songsters. To see all this we had to leave the carriage and walk a little way; though the high road goes over the arch one has no idea of it, so overgrown are the edges and so wide the causeway. Going on through the forest we passed under magnificent specimens of the various trees before mentioned, which the soil and climate of Virginia bring to the greatest perfection. The driver took the carriage under one of the many Tulip trees, and was able to reach a handful of the fine flowers, which are larger and handsomer than those we see in England. There were charming birds too, in plenty; the King† bird, whose scientific name is given him from his pugnacity in the breeding season, when Eagles, Hawks, Crows, and Jays tremble before him, and fly for a mile or more to escape the dives which his hard little beak makes at their heads and backs. He is a great friend to the farmers, and we saw one hovering over the field in pursuit of the grasshoppers which are his favourite diet—his only fault being a fondness for Bees, whence he is sometimes called the Bee Martin.

\* *Cardinalis Cardinalis.*

† *Tyrannus tyrannus.*

There were Cow Troupials\* too, whose lazy ways with respect to their eggs resemble those of our Cuckoos—the Yellow Warblers,† Chipping Sparrows and Vireos, having to do duty as foster-mothers. Most of the birds, however—except the Vireos—will eject the egg, if laid in their nest before any of their own are there ; and so great is the annoyance of the Yellow-bird at the intrusion, that there have been frequent instances of her having built over the Cow-bird's egg, leaving it, as it were, on the ground-floor, and hatching off her own on the first story. The egg is too large for some of these little birds to move, and they always make the best of a bad job and sit on it, if laid after some of their own, and the worst of it is that the foreigner always hatches off first.

We drove to the top of a rising ground called Mount Jeafferson, and as we went up, watched a great game of Baseball, which was being played with much energy on a green park-like expanse. It is the favourite game here, and takes the place of our English Cricket, which is only popular in a few localities. From the crest of the hill we had a fine extensive view of the mountains round us, and of a thunder-cloud above us, which soon came down, and we had nothing for it but to drive back to the "Wildwood" as fast as we possibly could ; and got well wet in doing so.

The storm passed off while we dined, and ate the

\* *Molothrus ater*.

† *Dendroica aestiva*.

complimentary dish which Byard had prepared to do honour to the last day—a real English plum-pudding, as good as could be made !

We spent the whole evening, which was not much the cooler for the storm, sitting on the platform, watching the exquisite “ Lightning Bugs ” as they circled and flashed around, and listening to the melancholy note of many “ Whip-poor-Wills,”\* who began with the twilight and went on incessantly, from the plantations near the railway. They repeat the words very plainly and regularly, with a drawling accent on the first word, reminding one of a plane at work.

But alas ! we had to complete our destiny, and at nine o'clock a train from the south came by and picked us up ; and so farewell to “ Whip-poor-Wills ” and Locusts, and all the tropical delights that we had thus touched the fringe of. We travelled on through the night, back the way we had come, as far as Riverton, where we branched off for Washington.

When we got up on the 14th of June we were going through a highly cultivated country, dotted with farm-houses, “ Corn ” fields, and very black niggers ploughing between the plants—that race is much darker here than those we saw further north ; and the little children might be executed in coal, they are so black and shiny.

Our train drew up at Washington at half-past

\* *Anstrotomus vociferus*.



eight. We had had a great wish to see it again, and so carry away a fresh impression of this beautiful town—to my mind, the third most beautiful, putting Venice and Stockholm only before it. We were soon in an open carriage, driving to the park, which is in full and luxuriant foliage now, and the change from when we were here before, some six or seven weeks ago, is magical. The large Magnolias are in full flower, and so are the Catalpas; and the Horse Chestnuts are gone to seed. In the conservatories are some fine Palms, an Anona, which has not yet fruited; and a variety of Banana, unluckily one I did not know, was not labelled, nor did any gardener appear to know the name of it. At the foot of the Washington Monument, we got out, and got into the lift, which was somewhat crowded, and up the interior we slowly ascended, to the height of five hundred feet.

The ascent occupied some ten or twelve minutes and gave time to read the inscriptions cut on various stones, sent by each State as a mark of respect to the great man of the country. I thought the one from Virginia simplest and finest:—

“Virginia, who gave Washington to America, gives this granite to his monument.”

At the top, fifty feet from the apex, the lift stopped and we walked round an internal platform, looking, from windows on the four sides, at the bird's-eye views of the beautiful city and the broad

Potomac. The view of the country round was very extensive, reaching as far as the eye could range, and immediately below the radiating avenues had a very striking effect. I was glad we went up, especially when we had come down, as I hate lifts. There was an old man of seventy-six in the party, and he too was very proud of himself as we descended safely, for it seemed he had gone up more particularly to defy his family, who disapproved of his venture, and had begged him not to attempt it.

We then took a comprehensive turn round the town to revive our recollections of it, and certainly the summer foliage was beautiful, but it quite closed in some of the views of the lovely Capitol. The Senate was sitting, as its flag waving over it announced, but the other House was not. This United States Flag is certainly a very handsome one, with its white star for each State, and the red and white stripes below.

Our next call was the post-office for the "P.D.Q." stamps, and then the jeweller's, where we got some of the pretty silver buckles and combs so much in fashion, and carried back our treasures to the car, in which we re-embarked about twelve o'clock; and at a quarter-past we left Washington, having much enjoyed over three hours there, and found the "Wildwood" most horridly bare, Byatt having spent the morning in packing up everything we possessed. Books, drawing things, papers, and pamphlets, all cleared away. Desolation reigned,

and nothing was left but the Virginian butterfly, which M. manipulated on a cork bed in an extinct chocolate-box, in company with a marvellous insect with antennæ three times his own length ; and two deceased "Lightning Bugs."

Luncheon followed this suitably melancholy operation, and we ate it in sadness, and railed on along the north of the Chesapeake Bay, through the tunnel under Baltimore, and into Philadelphia by 3.40. Mr. H. met us, and thrust some letters and congratulations into the car ; an engine took us by the hand, and, instead of our having to wait there as we expected, thirty or forty minutes, we were just whirled out at once, by special, over the Schuylkill, through the town, and in ten minutes we were drawn up alongside the well-known Merion Station, and in the arms of our friends Miss T. and Miss C., who were there to receive us, full of welcome and kindness.

But it was a sad moment of partings, for we had to take leave of Mr. S., whose kindness, *prévoyance*, patience, and help, had never failed us for six weeks ; of Lawrence, who with cool drinks and smiling willingness and constant attention had forestalled all our wishes ; of Byard, the cook, an excellent chef, to whom we owed much ; and, lastly, of our dear "Wildwood" itself !

Never, no never, shall we have such a good time again.

Seven weeks of moving panoramas of wonder and

beauty, which must be seen to be believed, and of which my descriptions are feeble and weak, all surveyed from our armchairs, with no trouble, no fatigue, no responsibility, no anxiety of any kind !

Over 11,000 miles of railway-travelling and miles untold of driving besides, without an accident or a semblance of one. No *contretemps* of any kind, except the little delay at Hope from the "Washout," which did not matter the least ; lovely weather, and universal kindness and courtesy from man, woman, and child.

No wonder we were sorry it was over ! Nowhere but in America can one experience such luxury, and I quite sympathised when Lawrence said :

"The Americans just idolise this kind of travelling."

## CHAPTER XV.

### HOMeward BOUND

STILL casting lingering looks at the "Wildwood," which had been our home for so many weeks, and whose photograph Mr. S. promised us, we drove up to the house. "Hughie," who drove, and the chestnut, who drew, seemed quite familiar, and the rooms we returned to looked just as if we had never left them; even the same robins whistled a chirping welcome; and we had tea in the verandah, whose straw chairs and red cushions made me more in love with verandahs than ever. Mr. T. was away at a big dinner given by Mr. C. at his farm, so we were a quiet party and not a late one.

Friday was a lovely morning, and there was something delicious in the American air, like a perpetual smell of spring. We had a new sensation—a morning with nothing special to do or to see—and though we still heard the clanging of the engine-bell, it was without the usual accompaniment of jolts. I took the opportunity of turning out my portfolio, and was thankful to find the sketches were as many as they were—enough to quite cover two small beds,



and three little sketch-books nearly full besides—all of them scrambled at the time, but delicious souvenirs—most of them, too, except eight or nine Yo Semite ones, done in defiance of the jolting of the car, or in the two minutes' lull at the stations.

Mr. F. T. had to go early to New York, and in the afternoon Miss T. took us again to the Radnor Kennels, where M. wanted to go to have another look at the American hounds. Loader had them all out in the grass yard for us to see, and Mr. B., one of the committee, met us there and gave us tea on the verandah of the clubhouse after the inspection. As we were going away his carriage (called a break-cart) came up, too, and strange was the shape of it. It was suggested that I should have a drive in it, which he invited me to do ; so in fear of my life, and to the imminent danger of my backbone, as there is absolutely nothing to prevent your tumbling out backwards at the smallest jerk, I got into the seat beside him, and in spite of peril had a very pleasant drive to a point where our routes diverged, and I got again into Miss T.'s carriage, the richer by another new experience.

We came home just as Mr. T. himself arrived from New York, and had a most pleasant evening, as we had much to talk over.

On the 16th, M. went out early to see a quantity of trotters exercise on the track, about two miles off. Their pace now is much accelerated, and he saw two, whose record is 2' 4" and 2' 5" respectively.

They stand about 15-3 or 16 hands as a rule, and, he said, worked very steadily and quietly. He returned about ten o'clock, and, as I had had a bad night, we had a quiet day, and a hot one. At seven, we drove off in an open carriage to dine with our friends at Dolobran. They were so glad to see us again, it was delightful. We met Senator and Mrs. C. from Washington, and some more friends, and, after a charming evening, had a delightful and cooler drive home by the light of a full moon, the road redolent with Honeysuckle hedges ; the *Ailanthus* and *Catalpas* in full flower.

Sunday it was voted quite too hot to attempt church, so we lounged and loitered, talking in the verandah, till after four, when Mr. T. took M. and me for a drive to the Park of Philadelphia, part of which, especially the bit on the far side of the Schuylkill river, is excessively pretty, shaded as it is by very fine trees—*Catalpas*, *Ailanthus*, Oaks, Black Walnuts, and here and there the Mist tree, as they call the *Rhus Cotinus*, and endless varieties of Maples.

We had a pleasant party of neighbours to dinner, and in the evening there was music in the cabin, as when we were here before. Senator and Mrs. C., who had come to dine, had to leave rather early, as they were going on to Washington, sleeping in their car, and awaking in the morning at home. Such are the luxuries and time-saving powers of America.

On Monday the 18th we took leave of all our kind friends, and departed for Philadelphia by an ordinary train, changing there into another private car, "The Coronet," which took us to New York. Arrived there, Mr. T.'s man started us in a carriage for a drive, and took Byatt and the luggage by the elevated railway to the Waldorf Hotel.

We went to a quantity of shops and wound up with an evening drive through the Central Park, which is beautiful, full of fine trees and well-arranged water. They seem here to understand so well the art of dressing and preserving the wildness of nature, and rendering it accessible without spoiling it. Rocks, hills, and even rabbits, were all mingled with fashionable drives, and wide, well-kept roads; and wild and tame flowers had an equal chance.

Some of the carriages and turnouts were absurd and ridiculous, but I believe we have just missed the season, so, though we saw some of the rank and fashion of New York, we also saw a great deal that was neither. When we had dressed for dinner a new difficulty presented itself. We neither of us had the least idea of the address of the friends we were to dine with. Mr. B. had asked us personally and by wire; the latter, though we had kept it most carefully, had somehow got itself lost, and we had to hunt the house up in a guide-book, in time to get to dinner very late!

We found only Mr. and Mrs. B. and their friend

Mrs. P., all charming people, and we had a most agreeable dinner and evening; rather a long evening, as Mr. B. took M. off to show him a new club, and his own new house, in process of erection, but it did not seem long, as they were so kind, and the rooms so full of lovely things, and curios—Japanese carvings, pictures, and miniatures, by Isabey, Cosway, and Le Brun; so time flew, and I had no idea how late it was when we left for the drive home, up the long length of Madison Avenue—to our very hot hotel. It was a most oppressively hot night!

On the 19th of June, we got up early, in great heat, and were ready to go out at nine, when Mr. R., sent by Mr. T., whose kindness still overshadowed us, called to take us out in a tug-boat for a trip. We drove to the pier, and embarked on the very same chocolate-and-gold *Belvedere* that had met us when we landed from the *Paris* just two months ago. The water was certainly the only place where one could breathe to-day, and we had a lovely trip all about the harbour, and past Hoboken, Jersey City, the Governor's Island and up the East river to the Navy yard and Blackwell Island, where the great Almshouses, Workhouses, and Hospitals are, all built of granite, quarried on the Island by the convicts.

While off the Navy yard, a heavy thunder-cloud rolled up, and as it soon came down in violent rain, we took advantage of the necessity of being under cover to have luncheon in the cabin; after which M.

and Mr. R. walked up Wall Street to the Bank ; and, rejoining me soon on the boat, we returned to the pier whence we had started, and after waiting till the worst of the storm was over, Mr. R. got us a carriage, and we drove to a good many shops—winding up with another turn round the park—coming in at six, which gave us not too much time to stroll down to Delmonico's, the historical restaurant, where M. and I dined together, and very comfortably, at the corner of Madison Square and Fifth Avenue. We then came back to another hot night ; so hot, that it went far to comfort us in the thought that this was the end of our trip, which would have been, otherwise, quite a heart-breaking reflection.

On Wednesday, June 21st, we left the Waldorf, and its gold pianofortes and small rooms, without regret, and after a kind visit from Mr. B. we drove the whole length of Broadway in a fly, with our luggage, for which we paid one pound ; so it looks as if Broadway were very long : it is four miles I believe. Getting out into a scuffling crowd of anxious people and eager porters, we gradually and thankfully got ourselves and all our luggage into stateroom No. 5 on the *New York*, sister ship to the *Paris* and as like her as two peas.

Mr. R. came to see us safe off ; Mr. G. and his son to wish us good-bye, and his son-in-law too : and very sorry we were to say it ; and long shall we remember the friendship, and wonderful care and



kindness, that made our trip "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

We watched the receding American coast, as we steamed through the Narrows, about eleven o'clock, into a smooth oily sea, homeward bound, after a perfectly successful two months, in which we had traversed parts of twenty-four states, two provinces, and one district, as follows :

States :—Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado, Nevada, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, New York, Vermont, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, and Utah. Provinces :—Ontario and Quebec. District :—District of Columbia.

Mrs. B. sent me a most lovely box full of red and yellow roses ; they kept quite fresh through the voyage.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we ran into a slight fog, and we had that melancholy fog-horn blowing, at intervals, all the evening. We loitered on deck, getting cooled down, till past ten, when I turned in. M. remained there till twelve, and, having watched a sailing ship pass by in the moonlight, he came into the cabin. I was asleep when he came in, but was suddenly awoke by a most fearful crash, and the most tremendous noise I ever heard, and almost before I could realise where I was I saw M. rush by, full dressed, I felt the engines stopping, heard the sailors running about, and was

looking out of my porthole, when M. came back, saying very quietly :

“*Something* has happened, I am not sure what, but get some things on quick, and come out.”

In two minutes I had my boots on, and some wraps, and was on deck. Caught sight of M., who then said there had been a collision, but he thought we were not in immediate danger. A sailor came up from below at that moment, and said there was no water in the hold, which was reassuring.

The collision had occurred on the starboard side, and, crossing over to port, we saw a great long black object on the water, stationary, and with no visible lights, though presently she hoisted a masthead light—and we could discern the outline of a big steamer. I watched, expecting to see her disappear altogether, and there was a rumour that we were sending a boat to her. All were ready, but none went—for the sea was so absolutely calm, that we soon got under weigh again, and were able to get very near her, as she lay on the water like a log. A flare was lighted and a very powerful hoarse voice shouted out to her: “Ahoy-y-y.”

A strong quavering voice came over the water :  
“Ahoy-y-y.”

“What vessel is that?” was our next question.

“The *Delano*,” was the answer, with a question as to us.

“The *New York*. Do you want any assistance?”

“No-o-o-o,” was shouted in answer.

The question was repeated, and answered with rolling emphasis.

So far all was well, and meantime our deck became spotted with the oddest figures—all in the equivalents to dressing-gown and slippers, and all in the most horrible fright, catching at every passing sailor, and asking most incoherent questions; however, there was no panic, and no screaming; all the women comparing notes as to how much they were “scared,” and the men the same, in all languages.

However, it was no wonder they were alarmed, and we had much cause for thankfulness; for the scars that were left in our ship were considerable; strong iron bars and staunchions bent about like bits of ribbon, and rents torn in the deck; but happily it all happened well in front of the engines, and, though some of the steering-gear was injured, they said it would not affect the working of the ship, and that we should be able to continue our course safely.

One of the passengers consulted M. as to what was to be done, wildly imagining “that we, the passengers, should have to decide,” but fled confused from the emphasis with which M. assured him that “he was not the captain,” and that all decisions rested with the captain only.

The other ship was more injured than we were, for she left both her anchors, and her figurehead, on

board of us. A great part of the terrific noise was occasioned by one of the anchors having caught in our gear and running her cable out, before it broke loose.

It certainly was a fearful noise, and, occurring just ahead of our deck stateroom, we heard it to the full. It was hard upon M. not seeing it, as he had only left the deck five minutes before it occurred, and yet, had he been forward, he might have been hurt, the whole thing seems to have been so completely sudden ; and why it happened at all nobody knows, and I suppose we never shall know. It does seem so odd, that, with the whole of the Atlantic Ocean to come and go upon, and no fences or boundaries anywhere, two ships, both most anxious to avoid each other, should meet in that deadly way.

I call it very bad driving.

Nobody was hurt, happily, on our ship, at any rate, and it was not till we got home and read the account of the collision in the *Times* that we knew that the *Delano* was a Baltimore steamer, returning there from Rotterdam. She reported herself as having come into collision with us after midnight, "when two hundred miles off the coast of Massachusetts. The *New York* was steaming at the rate of nineteen knots, and the *Delano* at ten knots, so the vessels came together with a great crash, striking each other obliquely. The bows of the latter are seriously damaged ; there is a large hole

in them, and several plates have been bent and twisted. The bulkheads alone saved the vessel."

If she had had a straight stem she must have cut us down to the water's edge. We loitered on deck some little time, till they asked us to go in, as they were going "to clear away the wreckage, and things might tumble about."

So as we were again well on our course, I tumbled into my berth, and slept well.

Next morning we woke to find another hot day, and a perfectly calm sea of the most exquisite sapphire-blue, with hardly a speck of white in it; and the great ship glided on, disregarding the wound in her side, which was made as tidy as they could, and only the broken freeboard, broken davits, and a damaged boat, and scars and scrapes for a length of twenty-seven feet, and great pieces of bent iron sticking out, betrayed last night's commotion.

The whole voyage back, after this eventful night, was so calm and smooth, that there was never a moment in which we could not stand or walk anywhere with perfect ease. Not a single meal did I miss, or embark on with the slightest hesitation; nor, I fancy, did any one of the three hundred and seventy-four saloon passengers. The ship was absolutely full. The Yale athletes were on board, keeping themselves in condition for their trials of strength and skill with Oxford, by means of skipping-rope, and games of quoits and shuffle-board. The



Cinderella troupe, too, were there, and enlivened our evenings by two clever and amusing performances, which was not only very good-natured to the passengers, but also of substantial use to the orphan homes, for whose benefit they realised the satisfactory sum of forty-five pounds.

Some of their songs had the melodious accompaniment of the fog-horn, as well as the pianoforte, as we had a certain amount of fog at intervals, but not enough to be troublesome, though it made the horizon too near to be pleasant at times. I was watching a sail at one moment which had rather an unusual shape, so I asked a passing officer of the ship what a distant iceberg would look like. "Oh," said he, with contempt, "that isn't ice! you'd *smell* it."

He passed on too quickly for me to ask him what it would smell like, but I suppose he really alluded to the much lower temperature that would surround it; and, as the water to-day was 67° Fahrenheit, there was no fear of the proximity of ice.

Midsummer-day chanced to be rather cooler than the preceding ones, and in the evening, after dinner, we had a long lounge on deck, watching the phosphoric lights round the ship, which were beautiful and brilliant, especially in the shadow of the steamer.

On Wednesday, June 27, we found ourselves in sight of the English coast, just seven days since we saw the last land at Sandy Hook; and very bright and pretty the channel looked with the fishing-boats

off Penzance and Torquay dancing on the green waves, and the white-sailed yachts in the Solent. The luggage from the hold kept crowding the decks as we came up Southampton Water; and it is indeed a wonder that out of that mass of boxes every man at last gets his own. At a quarter to five we were alongside the wharf, and with a little patience our boxes grouped themselves into a heap at our feet, and were very soon at the railway station, where we arrived quite too late to get home; but the glamour of the American, to whom nothing is impossible, was over us, and a special brought us to our own door by nine o'clock.

The news of the collision had preceded us, and our people were wound up to a pitch of real enthusiasm which led them to take our horses out of the carriage and pull us up to the house, under triumphal arches and flags, to the joy of my child, and the applause of all the little dogs, thus giving us a welcome which we had never expected would greet us at

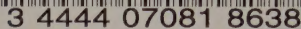
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